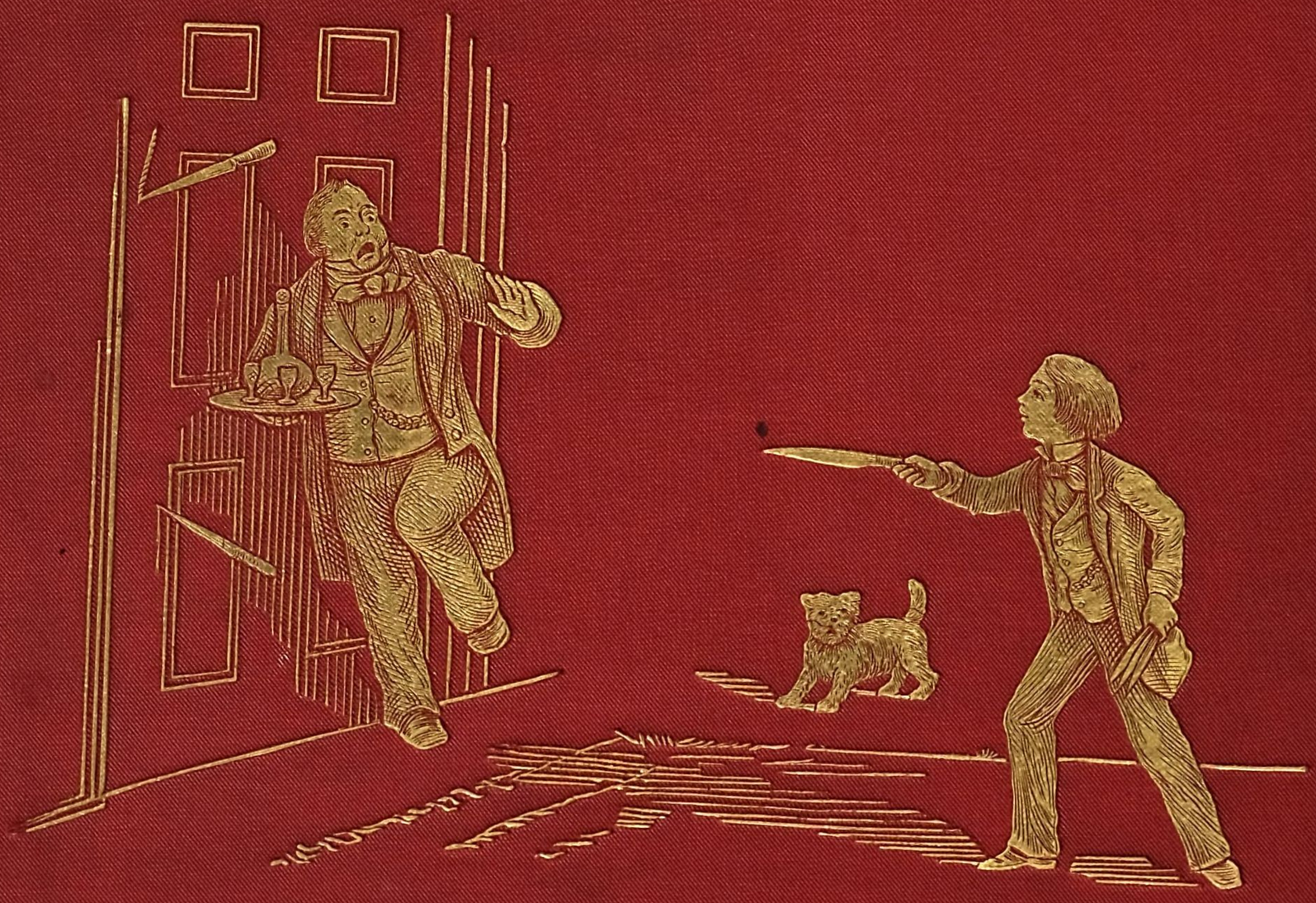
JOHN LEECH'S PICTURES of Life & Character



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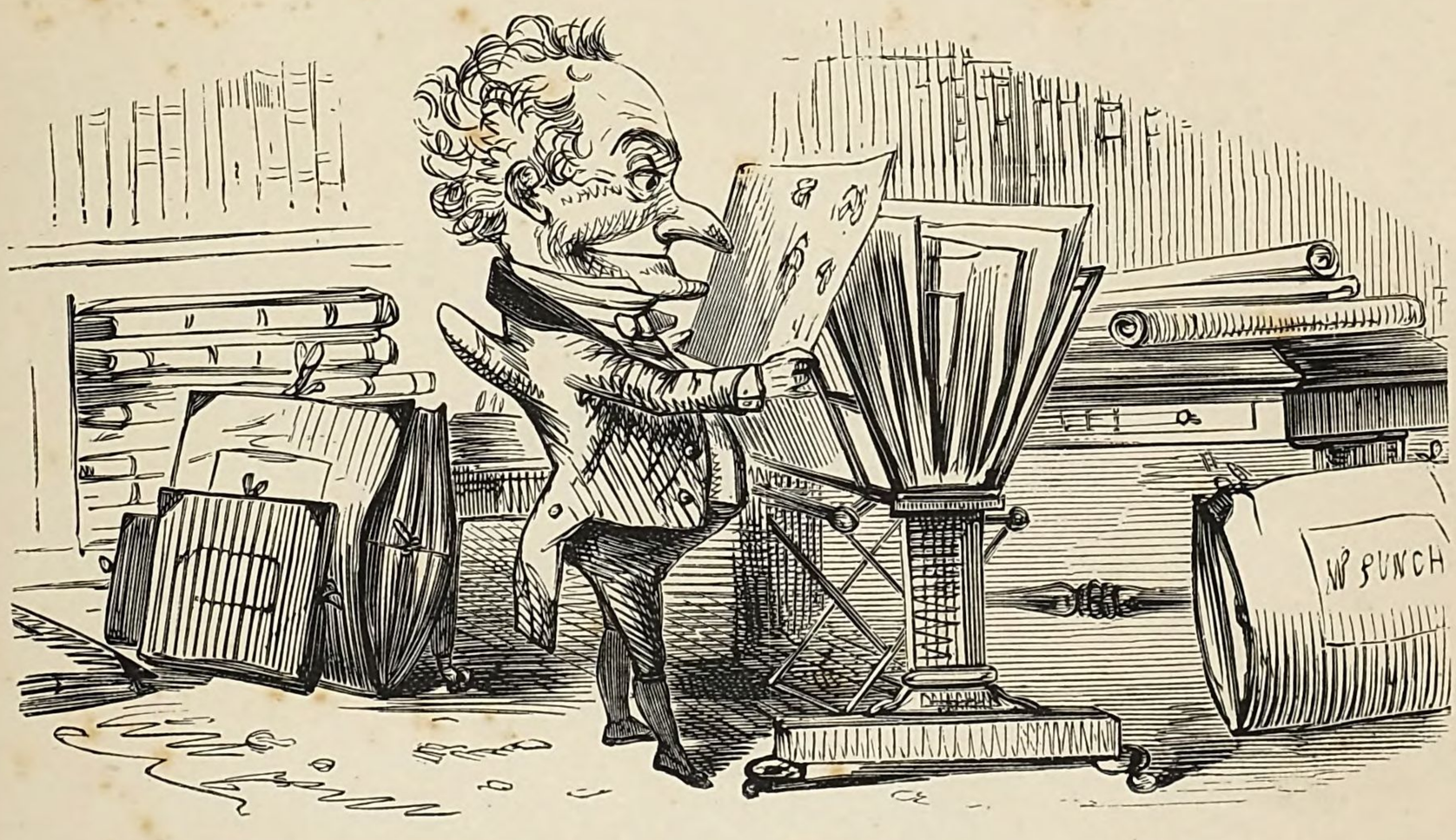
JOHN LEECH'S

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.



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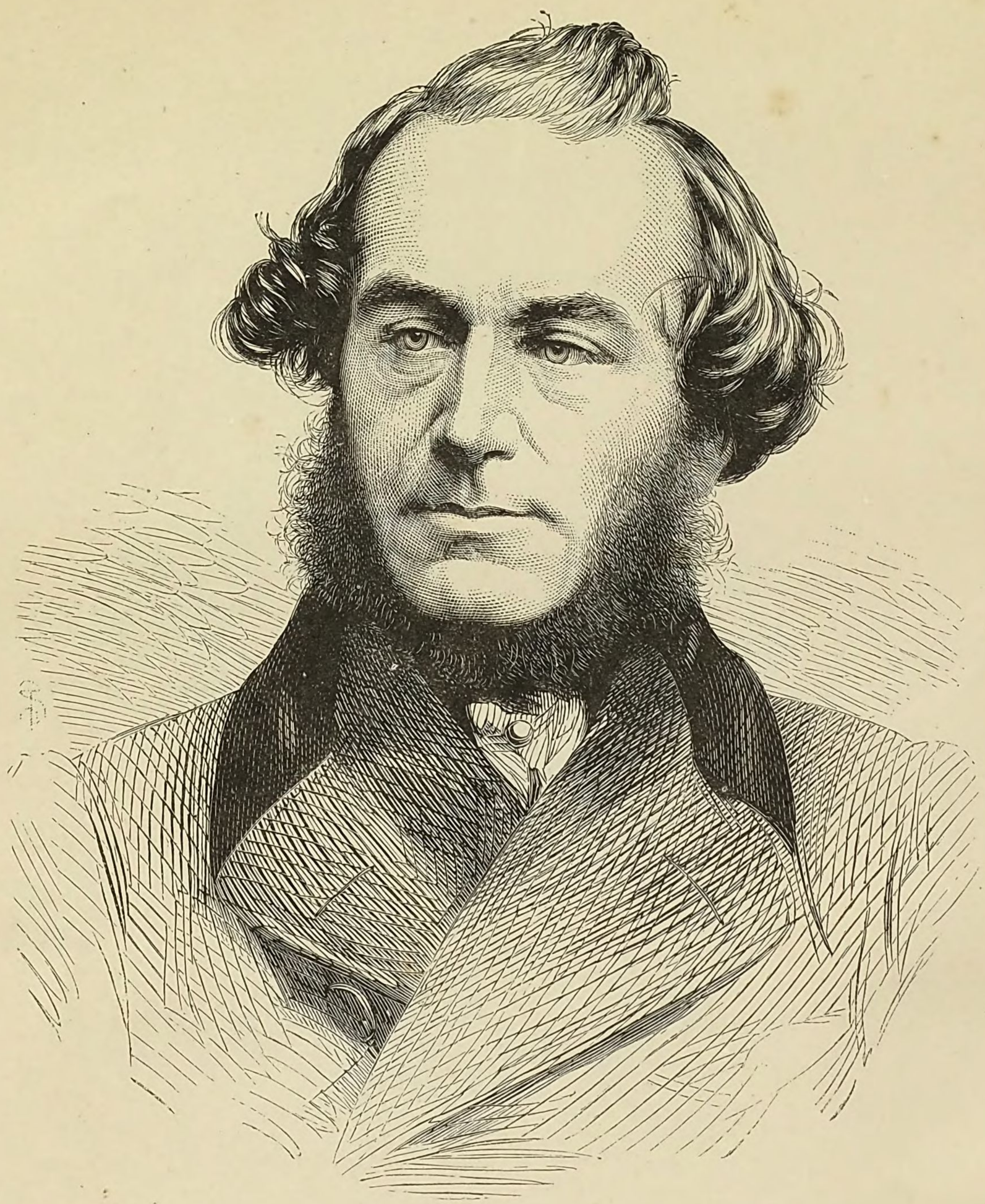

Yours Faithfully
John Leech

JOHN LEECH'S

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER

From the Collection of "MR. PUNCH."

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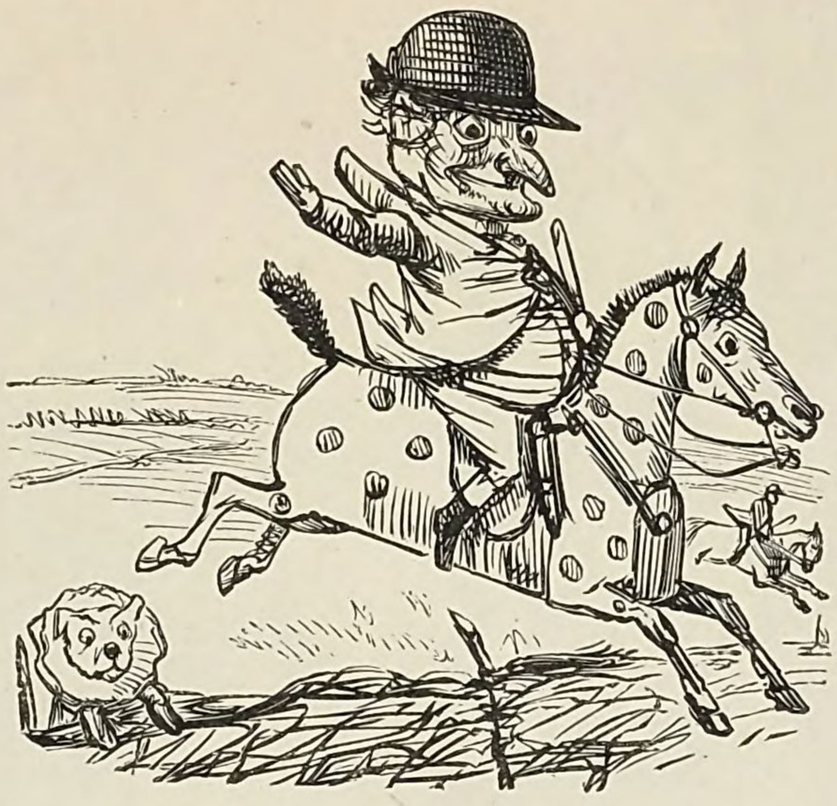
LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., 8, 9, 10, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.
1886.

Doyle Beech's Pictures



OF

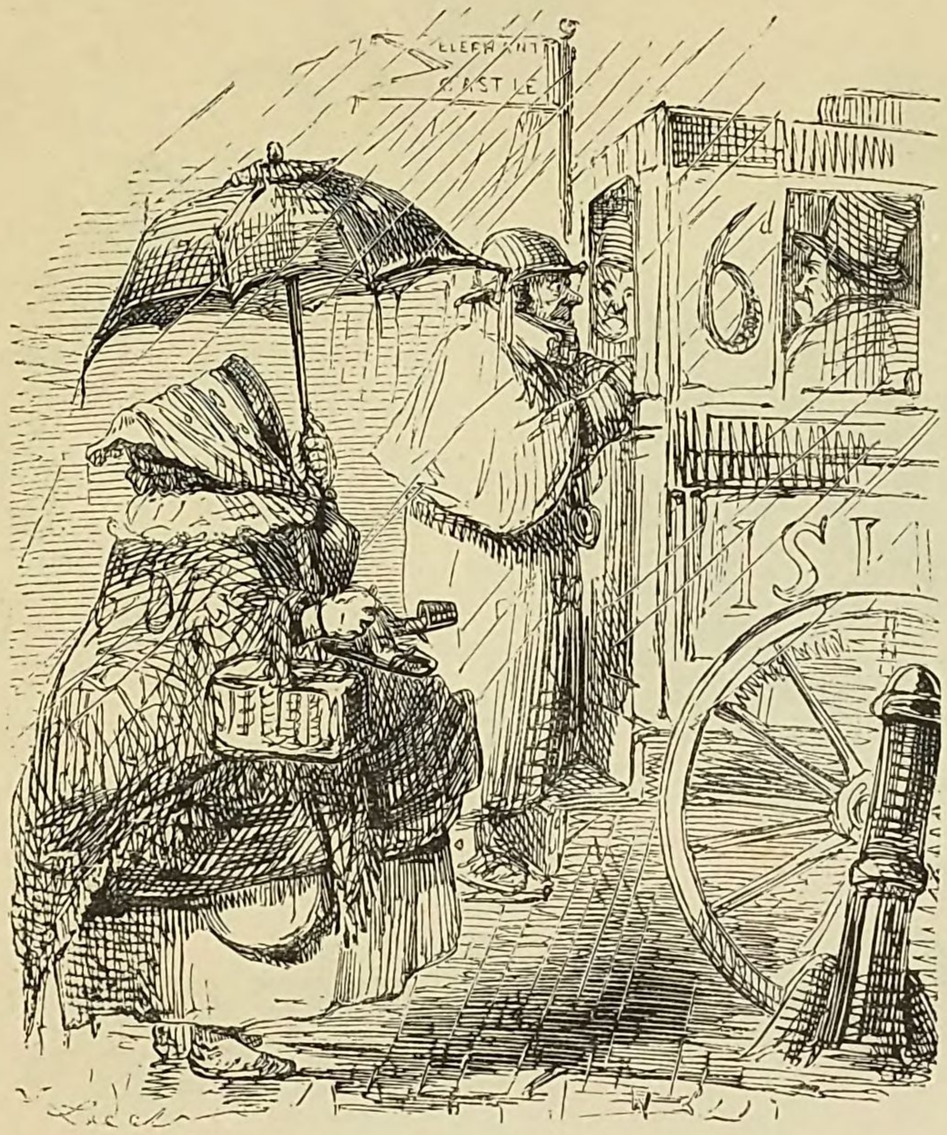
Life and Character.

A LATE ARRIVAL.

Page. "FANCY BALL, SIR! NO, SIR! MISSUS'S FANCY BALL, SIR, WERE LAST TOOSDAY, SIR."

SNUFFED OUT.

"MY EYE, TOMMY! IF 'ERE AIN'T THE SCOTCHMAN HOUT OF THE SNUFF SHOP A TAKIN' A WALK."



THE TEST OF GALLANTRY.

Conductor. "WILL ANY GENT BE SO GOOD AS FOR TO TAKE THIS YOUNG LADY IN HIS LAP?"

ENCOURAGING.

Old Gentleman. "I WANT SOME SHAVING SOAP, MY GOOD LAD."

Boy. "YES, SIR, HERE'S AN HARTICLE I CAN RECOMMEND, FOR I ALWAYS USE IT MYSELF!"

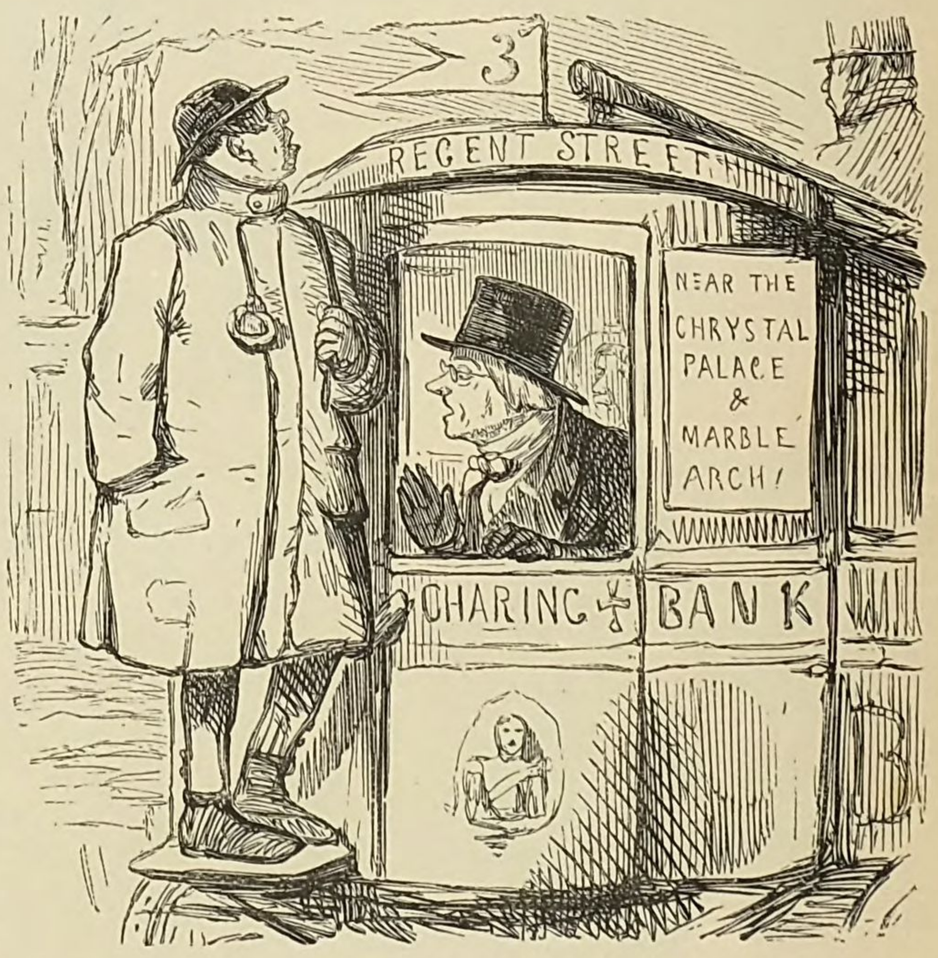
TAKING IT COOLLY.

Old Gent. "NOW, THEN, CABMAN, HOW MUCH TO THE STRAND?"

Cabman. "SIX SHILLIN'!"

Old Gent. "THAT'S TOO MUCH."

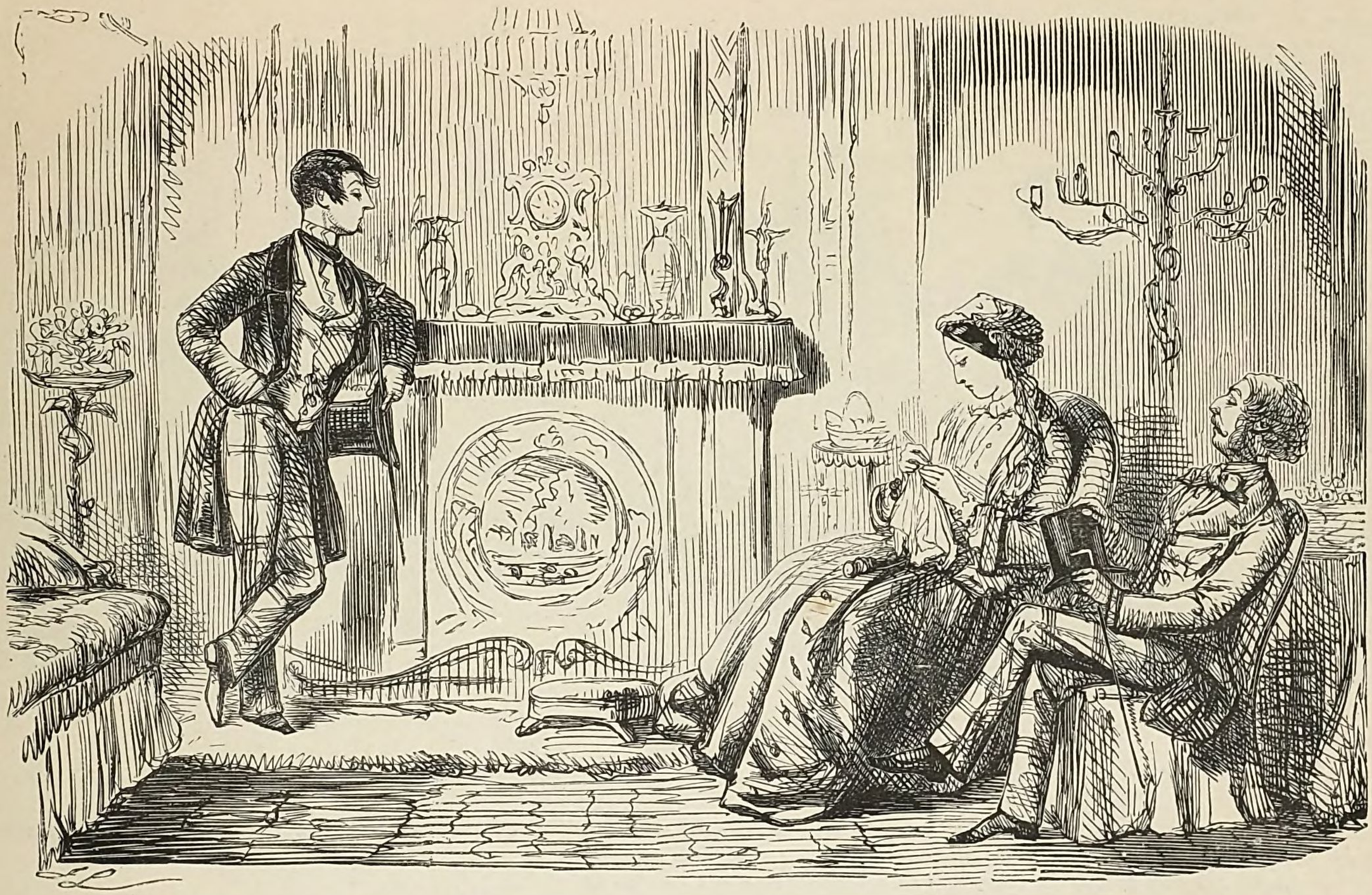
Cabman. "WELL: WHAT YOU PLEASE! IT'S TOO HOT TO DISPUTE ABOUT TRIFLES."



DID YOU EVER?

Old Gentleman (politely). "OH, CONDUCTOR! I SHALL FEEL GREATLY OBLIGED TO YOU IF YOU WOULD PROCEED, FOR I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT IN THE STRAND, AND I AM AFRAID I SHALL BE TOO LATE."

Conductor (slamming the door). "GO ON, JIM! HERE'S AN OLD COVE A CUSSIN AND A SWEARING LIKE ANY THINK!!!



WHAT THEY SAID TO THEMSELVES.

Honourable Mr. Fiddle. "I WISH THAT CONCEITED ASS, FADDLE, WOULD GO!"

Captain Faddle. "THAT STUPID IDIOT, FIDDLE, NEVER KNOWS WHEN HE'S IN THE WAY!"

Rich Widow. "I SHALL BE UNCOMMONLY GLAD WHEN BOTH OF THESE SIMPLETONS TAKE THEIR DEPARTURE."

PROPRIETY.

PERSONS REPRESENTED. SARAH-JANE. MATILDA.

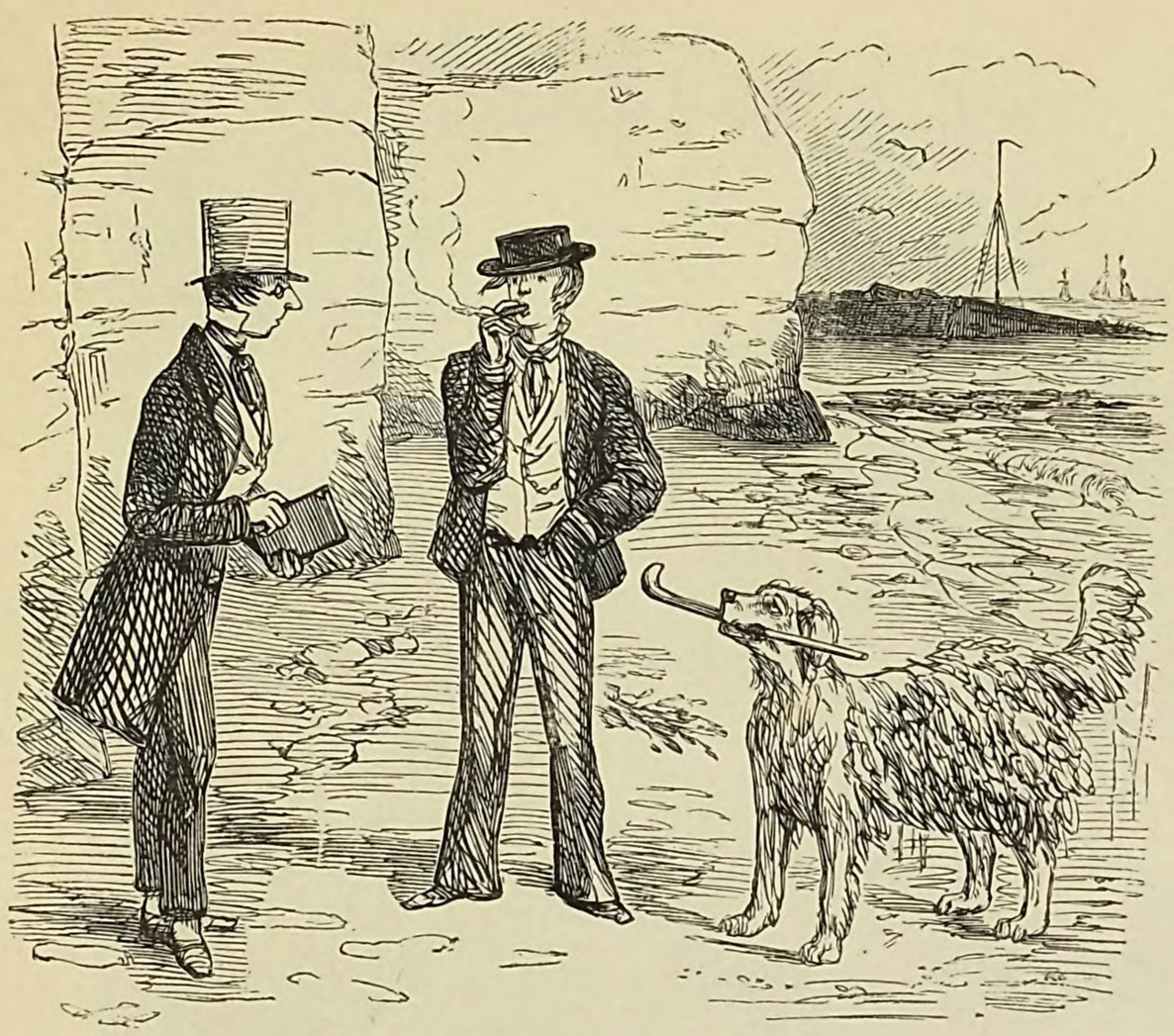
Scene—Camblin Town.

Sarah-Jane. "OH! YOU 'ORRID DREADFUL STORY! I DIDN'T."

Matilda. "YOU DID NOW, FOR I SEE HIM. I SEE HIM KISS YER. AND HERE HAVE I BIN ENGAGED TO TOMMY PRICE FOR YEARS, AND NEVER SO MUCH AS WALKED ARM-IN-ARM WITH HIM!"

A COURT DRESS.

"OH! JUST AIN'T PEOPLE PROUD WHAT HAVE GOT PAIRASOLES!"



A VALUABLE ANIMAL.

Gentleman (fond of dogs). "SAGACIOUS? OH, VERY! WHY, HE NEVER SEES AN OLD GENTLEMAN, BUT HE PULLS OFF HIS HAT AND RUNS AWAY WITH IT. HE'LL FETCH A DUCK OFF A POND; AND HE'S SUCH A NOTION OF TAKING CARE OF HIMSELF THAT HE COSTS ME FULL A GUINEA A WEEK FOR THE LEGS OF MUTTON HE STEALS."

CRUEL!

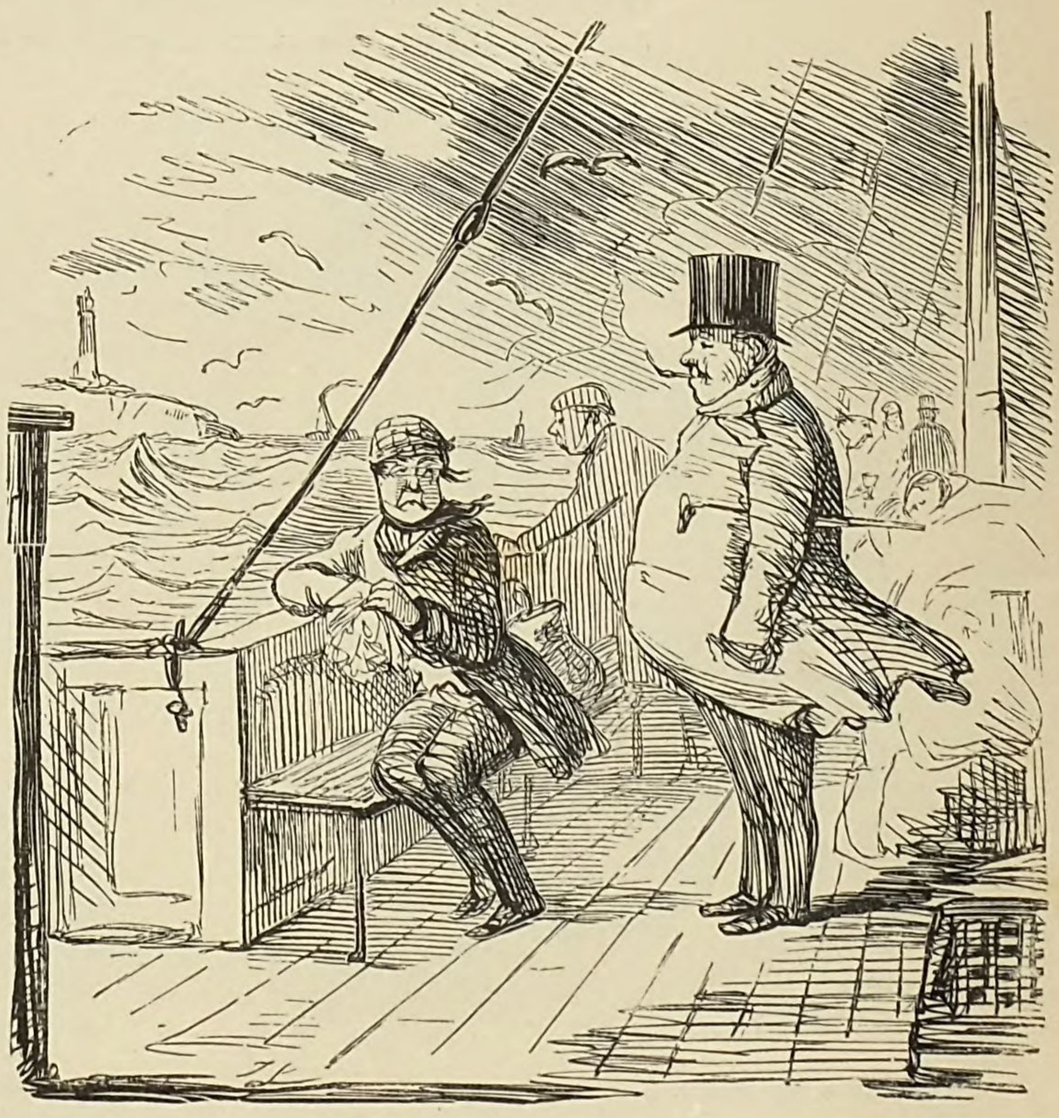
Snob. "'AVE A CIGAR, COACHEE?"

Swell Busman. "NO, THANKEE—I ONLY SMOKE TOBACCER!"

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

Policeman. "HA! THAT'S THE WAY YOU DRINK THE BEER WHEN YOU'RE SENT OF A HERRAND?"

Genius. "AND THE RIGHT WAY TOO—AIN'T IT?"



THE JOYS OF OCEAN.

Smith. "WELL, BROWN! THIS IS BETTER THAN BEING STEWED UP IN A RAILWAY! EH?"

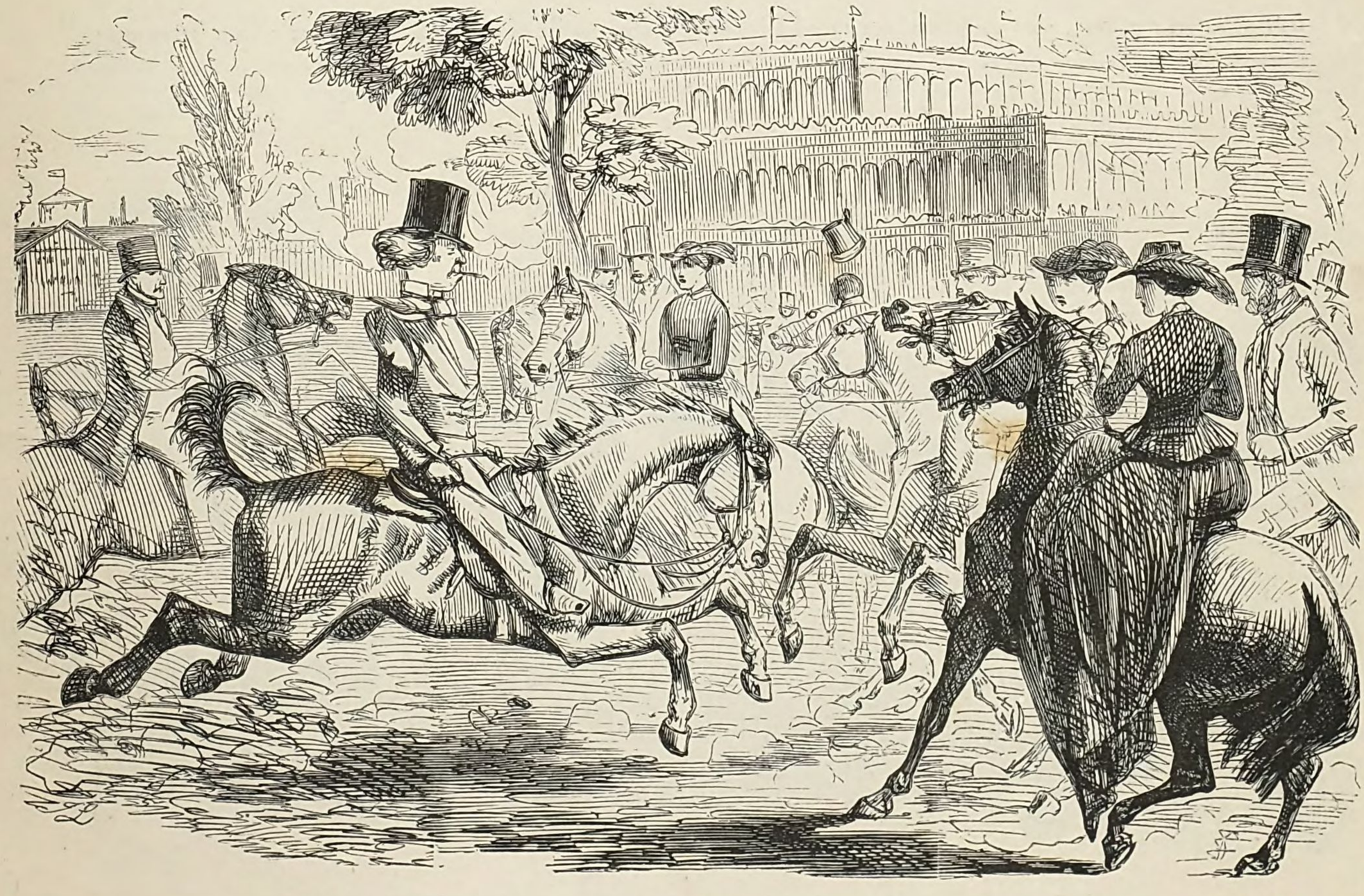
Brown (faintly). "OH—IM-MEASURABLY SU-PERIOR."

UNFEELING OBSERVATION.

Vulgar Little Boy. "OH, LOOK HERE, BILL! HERE'S A POOR BOY BIN AND HAD THE HINFLUENZA, AND NOW HE'S BROKE OUT ALL OVER BUTTONS AND RED STRIPES."

IN FOR IT.

"HALLO, SIR! ARE YOU AWARE YOU'RE TRESPASSING THERE?"

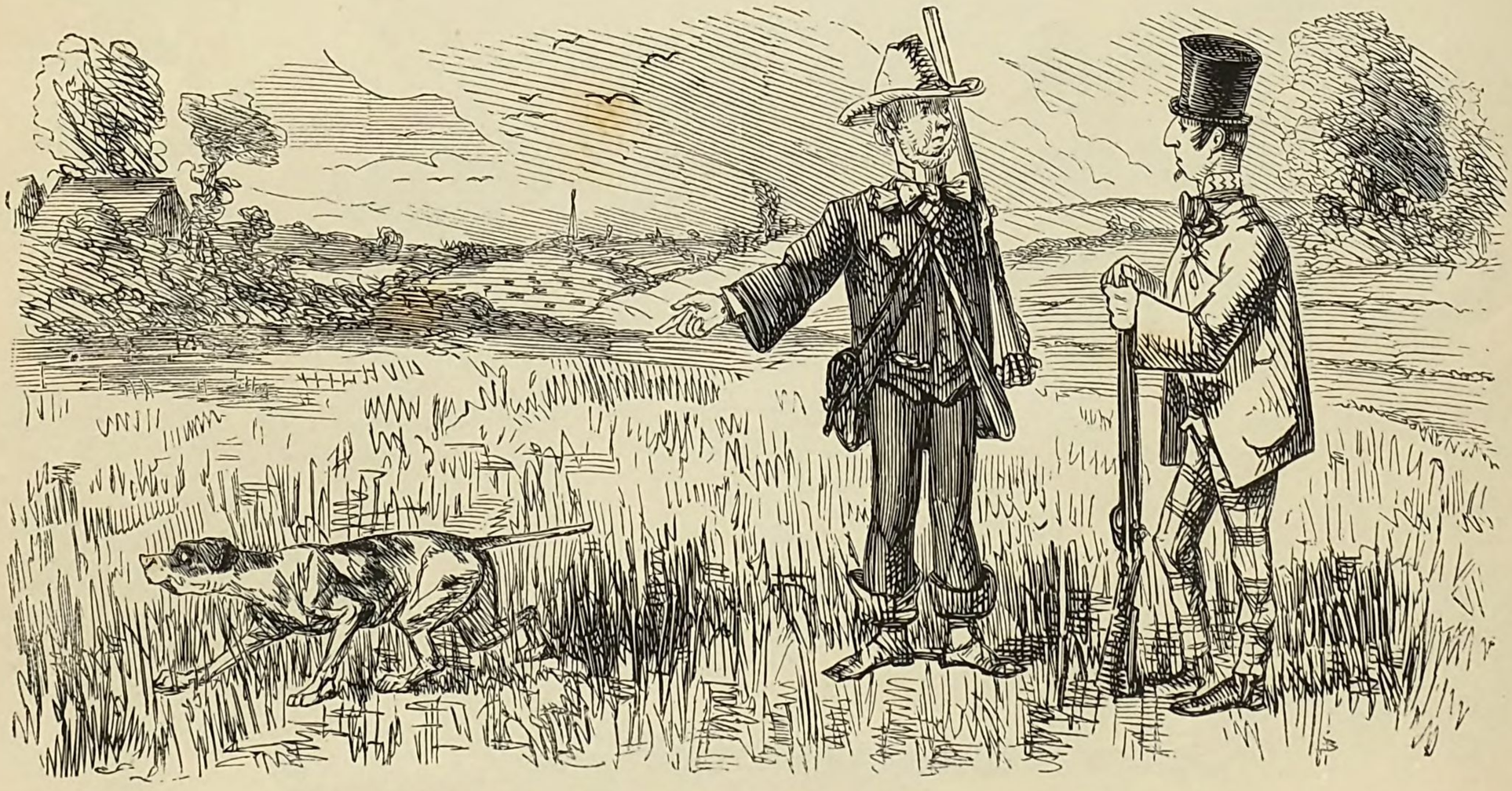


THE CORRECT MODE OF RIDING IN ROTTEN ROW.

GALLOP AS HARD AS YOU CAN AMONGST THE LADIES. IT CREATES A SENSATION!!

A HACK FOR THE DAY.

Stable-Keeper (to little Gent). "SET TO KICKING, AND THEN BOLTED INTO A SHOP! DID HE, NOW? AH! HE ALWAYS WAS A *LIGHT-'ARTED* 'OSS."



SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY—THE OLD DOG POINTS CAPITALLY.

"I TELL YER WHAT IT IS, SAM! IF THIS FOOL OF A DOG IS GOING TO STAND STILL LIKE THIS HERE IN EVERY FIELD HE COMES TO, WE MAY AS WELL SHUT UP SHOP, FOR WE SHAN'T FIND NO PARTRIDGES."

THE GREENWICH DINNER.—A CONVIVIAL MOMENT.

Gentleman (under the influence of White Bait). "WELL, OLD FELLA—REKLECT—PRESHENT COMPANY DINE HERE WITH ME EVERY MONDAY, THURSDAY, AN' SAT'DY—FRIDAY—NO—TOOSDAY, THURSDAY, AND SAT'DY—M:ND AN' DON' FORGET—I SAY—WHAT A GOOD FELLA YOU ARE—GREATEST 'STEEM AND REGARD FOR YOU, OLD FELLA!!!"

STRONG ASSERTION.

Omnibus Driver (addressing another). "YOU'RE A PRETTY FELLOW, YOU ARE. YOU CALL YOURSELF A MAN? WHY, I'VE SEEN A BETTER MAN THAN YOU MADE OUT OF TEA-LEAVES!"

ALARMING SYMPTOMS AFTER EATING BOILED BEEF AND GOOSEBERRY PIE.

Little Boy. "OH, LOR, MAR, I FEEL JUST EXACTLY AS IF MY JACKET WAS BUTTONED."

VERY FINE FRUIT.

Newspaper Boy (reads). "A GENTLEMAN IN THE N-E-I-G-H — NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ——, HAS AT THE PRESENT TIME SEVERAL E-NORMOUS GOOSEBERRIES IN HIS GARDEN, WHICH MEASURE TEN INCHES IN C-I-R-CIR C-U-M-CUM F-E-R-FER E-N-C-E-ENCE CIRCUMFERENCE, AND ARE OF THE A-S-AS ASTON ASTONISHING WEIGHT OF THREE HOUNCES HEACH."

His Friend. "OH, WHAT WHOPPERS! WOULDN'T I LIKE A PINT!"

A PHILOSOPHER.

Harriet. "ST! ST! ST! DEAR ME, NOW, I'VE BROKEN MY COMB, AND ALL MY BACK HAIR'S COME DOWN. WHAT WITH BRUSHING, AND DRESSING, AND CURLING, AND ONE THING AND THE OTHER, WHAT A PLAGUE ONE'S HAIR IS TO BE SURE!"

Young Fellow. "WELL, HARRIET, WE ARE ALL BOTHERED WITH SOMETHING. LOOK AT US MEN; WE HAVE TO SHAVE EVERY MORNING, SUMMER AND WINTER!"

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE

Mamma. "GEORGINA! GEORGINA!"

Georgina. "WELL, MA. HOW YOU DO FIDGET ONE!"

Mamma. "SHOULDERS, MY LOVE; SHOULDERS! PRAY HOLD YOURSELF UP. YOU'RE STOOPING AGAIN DREADFULLY."

ALARMING OCCURRENCE.

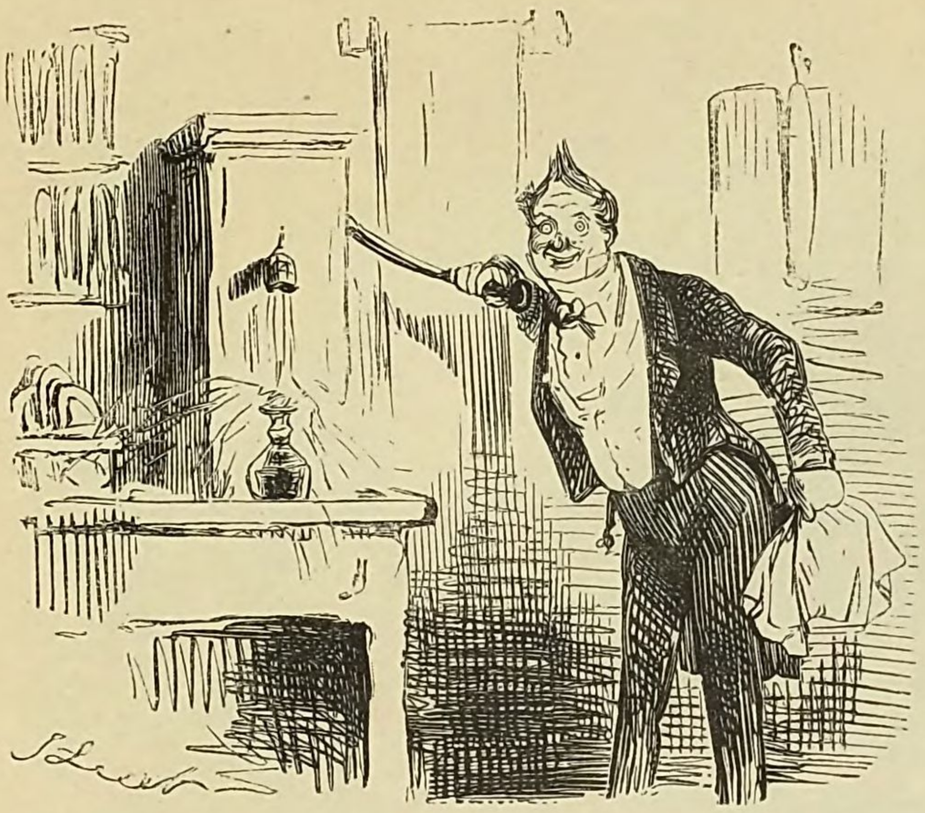
Chorus of Unprotected Females. "CONDUCTOR! STOP! CONDUCTOR! OMNIBUS-MAN! HERE'S A GENTLEMAN HAD AN ACCIDENT AND BROKE A JAR OF LEECHES, AND THEY'RE ALL OVER THE OMNIBUS!"

FANCY PORTRAIT.

THE INDIVIDUAL WHO SENDS A FIFTY-POUND NOTE FOR UNPAID INCOME-TAX TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

VERY FINE TALKING!

"NOW, THEN, SIR, JUMP UP ON THE ROOF, AND LOOK SHARP, PLEASE, SIR, HERE'S T'OTHER BUS A-COMING."



HOW TO SUIT THE TASTE.

Waiter. "GENT IN NO. 4 LIKES A HOLDER AND A THINNER WINE, DOES HE? I WONDER HOW HE'LL LIKE THIS BIN?"

MAKING THE MOST OF IT.

AN AFFAIR OF IMPORTANCE.

Harriet. "OH! I'M SO GLAD YOU ARE COME, BLANCHE! I'VE BEEN SO PERPLEXED I COULD SCARCELY SLEEP ALL NIGHT."

Blanche. "WELL! WHAT IS IT, DEAR?"

Harriet. "WHY, I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO HAVE MY NEW MERINO FROCK VIOLET OR DARK BLUE!"

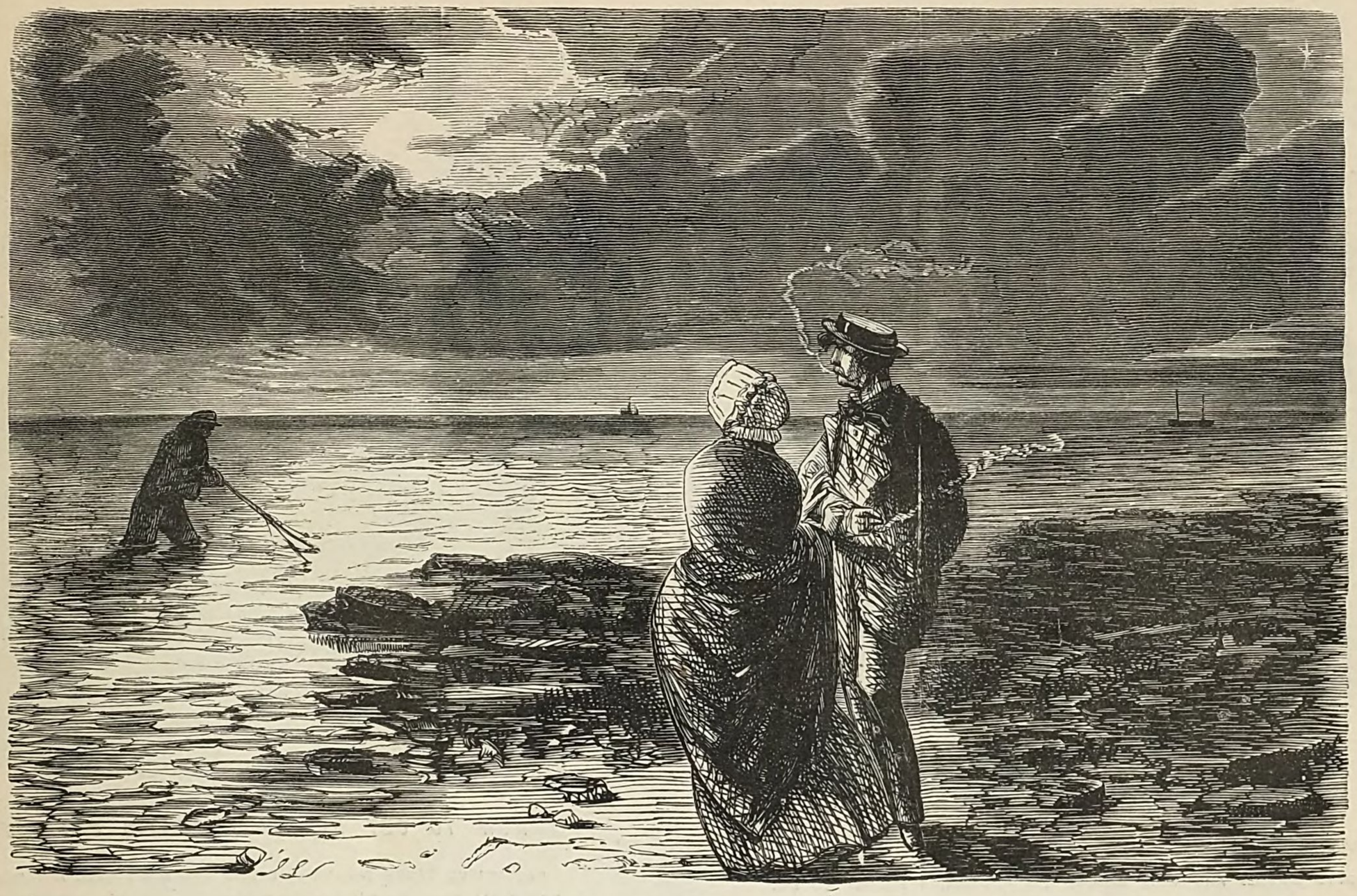
A LONDON GENT ABROAD.

Scene—A Café in Paris.

London Gent. "GARCONG! TAS DE CORFEE!"

Garçon. "BIEN, M'SIEU'—VOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE ZEE 'TIMES'?"

London Gent. "HANG THE FELLER! NOW, I WONDER HOW THE DOOSE HE FOUND OUT I WAS AN ENGLISHMAN!"



ROMANCE AND REALITY.

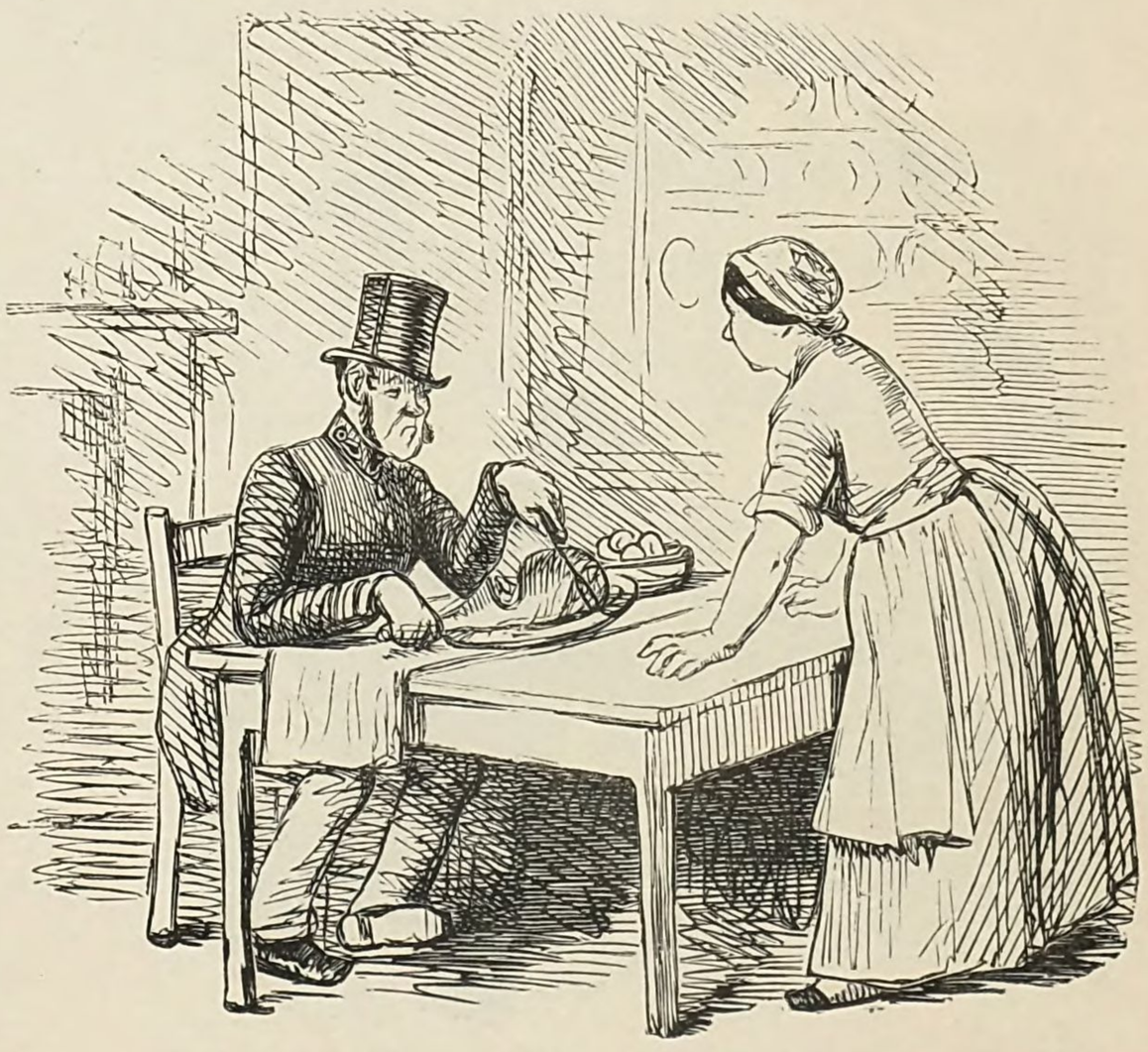
Beautiful Being (who is all soul). "HOW GRAND, HOW SOLEMN, DEAR FREDERICK, THIS IS! I REALLY THINK THE OCEAN IS MORE BEAUTIFUL UNDER THIS ASPECT THAN UNDER ANY OTHER!"

Frederick (who has about as much poetry in him as a Codfish). "HM—AH! YES. PER-WAPS. BY THE WAY, BLANCHE—THERE'S A FELLA SWIMPING. S'POSE WE ASK HIM IF HE CAN GET US SOME PWAWNS FOR BWEAKFAST TO-MOWAW MORNING?"

SYMPTOMS OF WET WEATHER.

Tom. "HOLLO, SAM, WHAT THE JUICE ARE YOU CARRYING OF?"

Sam. "'CLARISSA ARLO,' FOR MISSIS."



PITY THE SORROWS OF THE POOR POLICE.

"LOR, SOOSAN! HOW'S A FELLER TO EAT MEAT SUCH WEATHER AS THIS? NOW, A BIT O' PICKLED SALMON AND COWCUMBER, OR A LOBSTER SALAD MIGHT DO."

THE DERBY EPIDEMIC.

GENTLEMEN,

OWING TO SUDDEN AND VERY SEVERE INDISPOSITION, I REGRET TO SAY THAT I SHALL NOT BE ABLE TO ATTEND THE OFFICE TO-DAY. I HOPE, HOWEVER, TO BE ABLE TO RESUME MY DUTIES TO-MORROW.

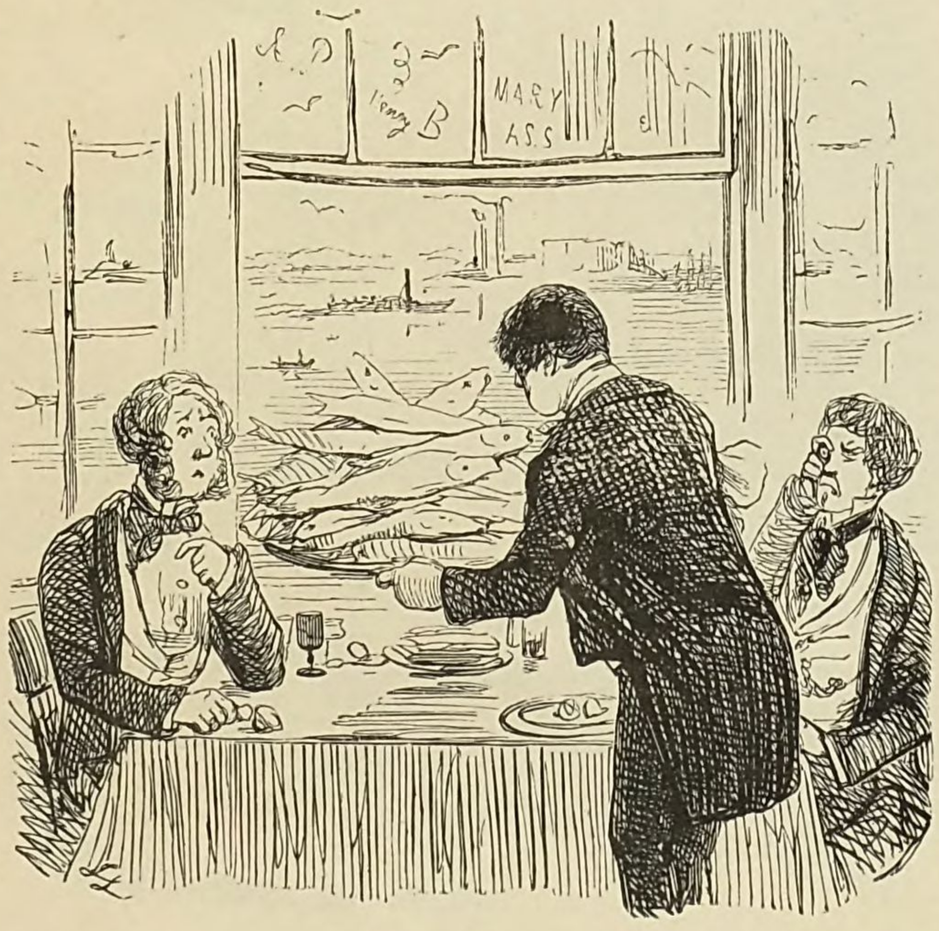
I AM, GENTLEMEN,

YOURS VERY OBEDIENTLY,

PHILIP COX.

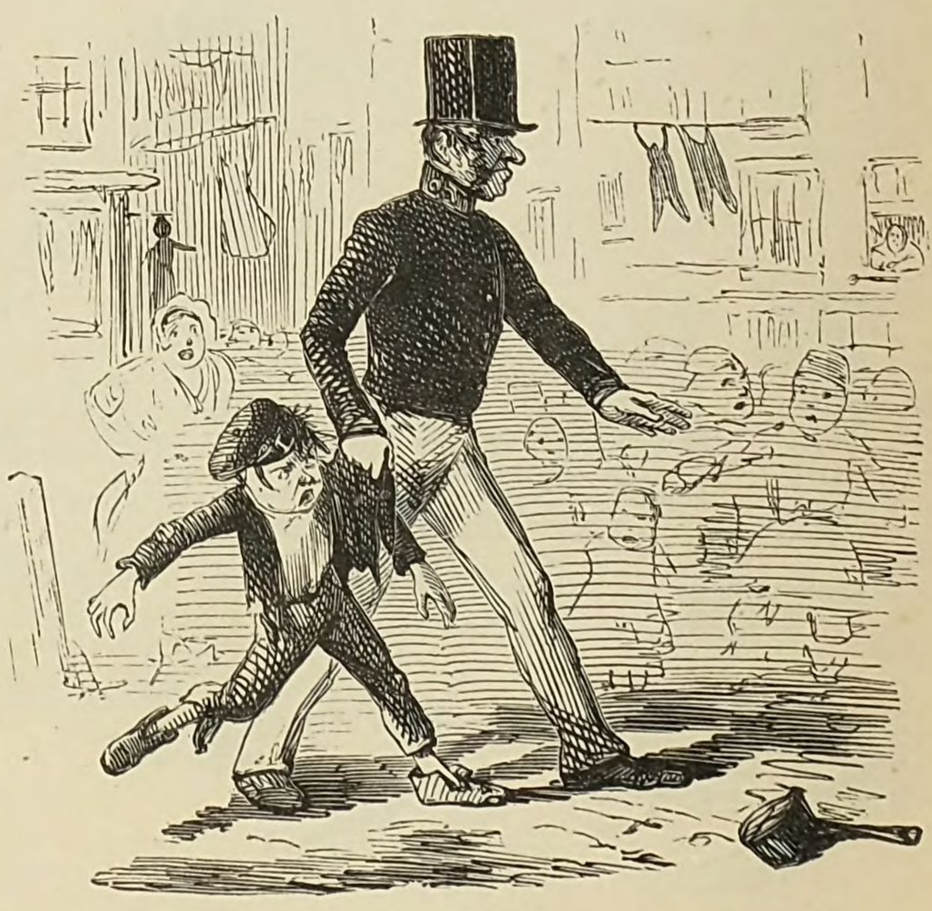
HOW TO GET RID OF A GRATIS PATIENT.

"SO YOU'VE TAKEN ALL YOUR STUFF, AND DON'T FEEL ANY BETTER, EH? WELL, THEN, WE MUST ALTER THE TREATMENT; YOU MUST GET YOUR HEAD SHAVED; AND IF YOU WILL CALL HERE TO-MORROW ABOUT ELEVEN, MY PUPIL HERE WILL PUT A SETON IN THE BACK OF YOUR NECK."



THE FISH DINNER.

"THE WHITEBAIT SEEM VERY LARGE, WAITER?"
"YES, SIR; VERY FINE AT PRESENT, SIR."



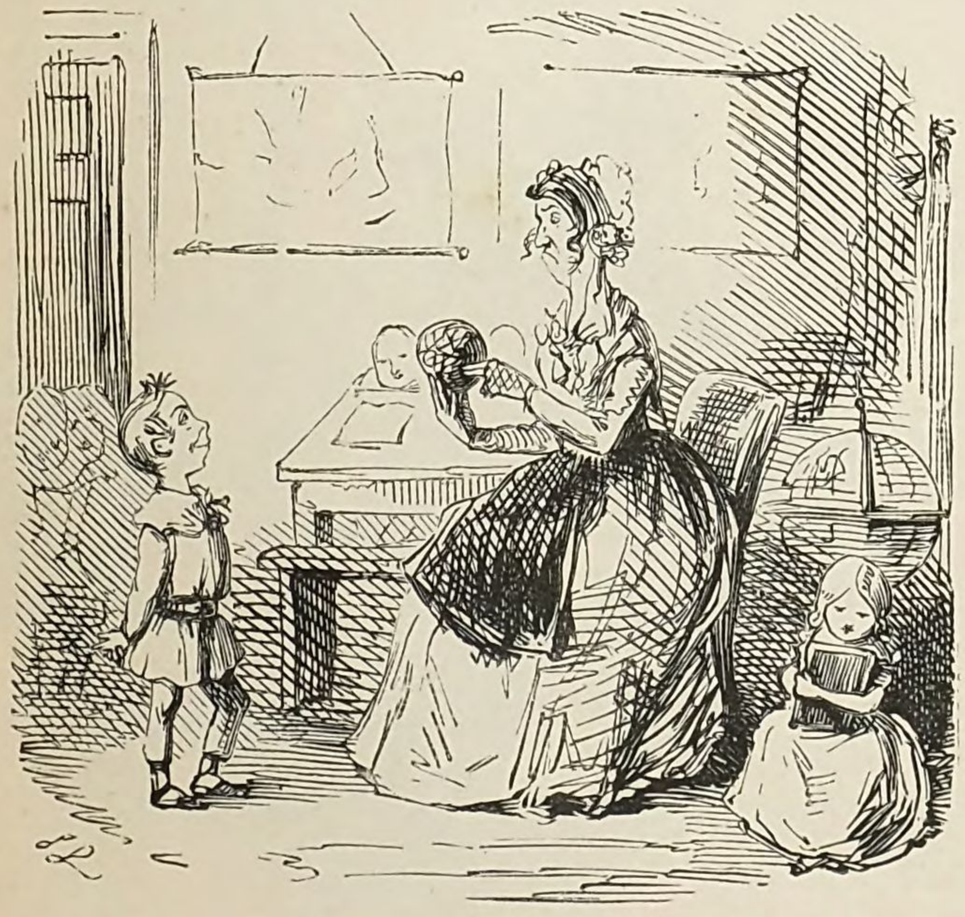
A HIGHLAND GAME IN A LONDON STREET.

PORTRAIT OF THE BOY WHO WON THE PRIZE FOR "PUTTING A STONE" THROUGH A WINDOW.

A QUIET WEED.

Guard. "SOME ONE BEEN SMOKING, I THINK?"

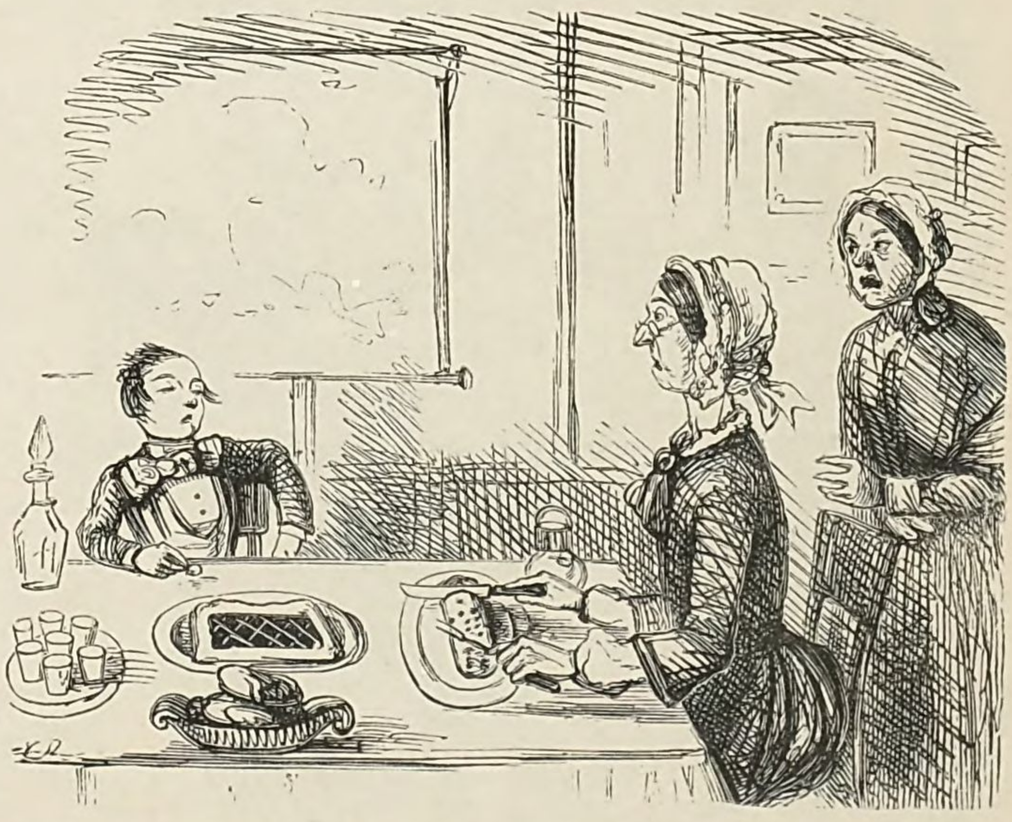
Passenger. "WHAT! SMOKING! THAT'S VERY REPREHENSIBLE PERHAPS IT WAS THE CLERICAL GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST GOT OUT OF THE NEXT COMPARTMENT."



PRODIGIOUS!

Schoolmistress. "YOU SEE, MY LOVE—IF I PUNCTURE THIS INDIA-RUBBER BALL IT WILL COLLAPSE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

Child. "OH, YES, I UNDERSTAND—IF YOU PRICK IT, IT WILL GO SQUASH."



BLESS THE BOY!

Old Lady. "NOW, ARTHUR, WHICH WILL YOU HAVE? SOME OF THIS NICE PUDDING, OR SOME JAM TART?"

Juvenile. "NO PASTRY, THANK-YE, AUNT. IT SPOILS ONE'S WINE SO. I DON'T MIND A DEVILLED BISCUIT, THO', BY-AND-BY, WITH MY CLARET."

[Old Lady turns all manner of colours.

HOOKING AND EYEING.

Angelina (the Wife of his Bussum). "WELL, EDWIN, IF YOU CAN'T MAKE THE 'TH:NGS,' AS YOU CALL THEM, MEET, YOU NEED NOT SWEAR SO. IT'S REALLY QUITE DREADFUL."

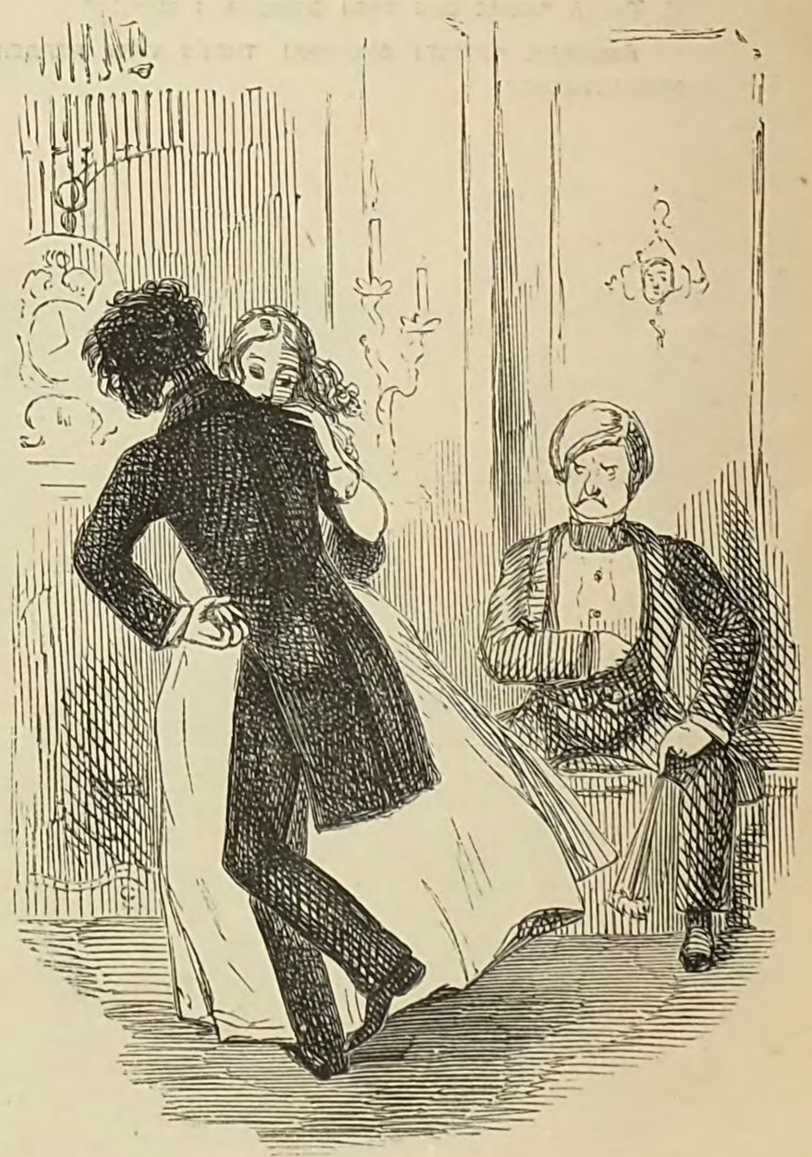
A GAY YOUNG FELLOW.

Young Rapid. "YOU ARE QUITE SURE THIS IS THE CORREOT DRESS FOR A YOUNG FELLOW OF THAT PERIOD, EH?"

Mr. Noses. "OH, PERFECTLY CORRECT, SIR; AND REALLY LOOKS SPLENDID ON YER!"

"DE GUSTIBUS," &c., &c.

Snip. "THAT'S A SWEET THING FOR A WAISTCOAT, SIR, AND WOULD LOOK UNCOMMON WELL UPON YOU, SIR!"



JEALOUSY.

Betrothed (who does not dance the Polka). "I SHOULD LIKE TO PUNCH HIS HEAD—A CONCEITED BEAST!"

A BON-BON FROM A JUVENILE PARTY.

Alfred. "I SAY, FRANK, AREN'T YOU GOING TO HAVE SOME SUPPER?"

Frank. "A—NOT AT PRESENT. I SHALL WAIT TILL THE WOMEN LEAVE THE ROOM."

SPECULATORS.

"THIS AIN'T SUCH A WERRY BAD IDEA, IS IT, JIM? HERE'S THE GREAT DIDDLESEX WRITES TO ME FOR FIVE BOB ON A HUNDRED AN' FIFTY SHARES; AND, TO SAVE TROUBLE, VANTS THE NAME OF MY SOLICITUR."

A PROFESSIONAL MAN.

Medical Student. "WELL, OLD FELLOW, SO YOU'VE 'PASSED' AT LAST."

Consulting Surgeon. "YES; BUT I DON'T GET MUCH PRACTICE, SOMEHOW—ALTHOUGH I AM NEARLY ALWAYS AT HOME, IN CASE ANY ONE SHOULD CALL."

PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

Little Hairdresser (mildly). "YER 'AIR'S VERY THIN ON THE TOP, SIR."

Gentleman (of ungovernable temper). "MY HAIR THIN ON THE TOP, SIR? AND WHAT IF IT IS? CONFOUND YOU, YOU PUPPY, DO YOU THINK I CAME HERE TO BE INSULTED AND TOLD OF MY PERSONAL DEFECTS? I'LL THIN YOUR TOP!!"

MERMAIDS AT PLAY; OR, A NICE LITTLE WATER PARTY.

COMING TO THE POINT.

Lover. "SWEET GIRL, LET ME—HERE—AWAY FROM THE BUSY HUM OF MEN—AND WHERE NO MORTAL EYE CAN SEE US—DECLARE THAT PASSION WHICH—WHICH—"

Lady. "THERE! FOR GOODNESS' SAKE GET UP, MR. TOMKINS, AND DON'T BE RIDICULOUS—JUST CONSIDER ALL THE TELESCOPES FROM THE PARADE!!"

A LITTLE SURPRISE.

Little Foot Page (unexpectedly). "HERE'S SOME GENTLEMEN, PLEASE SIR."

INTERESTING SCENE DURING THE CANVASS FOR MR. ——, NOT A HUNDRED MILES FROM ——.

Wife of Free and Independent. "OH! AIN'T HE A HAFFABLE GENTLEMAN, TUMMUS?"

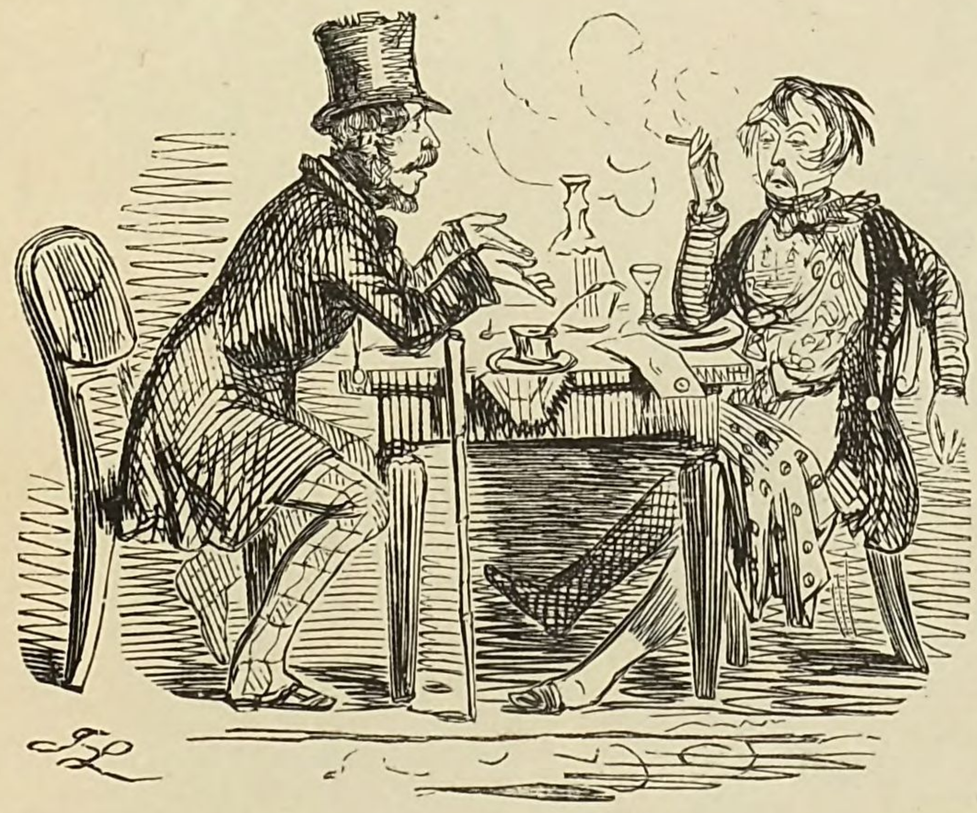
Free and Independent. "AH! JUST AIN'T 'UN. I SHOULDN'T WONDER IF I WARN'T ABLE TO PAY MY RENT TO-MORRER!"

MURDER WILL OUT.

Mrs. Smith. "IS MRS. BROWN IN?"

Jane. "NO, MEM, SHE'S NOT AT HOME."

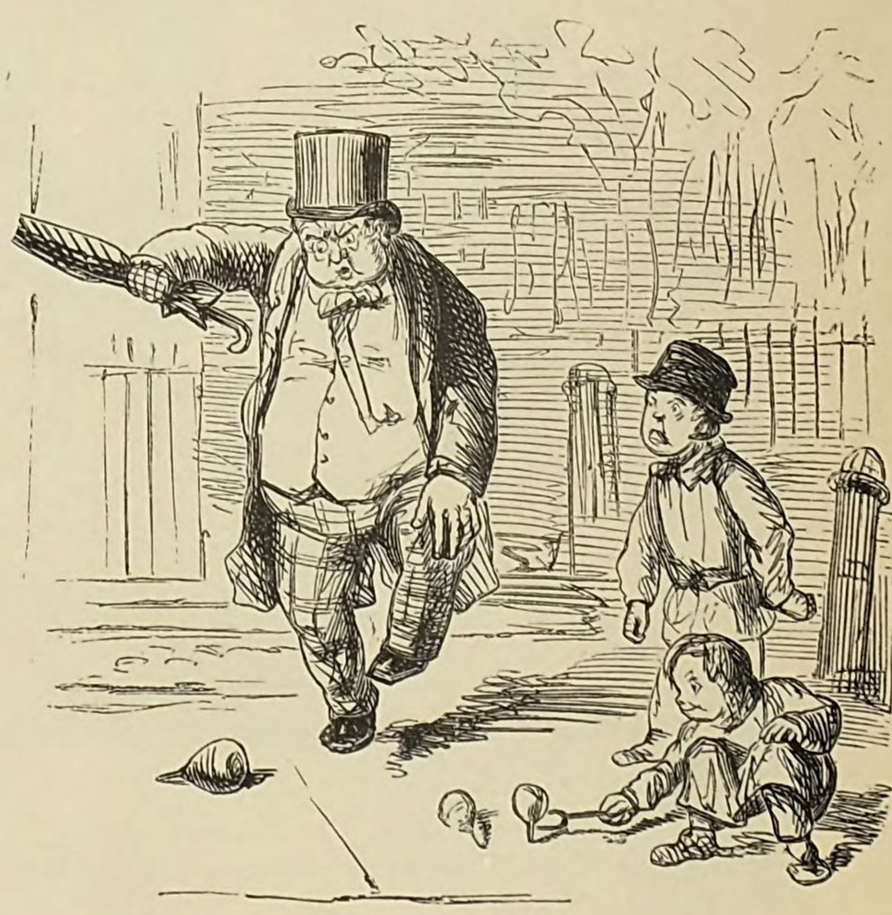
Little Girl. "OH! WHAT A HORRID STORY, JANE! MA'S IN THE KITCHEN, HELPING COOK!"



DOING A LITTLE BILL.

"YOU SEE, OLD BOY, IT'S THE MEREST FORM IN THE WORLD. YOU HAVE ONLY TO—WHAT THEY CALL—ACCEPT IT, AND I'LL FIND THE MONEY WHEN IT COMES DUE."

Victim. "COME ALONG—GIVE US THE PEN."



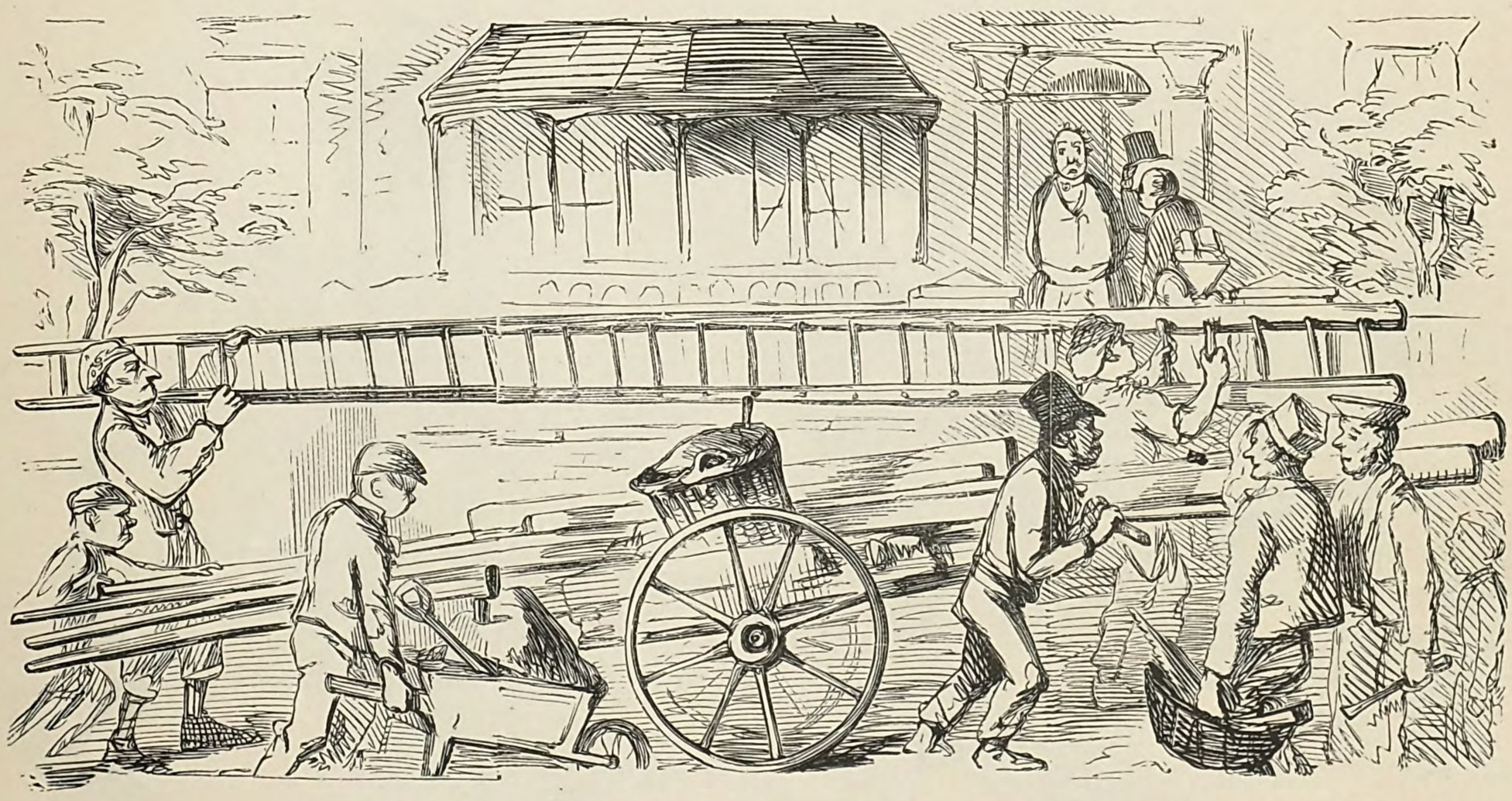
A PLEASANT STREET GAME.

Old Gent. "CONFOUND THE BOYS AND THEIR TOPS! WHERE ARE THE POLICE?"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

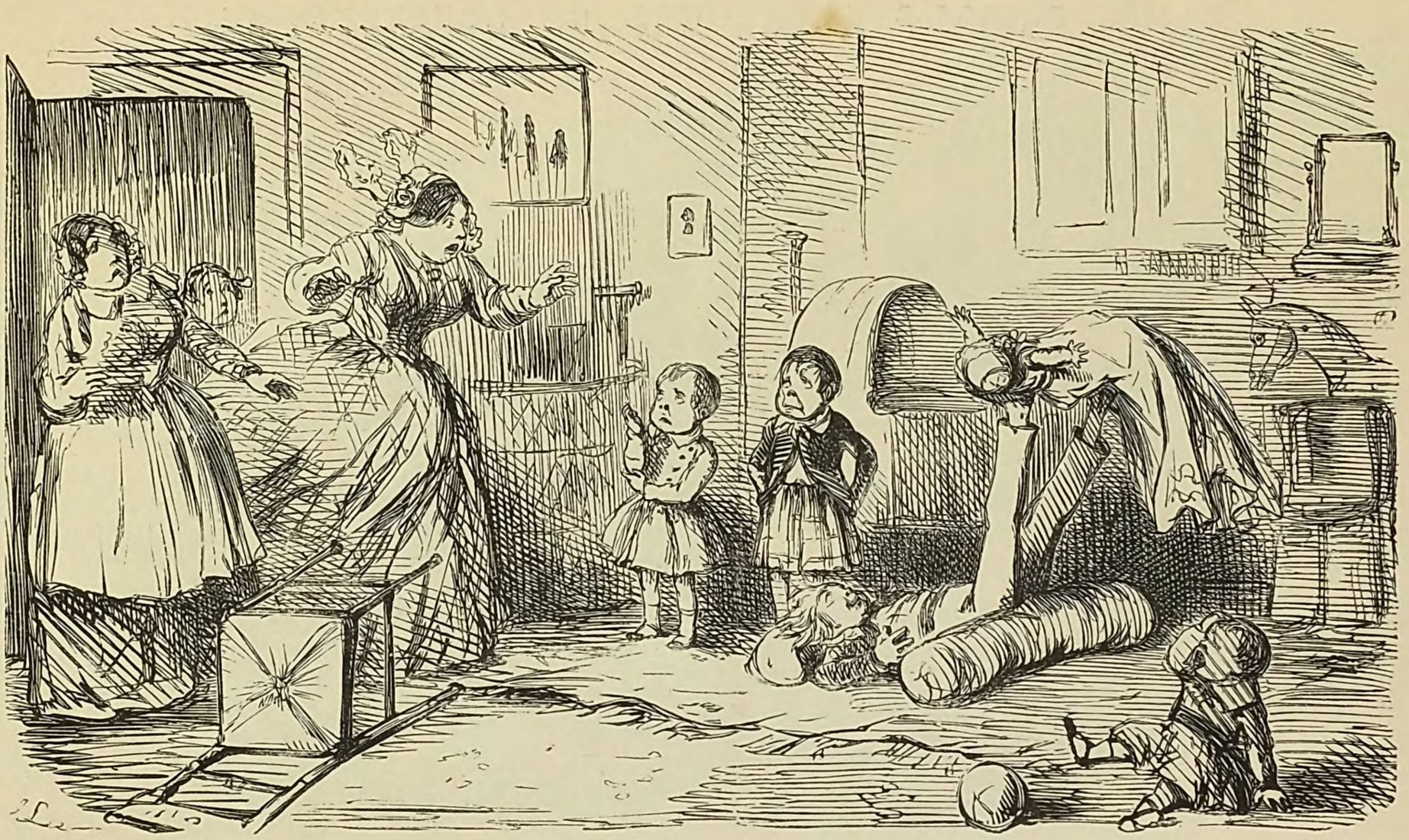
No. I.

THE COOK SAYS THAT SHE THINKS THERE'S A SLATE LOOSE ON THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE, FOR THE WATER COMES INTO THE SERVANTS' BEDROOM. MR. BRIGGS REPLIES THAT THE SOONER IT IS PUT TO RIGHTS THE BETTER, BEFORE IT GOES ANY FURTHER—AND HE WILL SEE ABOUT IT.



No. II.

MR. BRIGGS HAVING BEEN TOLD BY THE BUILDER THAT A "LITTLE COMPO" IS ALL THAT IS WANTED, THE FIRST STEP IS TAKEN TOWARDS MAKING THINGS COMFORTABLE.



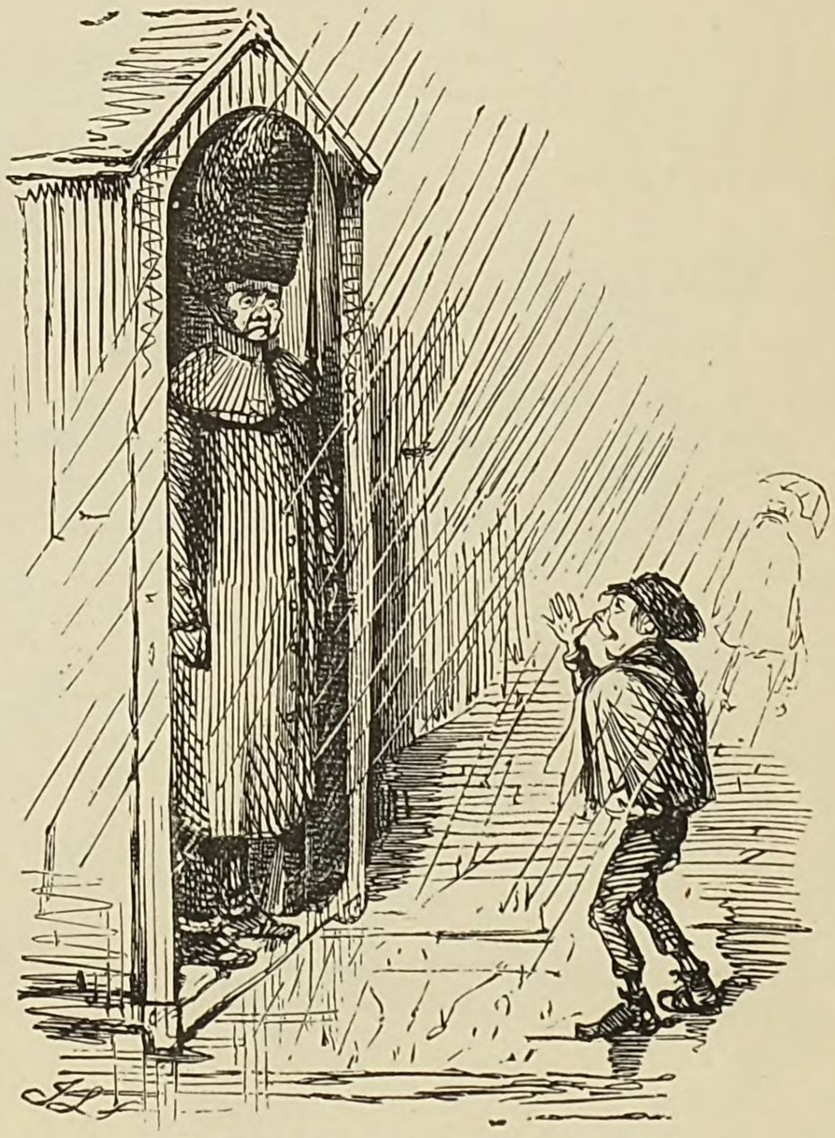
HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

MASTER JACKEY HAVING SEEN A "PROFESSOR" OF POSTURING, HAS A PRIVATE PERFORMANCE OF HIS OWN IN THE NURSERY.

SOMETHING LIKE A HOLIDAY.

Pastrycook. "WHAT HAVE YOU HAD, SIR?"

Boy. "I'VE HAD TWO JELLIES, SEVEN OF THEM, AND ELEVEN OF THEM, AND SIX OF THOSE, AND FOUR BATH BUNS, A SAUSAGE ROLL, TEN ALMOND CAKES, AND A BOTTLE OF GINGER BEER."



GREAT WANT OF VENERATION

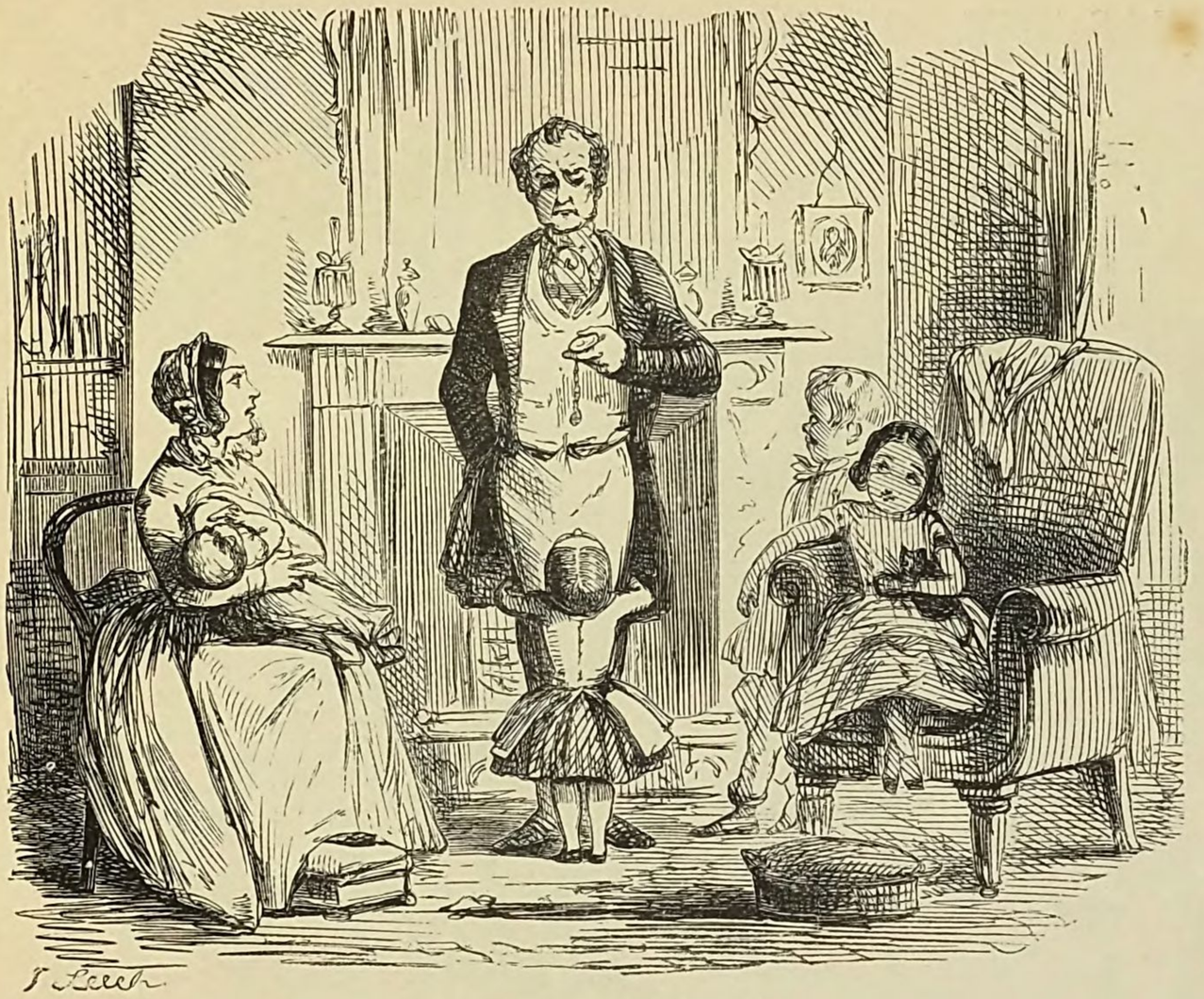
Puer loquitur. "I SAY LOBSTER, SHALL I GO AND FETCH YOU A CAB?"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

No. III.

No. IV.

NO TIME HAS BEEN LOST. MR. BRIGGS FINDS, ON GETTING OUT OF BED AT FIVE A.M. THAT THE WORKPEOPLE HAVE ALREADY COMMENCED PUTTING THE ROOF TO RIGHTS.



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Paterfamilias. "I CANNOT CONCEIVE, MY LOVE, *WHAT* IS THE MATTER WITH MY WATCH; I THINK IT MUST WANT CLEANING."

Pet Child. "OH, NO! PAPA DEAR! I DON'T THINK IT WANTS CLEANING, BECAUSE BABY AND I HAD IT WASHING IN THE BASIN FOR EVER SO LONG THIS MORNING!"

THE FASHIONS.

A FRIENDLY HINT TO YOUNG LADIES WHO WEAR THOSE DEAR DELIGHTFUL BARÉGE DRESSES. ALWAYS LET THE SLIP (OR WHATEVER THE MYSTERIOUS GARMENT IS CALLED) BE AS LONG AS THE OUTER DRESS!

INNOCENCE.

"OH, SIR! NO, SIR! PLEASE, SIR, IT AIN'T ME, SIR! IT'S THE OTHER BOYS, SIR!"

UNLUCKY.

"VAT'S THE MATTER, EH?"

"OH, THERE'S ALWAYS A SOMETHINK! VY, I'VE BIN AND LEFT MY HOPERA-GLASS IN A CAB NOW."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

No. V.

JUST TO SHOW HOW ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER—MR. BRIGGS (WHO HAS COME OUT ON THE LEADS WHILE THE MEN ARE GONE TO DINNER) IS SHOWN BY THE BUILDER HOW IT WOULD BE THE EASIEST THING IN THE WORLD TO "THROW" HIS PASSAGE INTO HIS DINING ROOM, AND BUILD A NEW ENTRANCE HALL WITH A SLIGHT CONSERVATORY OVER IT.—TO THE RIGHT OF THE CARTOON IS MRS. BRIGGS (!) WHO THINKS MR. B. HAS TAKEN LEAVE OF HIS SENSES.

EVENING PARTIES.

"BILL, YOU GOES OUT A GOOD DEAL.—TELL US, IS IT THE KERRECT THING TO TAKE ONE'S 'AT INTO A HEVENING PARTY?"

A DELICIOUS MORSEL.

Jacky. "HALLO, TOMMY! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE?"

Tommy. "HOYSTER."

Jacky. "OH! GIVE US A BIT."

DIFFERENT PEOPLE HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

Flunkey. "APOLLO? HAH! I DESSAY IT'S VERY CHEAP, BUT IT AIN'T MY IDEER OF A GOOD FIGGER!"

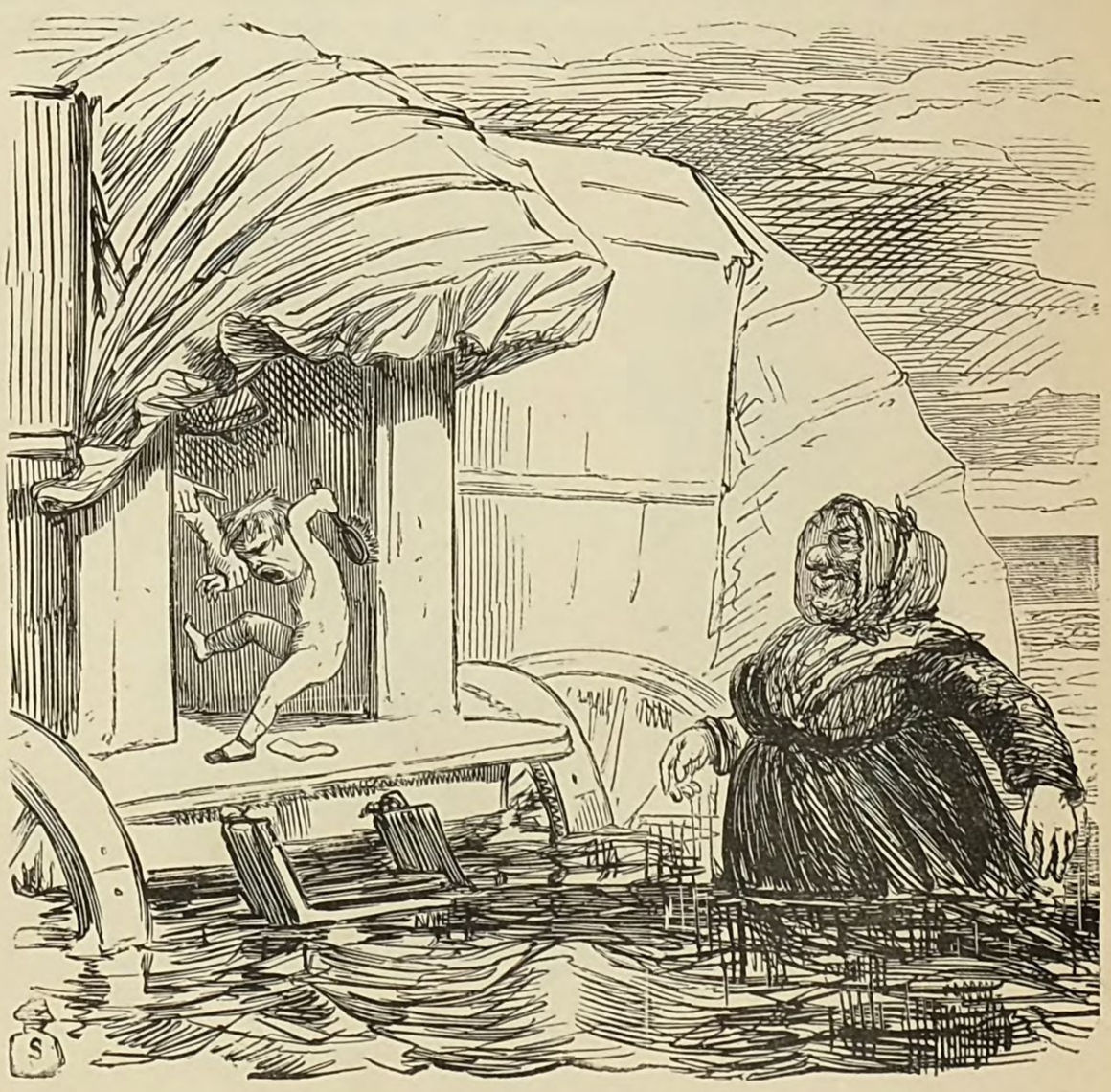
OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

Small Briton. "THE FRENCH INVADE US, INDEED! AND WHAT SHOULD WE BE ABOUT ALL THE TIME?—WHY, WE SHOULD RISE LIKE ONE MAN!"

GENTEEL PRACTICE.

Apprentice. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, SHALL I FILL UP MRS. TWADDLE'S DRAUGHTS WITH WATER?"

Practitioner. "DEAR, DEAR ME, MR. BUMPS, HOW OFTEN MUST I MENTION THE SUBJECT? WE NEVER USE WATER—*Aqua destillata,* IF YOU PLEASE!"



THE GOOD LITTLE BOY.

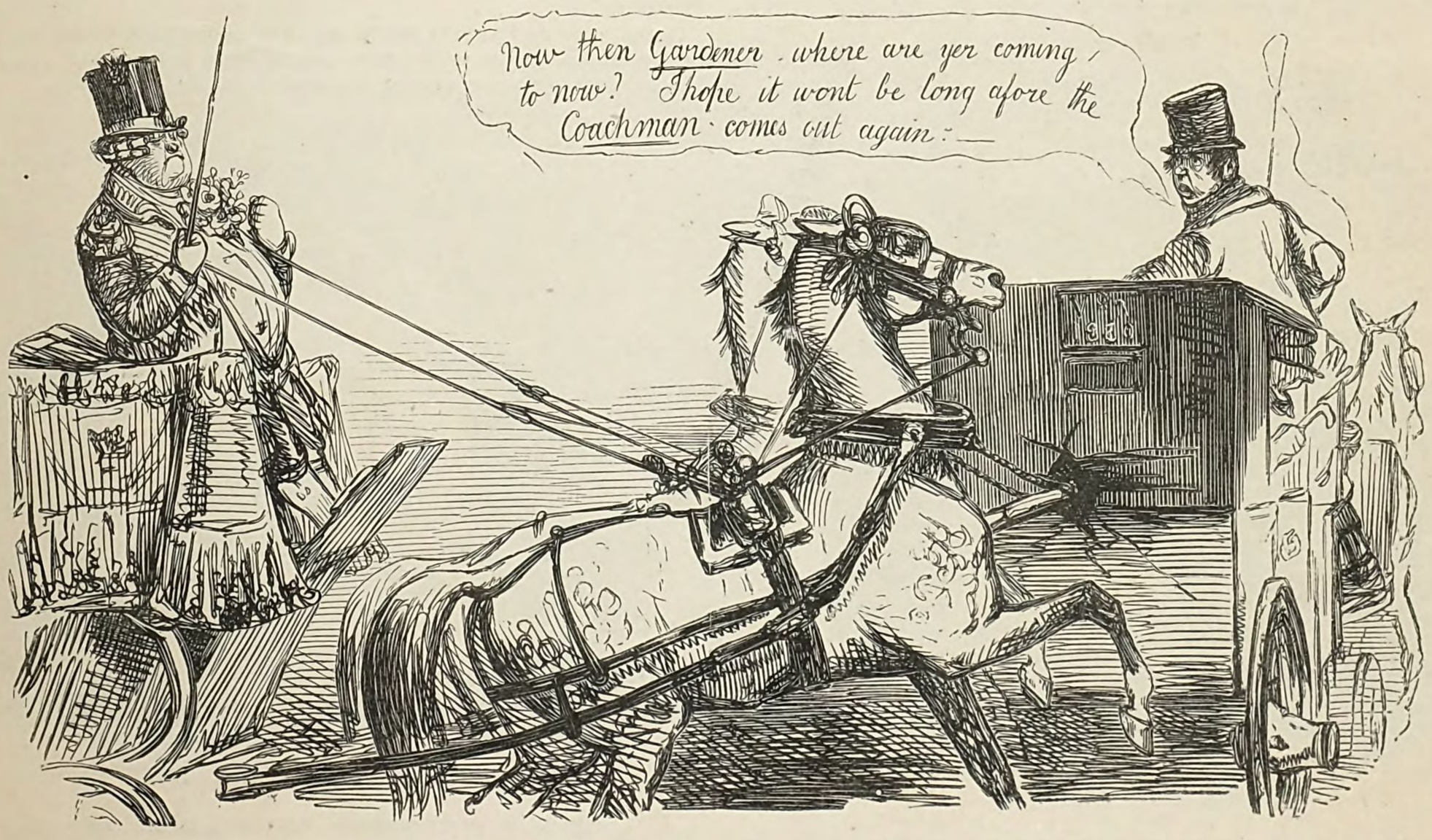
Bathing Woman. "MASTER FRANKY WOULDN'T CRY! NO! NOT HE!—HE'LL COME TO HIS MARTHA, AND BATHE LIKE A MAN!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

No. VI.

TABLEAU, REPRESENTING FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS IN MR. BRIGGS'S HOUSE—DESTRUCTION OF THE WALL WHICH SEPARATES THE PARLOUR FROM THE PASSAGE.

(*N.B.—As the wall is only lath and plaster, of course little or no mess is made. Mrs. Briggs says she hopes Mr. B. is satisfied now.*)



BITTER SARCASM.

MAL-APROPOS.

Gentleman (in Shower-Bath). "HOLLO! HOLLO! WHO'S THERE? WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU WANT?"

Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, HERE'S THE BUTCHER, AND MISSUS SAYS WHAT WILL YOU HAVE FOR DINNER TO-DAY?"

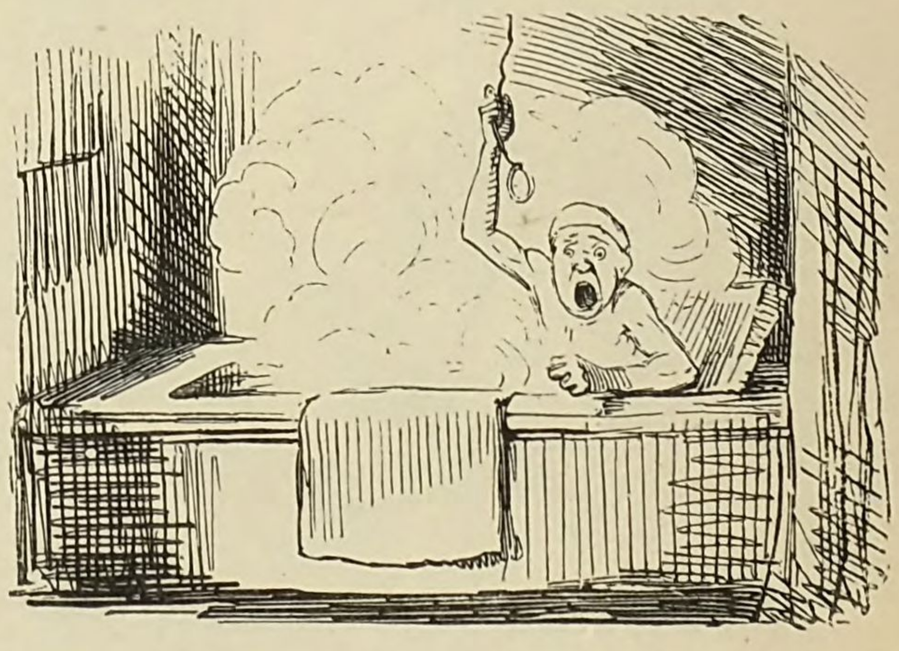
WE ALL HAVE OUR TROUBLES.

Sister Mary. "WHY, CHARLEY, DEAR BOY, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU SEEM QUITE MISERABLE!"

Charley. "AH! AIN'T I JUST! HERE'S MA' SAYS I MUST WEAR TURN-DOWN COLLARS TILL CHRISTMAS, AND THERE'S YOUNG SIDNEY BOWLER (WHO'S NOT HALF SO TALL AS I AM) HAS HAD STICK-UPS AND WHITE CHOKERS FOR EVER SO LONG!"

THE RULING PASSION.

"NOW, TELL ME, DEAR, IS THERE ANYTHING NEW IN THE FASHIONS?"



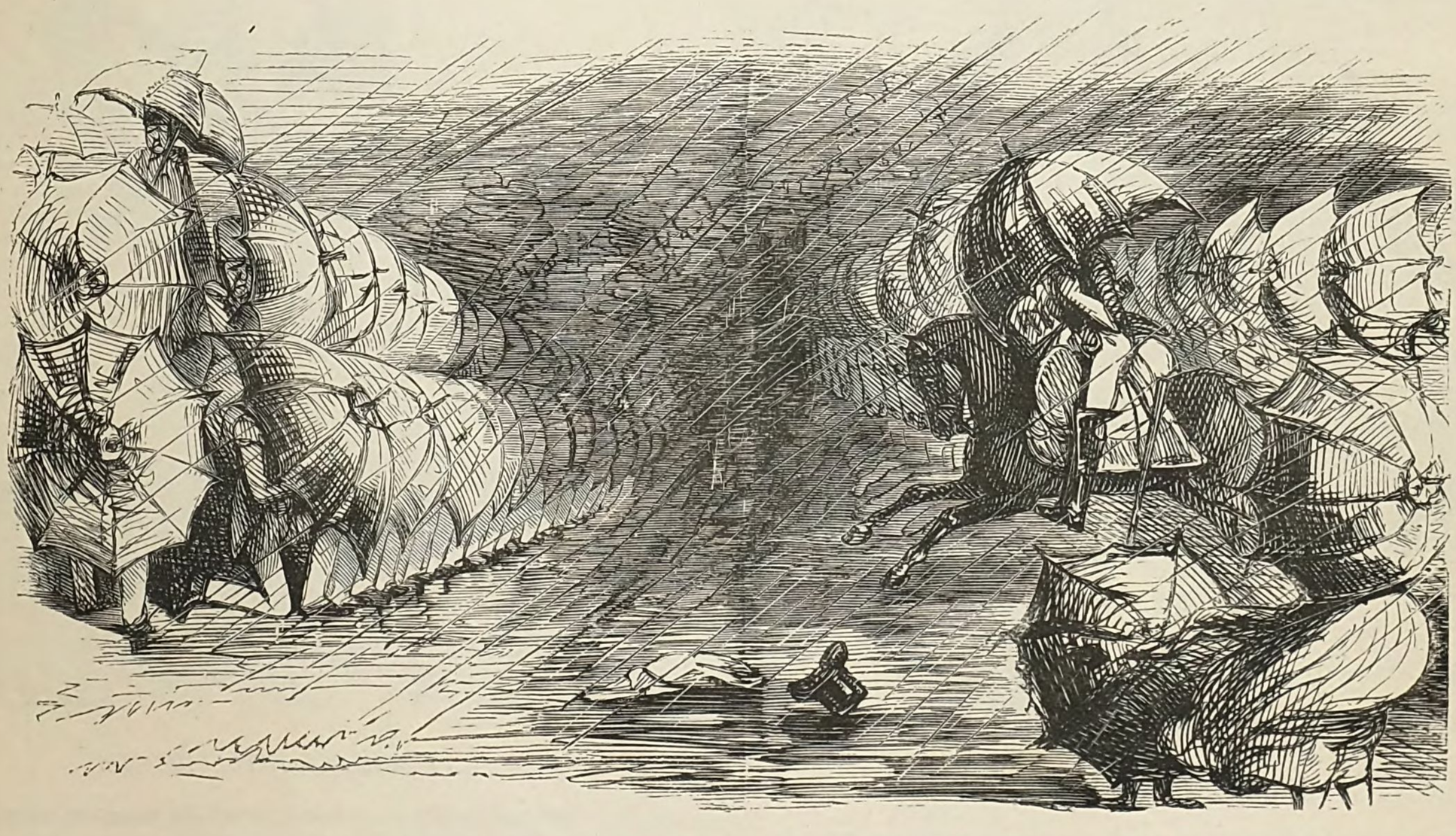
NOTHING LIKE WARM BATHING.

"HOLLO HI! HERE! SOMEBODY! I'VE TURNED ON THE HOT WATER, AND I CAN'T TURN IT OFF AGAIN!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

No. VII.

Scene: Principal barricade at Mr. Briggs's House.—OWING TO THE INCOMPLETE STATE OF THE ALTERATIONS, MR. BRIGGS IS OBLIGED TO ENTER HIS HOUSE THROUGH THE PARLOUR WINDOW. THE POLICEMAN MISTAKES HIM FOR A BURGLAR, AND ACTS ACCORDINGLY. IN MR. BRIGGS'S HAND MAY BE OBSERVED A FINE LOBSTER, WHICH HE HAS BROUGHT HOME TO CONCILIATE MRS. B.



THE TROOPS AND THE WEATHER.

PROPER PRIDE.

A SKETCH AT A RAILWAY STATION.

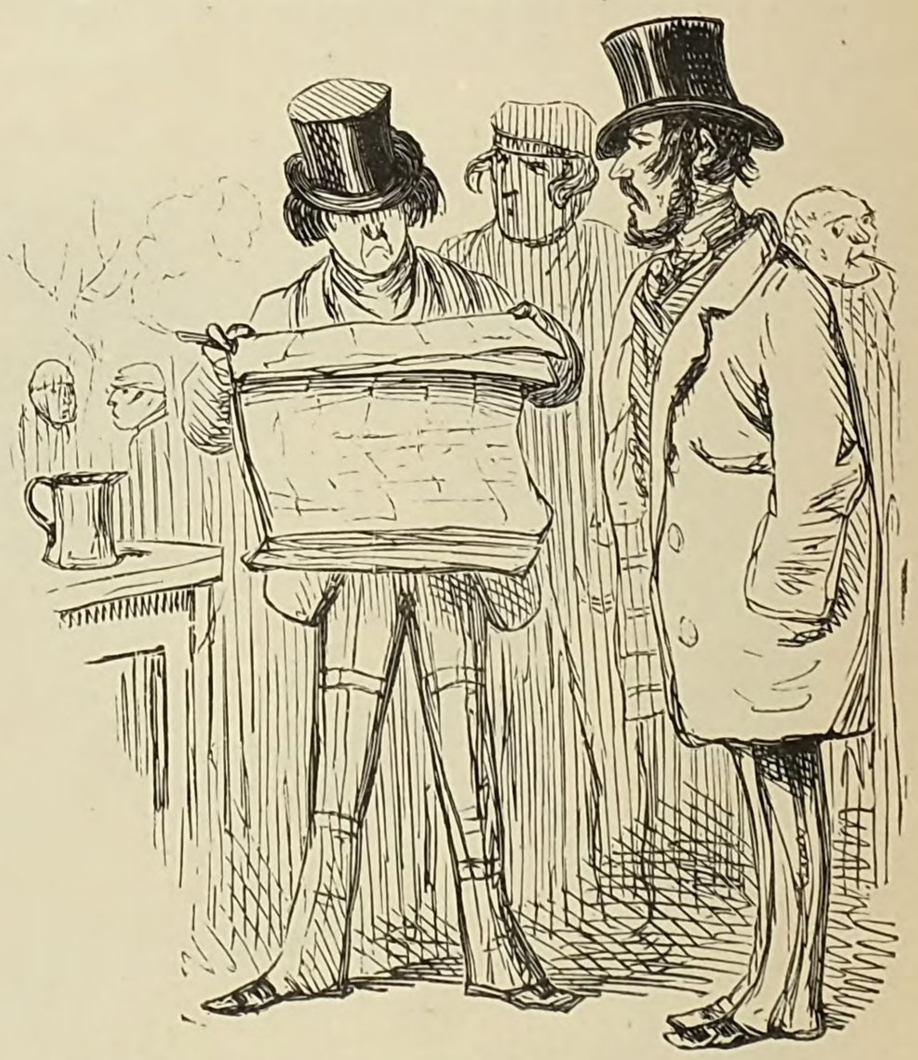
JUST THE MAN.

"PLEASE, SIR, DID YOU WANT ANYBODY TO KEEP ORDER ON THESE HERE HUSTINGS ON POLLING DAY?"

A REGULAR CUSTOMER.

"HA'PENNY CANDLE, PLEASE, AND BE QUICK, FOR MOTHER WANTS HER TEA."

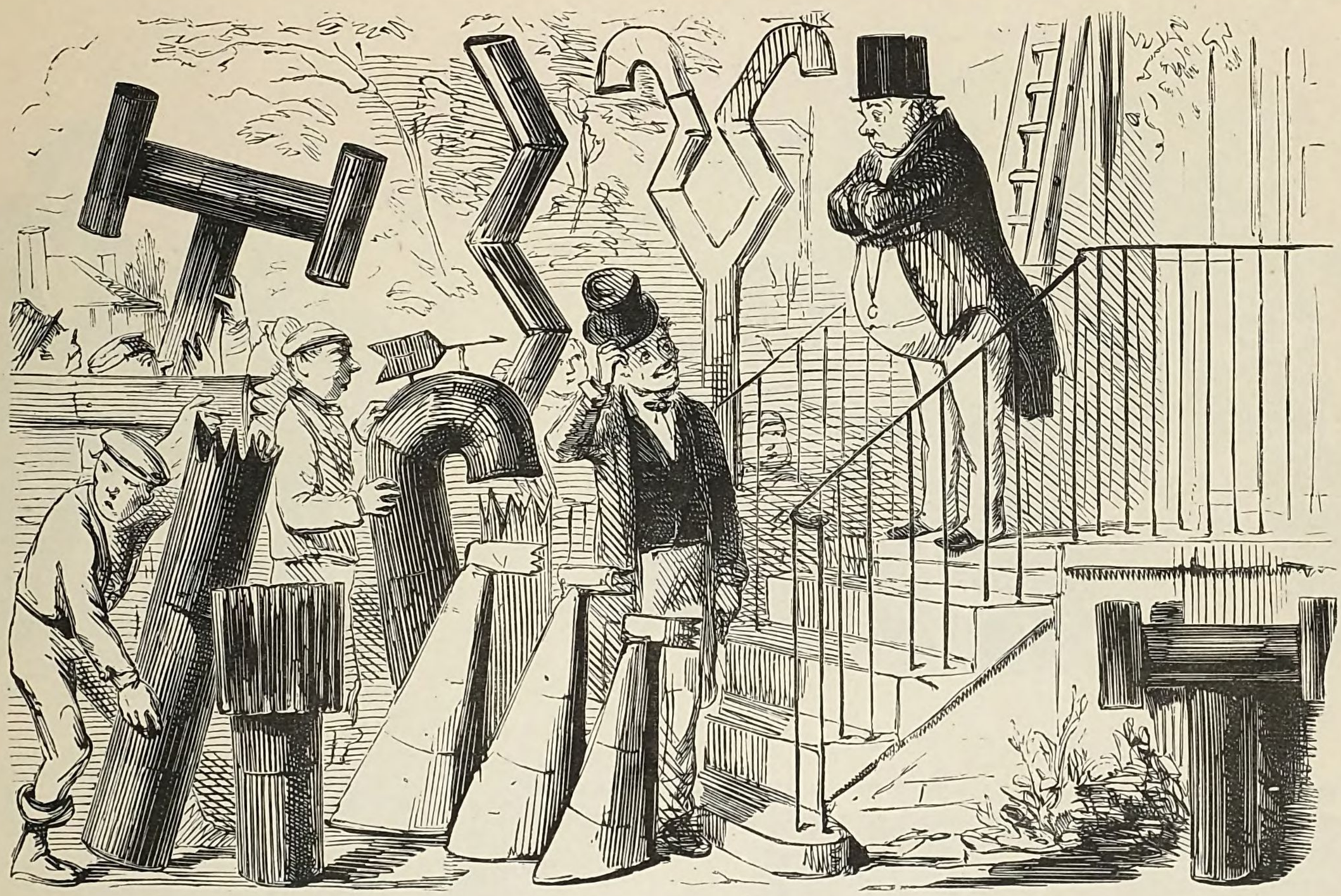
"OH, YES, OF COURSE, MISS; COULD WE SEND IT ANYWHERE FOR YER?"



ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.

Swell Mobsman (reads). "'ARRANGEMENTS ARE MAKING TO CONNECT ALL THE POLICE OFFICES WITH THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.' WELL, I HAM BLOWED!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.



No. VIII.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER, EVER SINCE THE ALTERATIONS, THE CHIMNEYS HAVE TAKEN TO SMOKE INTOLERABLY. THE BUILDER IS ASSURING MR. BRIGGS THAT BY SOME VERY SIMPLE CONTRIVANCE THEY CAN BE EFFECTUALLY CURED.

TAKING CHANGE.

Conductor. "ALL RIGHT, JIM. PUSH ALONG, I'VE SERVED THE OLD GAL OUT THIS TIME."

Old Lady. "HERE, STOP! CONDUCTOR! I WON'T TAKE CHANGE FOR A FIVE-SHILLING PIECE IN HALF-PENCE—THAT I WON'T! HERE, POLICE! CONDUCTOR!" &c.

THE INTERESTING STORY.

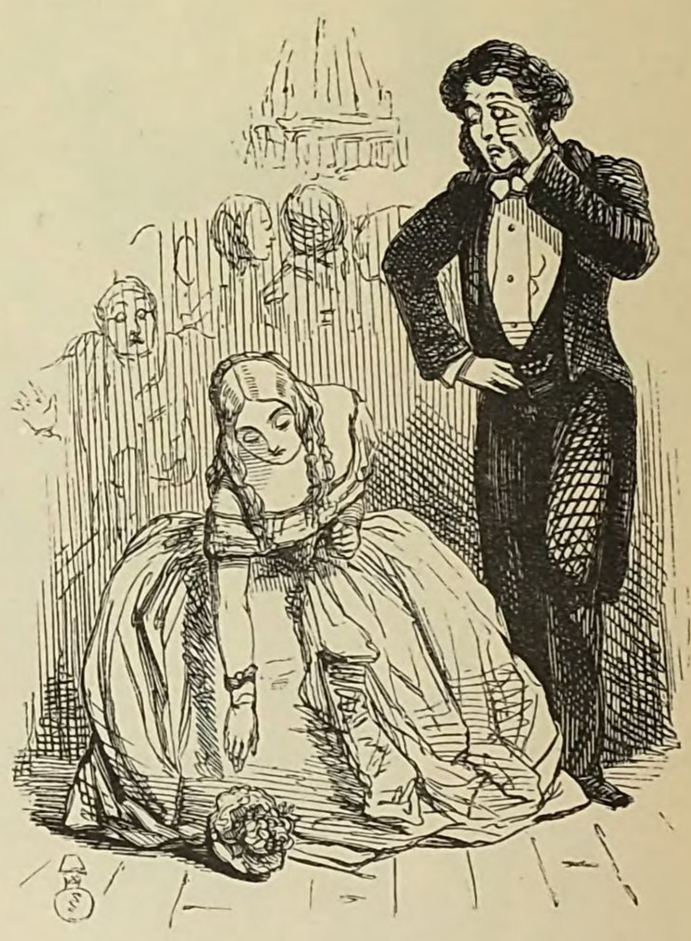
First Ticket Porter. "AND SO, YOU KNOW, THAT'S ALL I KNOWS ABOUT IT."

Second Ticket Porter. "WELL! I DON'T KNOW AS EVER I KNOWED A MAN AS KNOWS AS MUCH AS YOU KNOWS."

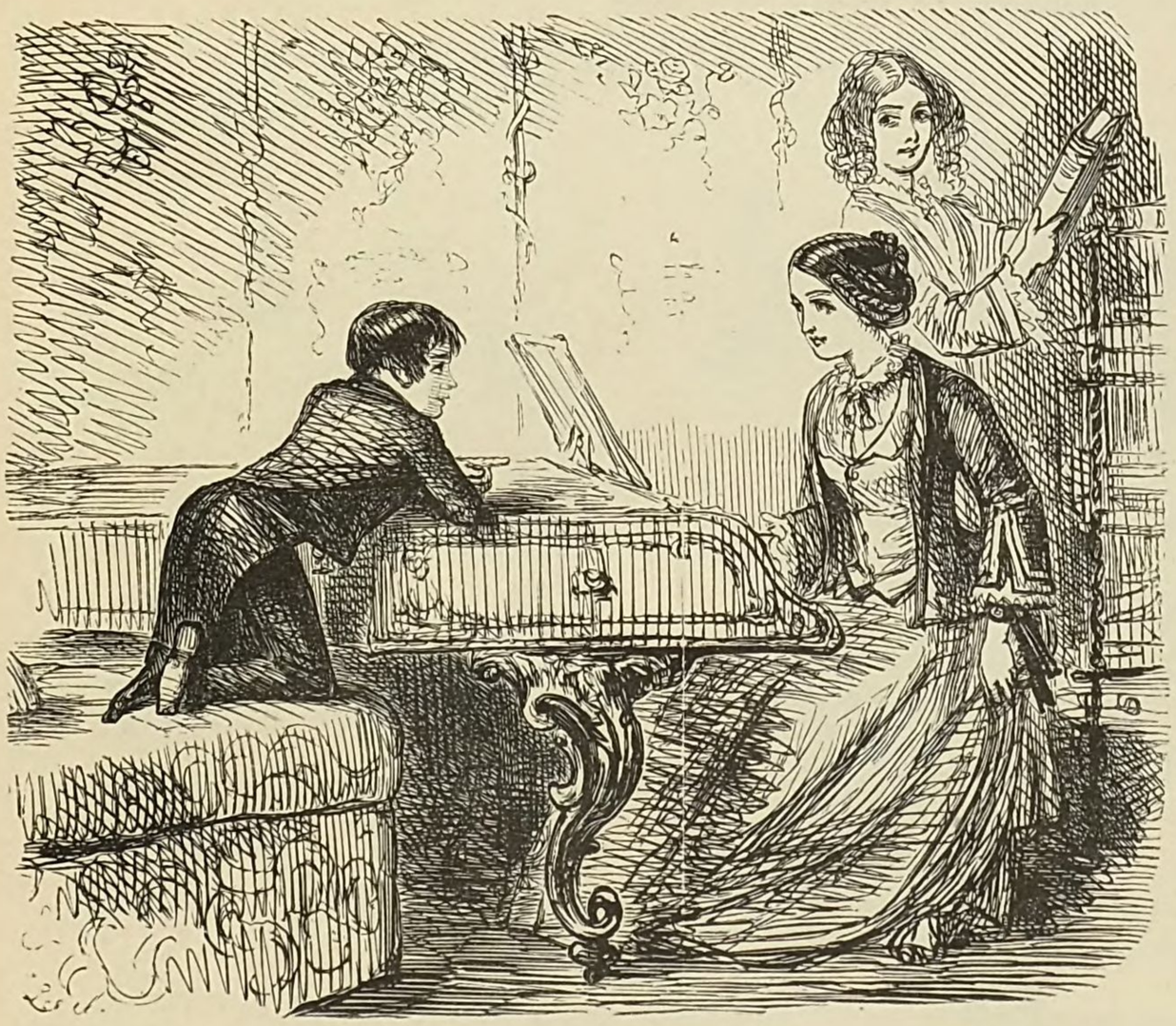
MUCH TOO CONSIDERATE.

Robinson. "THERE, BROWN, MY BOY, THAT'S AS FINE A GLASS OF WINE AS YOU CAN GET ANYWHERE."

Mrs. Brown. "A-HEM! AUGUSTUS, MY DE-AR. YOU ARE SURELY NEVER GOING TO TAKE PORT WINE? YOU KNOW IT NEVER AGREES WITH YOU, MY LOVE!"



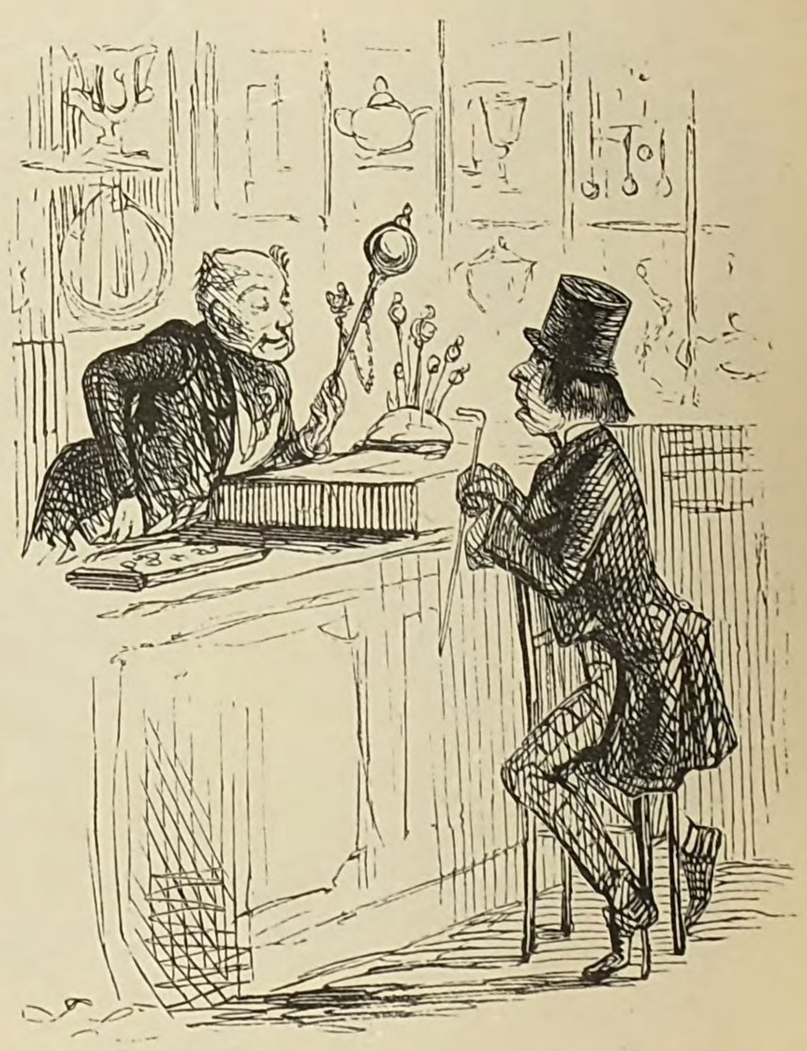
GALLANTRY.



LA MODE.

Gus. (who is always so full of his nonsense). "DASH MY BUTTONS, ELLEN! THAT'S A STUNNING WAISTCOAT. I WISH YOU'D GIVE US YOUR TAILOR'S ADDRESS."

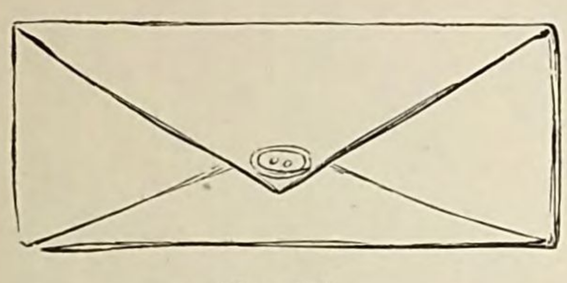
Ellen. "DON'T YOU BE RUDE, SIR—AND TAKE YOUR ARMS OFF THE PIANO."



A FASHION IN PINS.

"A PIN FOR YOUR SCARF, SIR? HERE'S AN ARTICLE WE HAVE SOLD A GREAT MANY OF."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.



No. IX.

ENVELOPE CONTAINING THE BUILDER'S LITTLE ACCOUNT AGAINST MR. BRIGGS—MUCH TOO SERIOUS TO JEST UPON.

No. X.

THE UNSETTLED STATE OF THE HOUSE FOR THE LAST TWO MONTHS HAS SO DISORDERED BRIGGS, THAT HIS MEDICAL ADVISER RECOMMENDS A LITTLE HORSE EXERCISE BY WAY OF A CHANGE, AND HIS EQUESTRIAN PLEASURES BEGIN.

SOMETHING LIKE A BROTHER.

Flora. "THAT'S A VERY PRETTY WAISTCOAT, EMILY!"

Emily. "YES, DEAR. IT BELONGS TO MY BROTHER CHARLES. WHEN HE GOES OUT OF TOWN HE PUTS ME ON THE FREE-LIST, AS HE CALLS IT, OF HIS WARDROBE. ISN'T IT KIND?"

A DUMB WAITER.

Old Gentleman. "WHAT THE DEUCE IS THE REASON, SIR, YOU DON'T ANSWER WHEN YOU ARE CALLED?"

(The reason is obvious. The poor child has his mouth full of green peas and jam tart.)

THE LOST ONE.

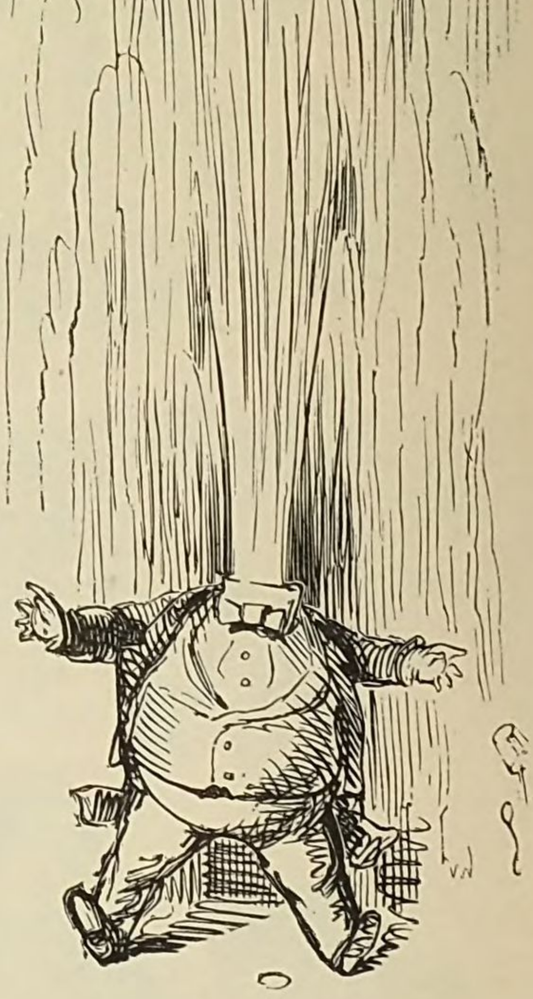
Boy. "IF YOU PLEASE, M', WAS YOU A LOOKING FOR A LITTLE DOG?"

Young Ladies. "YES! OH, YES!"

Boy. "WAS IT A SPANNEL, MUM?"

Young Ladies. "OH, YES! A MOST BEAUTIFUL LITTLE SPANIEL, WITH VERY LONG EARS."

Boy. "AH, THEN, MUM, IT'S THE SAME AS FLEW AT MASTER'S BIG DOG HERE, WOT'S BIN AND SWALLERED OF IT."



POP.

APPALLING RESULT OF INCAUTIOUSLY TAKING TOO MUCH SODA TO CORRECT ACIDITY.

REAL ENJOYMENT.

Annie. "GOOD-BYE, DEAR. YOU MUST COME AGAIN SOON, AND SPEND A GOOD LONG DAY, AND THEN I CAN SHOW YOU ALL MY NEW THINGS."

Clara. "OH! THAT WILL BE NICE! GOOD-BYE, DEAR." *(Kiss and exit.)*

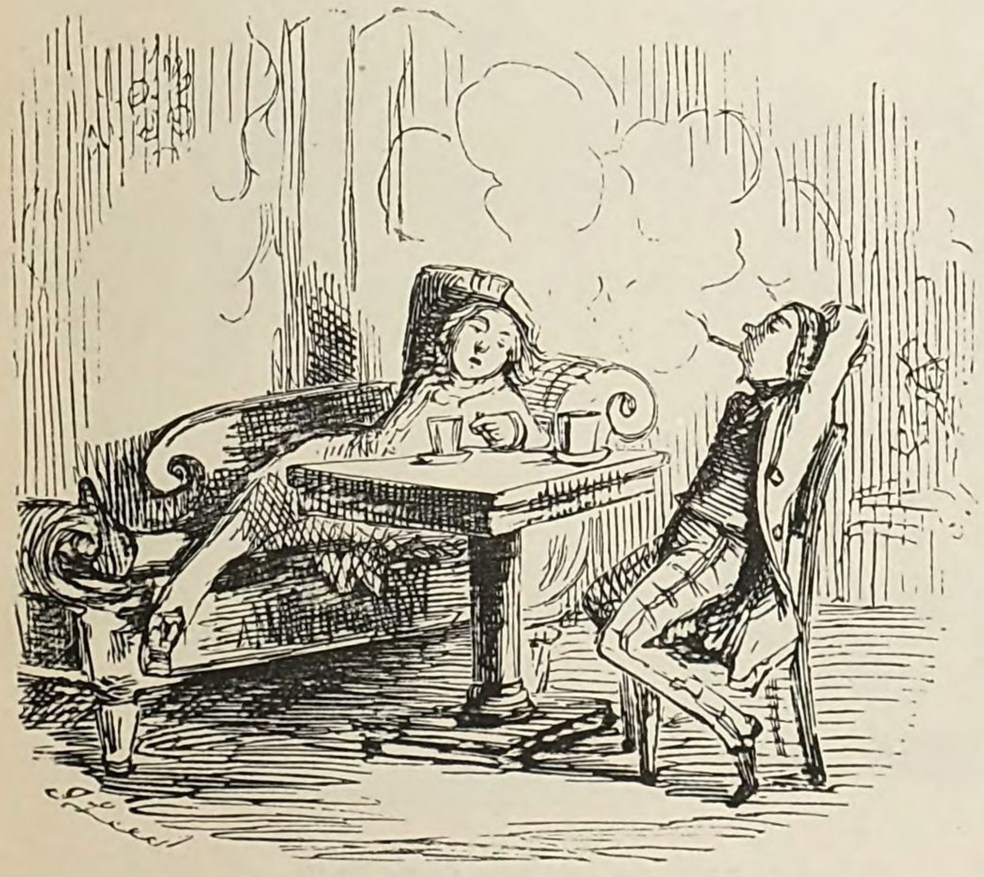
FROM A BEAUTIFUL MINIATURE.

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.

No. I.

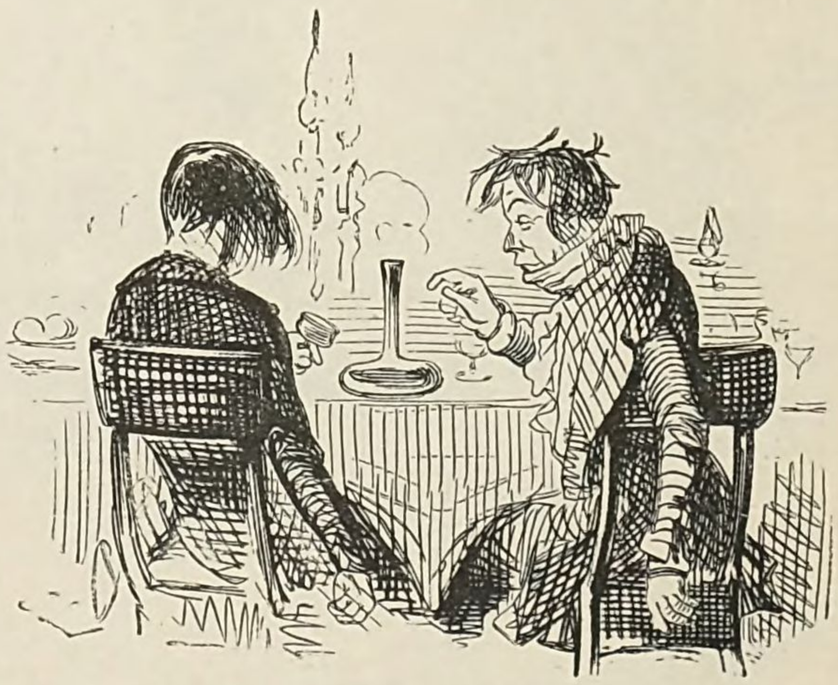
Dealer. "I SHOULD SAY IT WAS JUST THE HOSS YOU WANT, SIR; ONLY YOU MUST DECIDE AT ONCE, BECAUSE THERE'S SEVERAL PARTIES VERY SWEET UPON HIM. HE'S A GENTLEMAN'S HOSS, SIR, AND CARRIES HIS OWN HEAD, SIR!"

Mr. Briggs. "BLESS MY HEART!" *(Buys him.)*



THE RISING GENERATION.

Clever Juvenile (loq.). "SHAKSPEARE? POOH! FOR MY PART I CONSIDER SHAKSPEARE A MUCH OVER-RATED MAN."



AN EXCELLENT WINE.

"THE BEST OF CLARET IS, THAT YOU MAY DRINK ANY *(hic)* QUANTITY YOU LIKE, WITHOUT FEELING ILL."

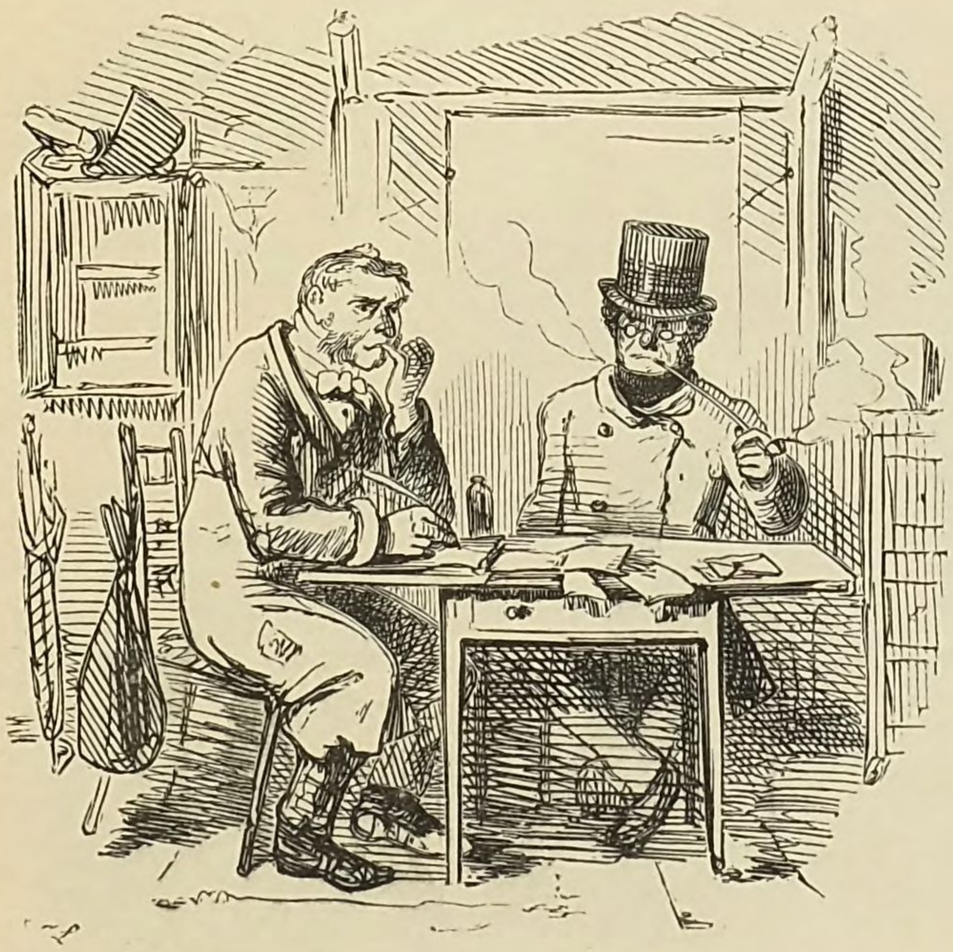
WHAT IS THIS?

QUITE A NEW SENSATION FOR THE LUXURIOUS, ON COLD MORNINGS.
"USE HOT WATER, AND LOOK AT YOUR SHOWER-BATH!"

DOMESTIC BLISS.

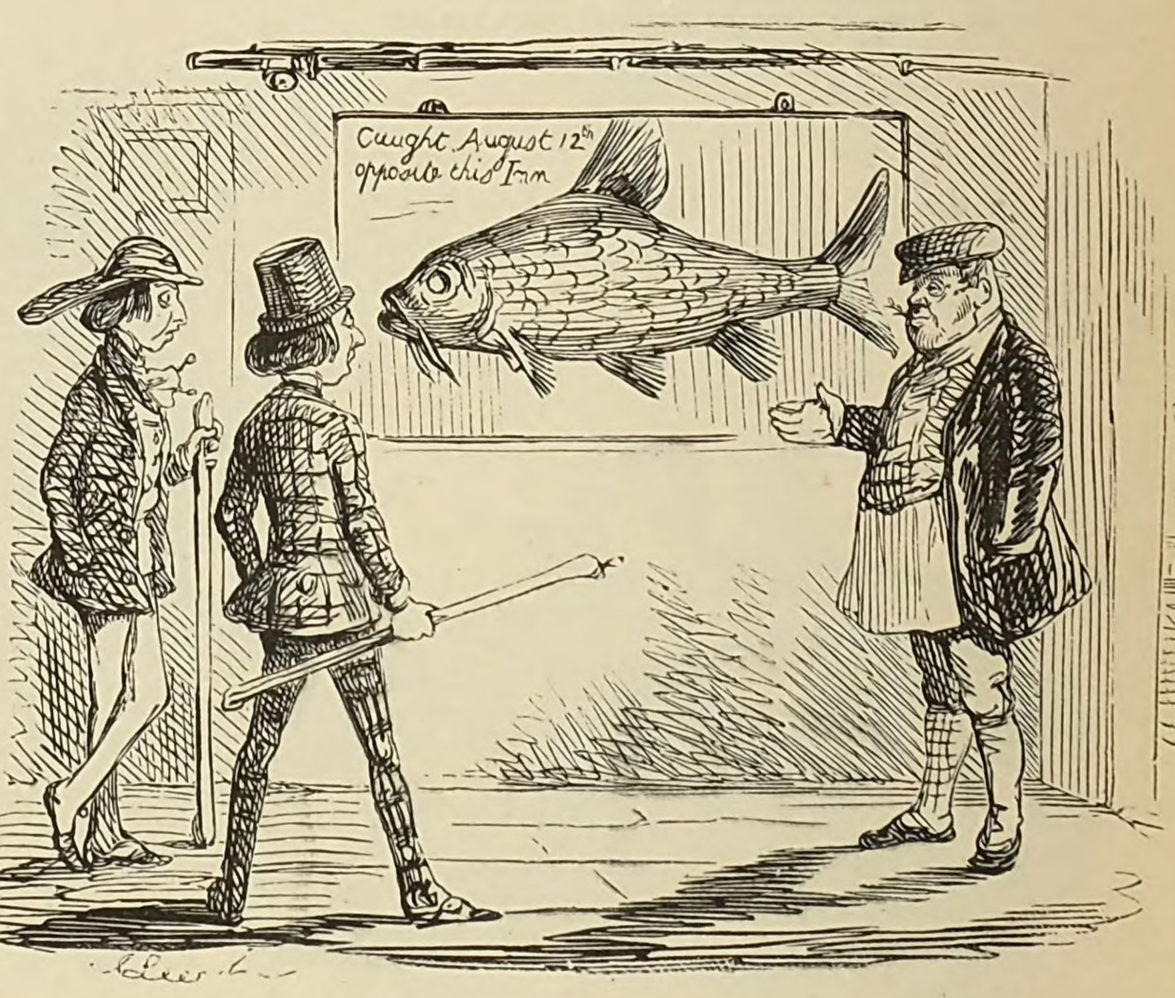
Time, half-past three; thermometer 30°.

William. "WHAT A VIOLENT RINGING THERE IS AT THE STREET-DOOR BELL!"
Maria. "OH! I KNOW WHAT IT IS, DEAR. IT'S THE SWEEPS AND I DARE SAY THE GIRLS DON'T HEAR. JUST RUN UP AND KNOCK AT THEIR ROOM DOOR."



MEN OF BUSINESS.

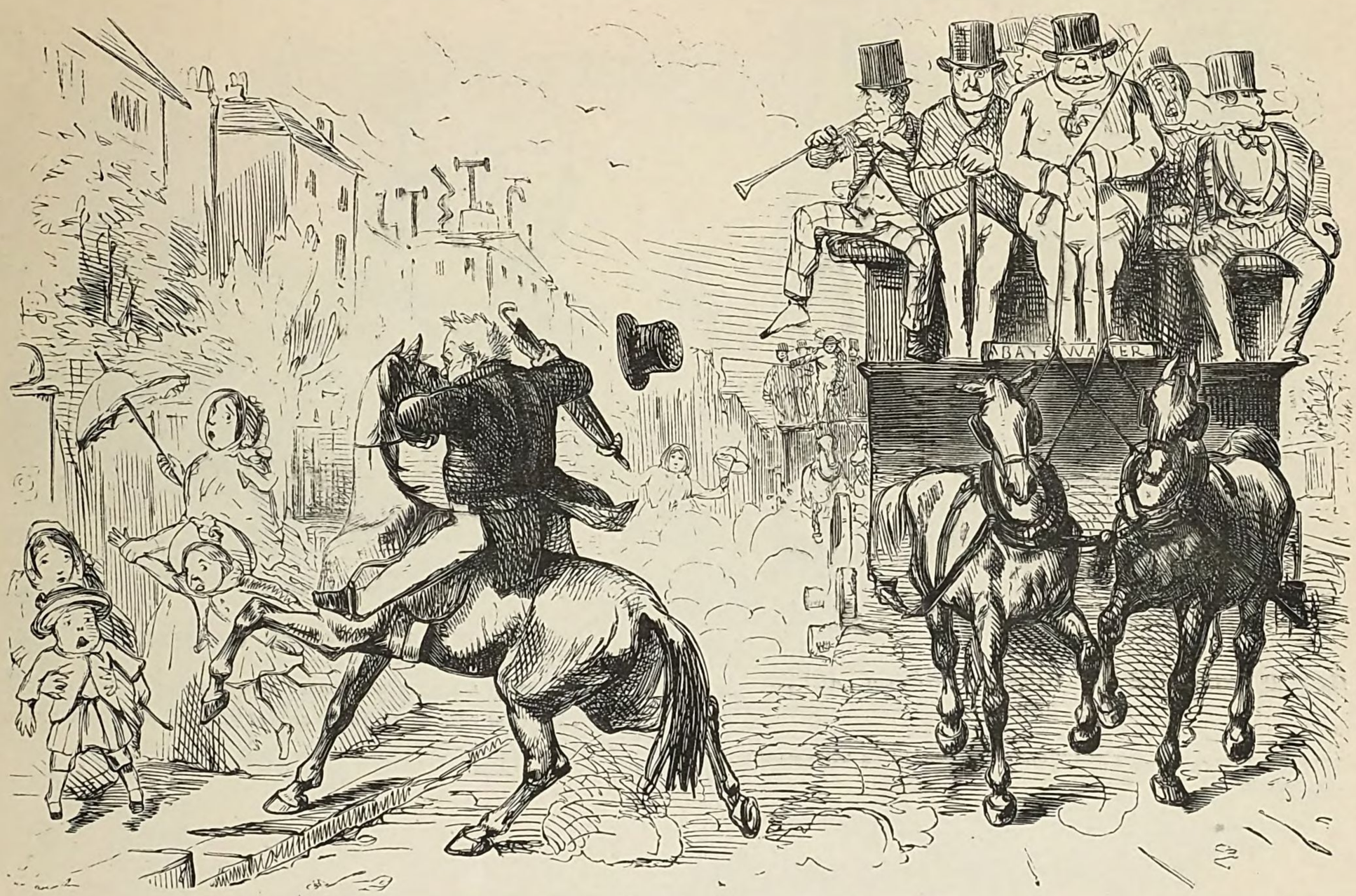
MONEY.—WANTED FROM £300 TO £400 TO BRING FORWARD AN ARTICLE THAT MUST IN A FEW YEARS REALISE A HANDSOME FORTUNE TO THE PROPRIETORS. TO ANY YOUNG MAN WHO IS NOT OF BUSINESS HABITS, WITH THE ABOVE SUM AT COMMAND, THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT SELDOM MET WITH. REFERENCES EXCHANGED.—NO PROFESSED MONEY-LENDER NEED APPLY.



ANGLERS HEAR STRANGE THINGS.

Piscator. "ARE THERE ANY BARBEL ABOUT HERE, GOV'NOR?"
Host. "ANY BARBEL ABOUT HERE!! I SHOULD RAYTHER THINK THERE WAS A FEW; HERE'S THE PICTUR O' WUN MY LITTLE BOY KETCHED JUST HOPPOSIT."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.



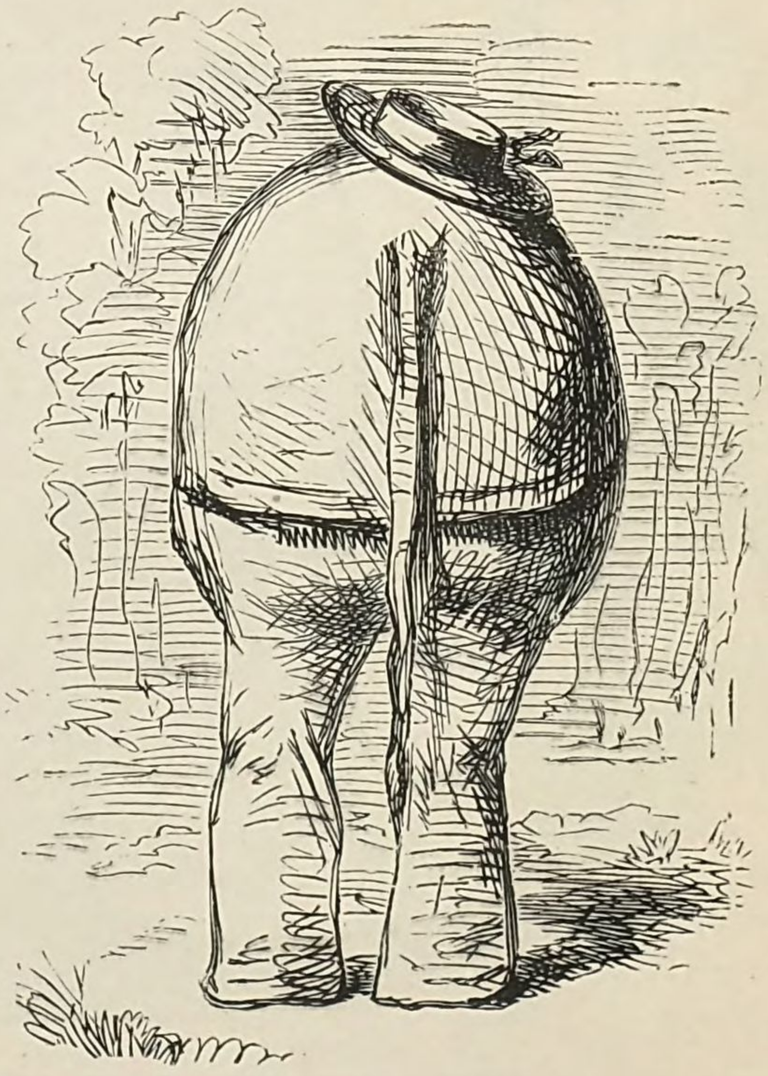
No. II.

MR. BRIGGS TRIES HIS HORSE.

STRIKING EFFECT ON MEETING ONE OF THOSE NASTY OMNIBUSSES.

THE ALDERMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Mr. Gobble. "YOU SEE, SAM, YOU ARE A WERRY YOUNG MAN: AND WHEN I AM TOOK AWAY (WHICH, IN THE COMMON COURSE OF EWENTS, CAN'T BE WERRY LONG FUST), YOU WILL HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF PROPERTY. NOW, I'VE ONLY ONE PIECE OF ADWICE TO GIVE YOU. IT'S THIS—AND BY ALL MEANS ACT UPON IT:—LAY DOWN PLENTY OF PORT IN YOUR YOUTH THAT YOU MAY HAVE A GOOD BOTTLE OF WINE IN YOUR OLD AGE."



A JACK TAR.

BACK VIEW OF THE ELEPHANT AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

MAY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION NEVER ALTER FRIENDSHIP.

Dumpy Young Lady. "WELL, FOR MY PART, MATILDA, I LIKE LONG WAISTS AND FLOUNCES."

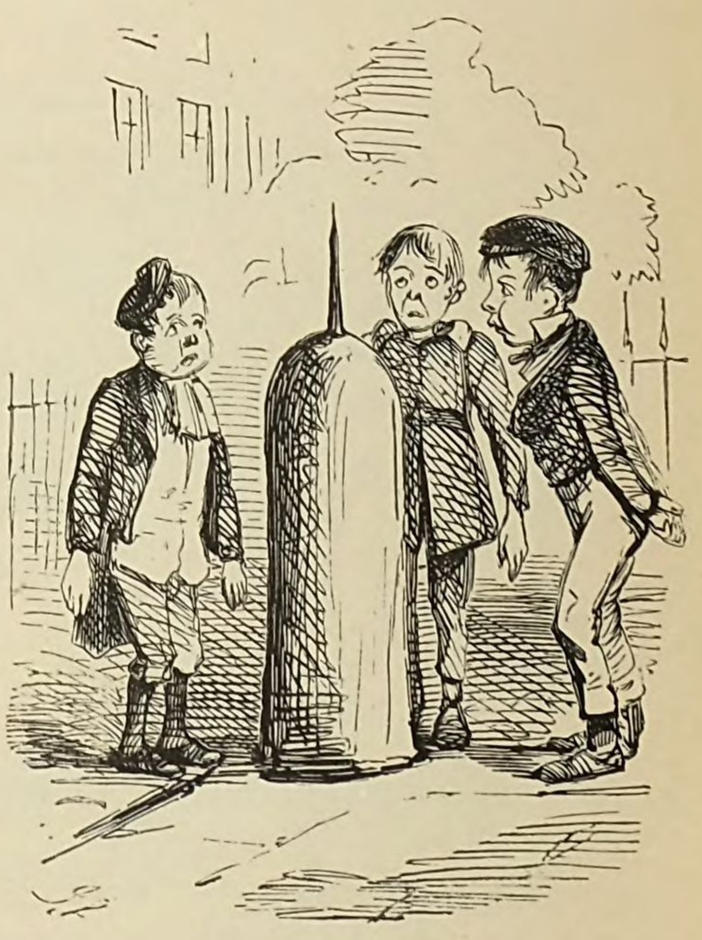
THE PROGRESS OF SLANG.

"WHY, WHAT A PRETTY NEW FROCK ALFRED HAS!"

Prodigy (who picks up everything so readily). "AH, AIN'T IT A STUNNER?"

AWFUL OCCURRENCE AT AN EVENING PARTY.

"MY GOODNESS, EMILY! THEY'RE BEGINNING THE QUADRILLE, AND HERE'S ALL MY 'BACK HAIR' COMING DOWN!! WHATEVER SHALL I DO?"



SKETCH NEAR BURTON CRESCENT.

"OH! WOT A SHAME! THEY'VE BEEN AND SPIKED ALL THE POSTES."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.

No. III.

MR. BRIGGS HAVING PARTED WITH HIS LAD FOR MISCONDUCT, SOME YOUNG MEN WITHOUT ENCUMBRANCE APPLY TO "LOOK AFTER" HIS HORSE.

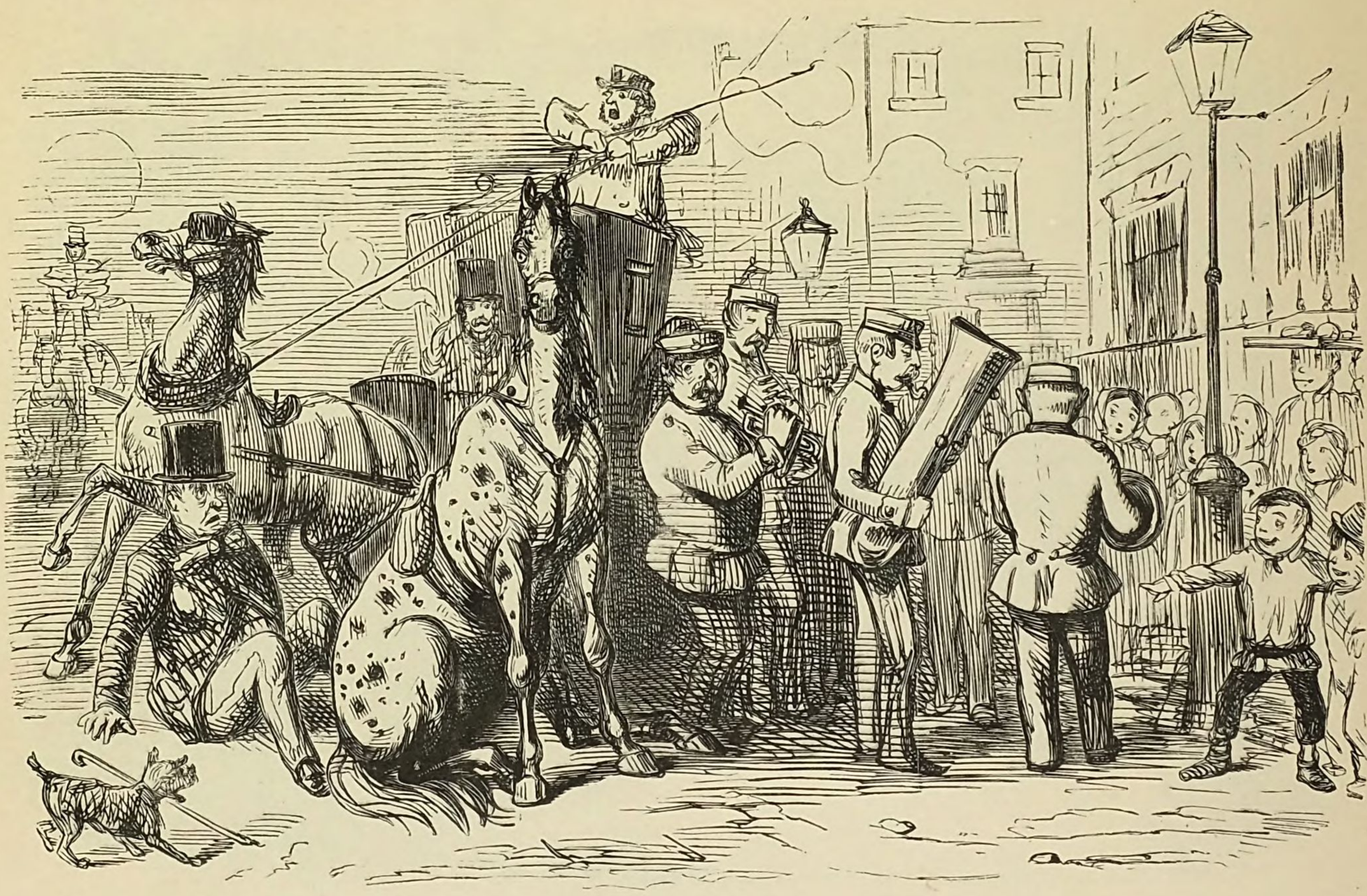
NEVER SATISFIED.

Old Gent. "GOOD GRACIOUS ME! WHAT WITH ORANGE-PEEL AND SLIDES, THERE'S NO PEACE IN THIS LIFE."

A VERY OLD SOLDIER.

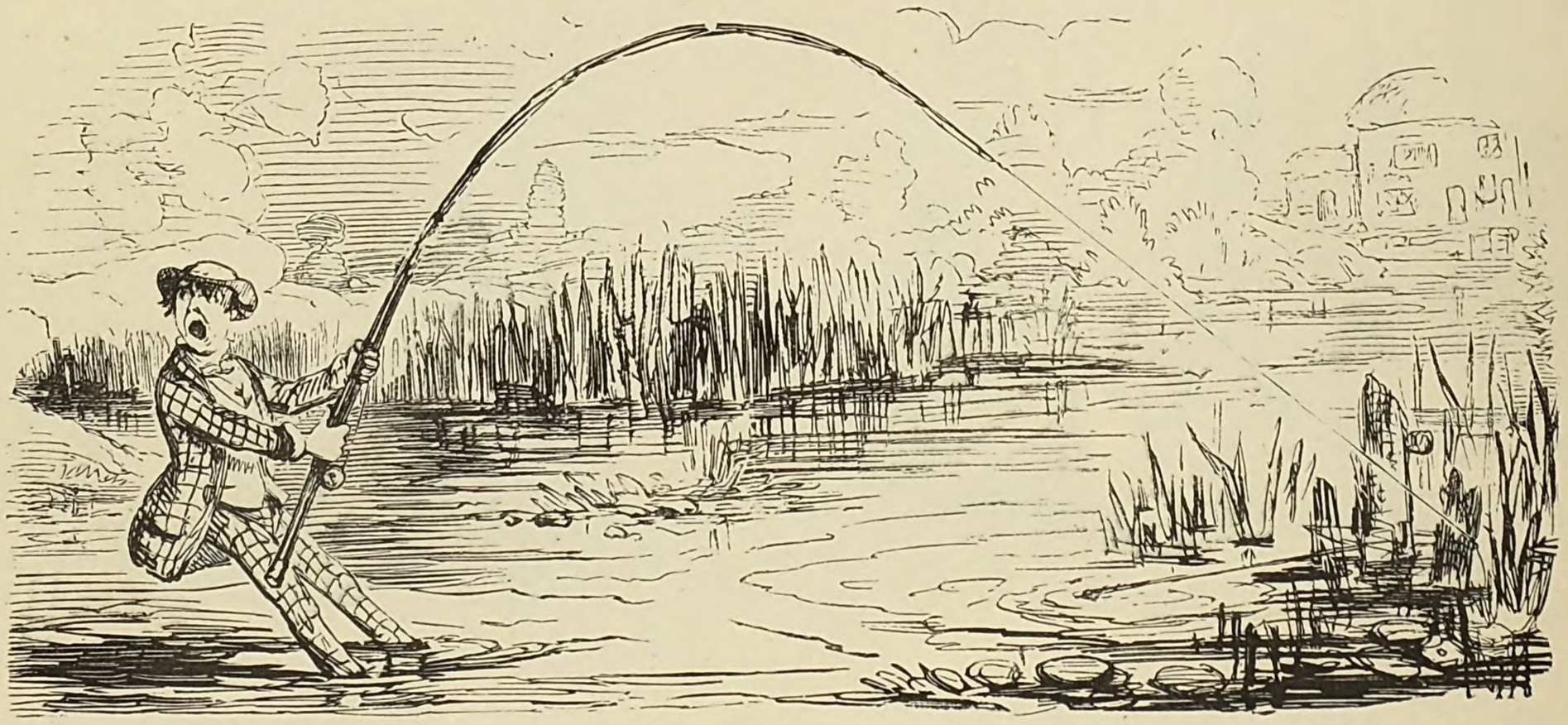
"SPARE A COPPER FOR A POOR OLD SOLDIER, MY NOBLE CAPTAIN! SURE IT'S YER HONOUR'S FACE I RECOLLECT IN THE PENINSULAR?"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.



No. IV.

MR. BRIGGS, PERSUADED THAT "A GOOD HORSE CAN'T BE A BAD COLOUR," HAS PURCHASED A SPOTTED AND HIGHLY TRAINED STEED FROM A CIRCUS; BUT THE WORST OF HIM IS, THAT AMONGST OTHER THINGS, HE HAS BEEN TRAINED TO SIT DOWN ON HIS HAUNCHES WHEN HE HEARS A BAND PLAY, AND YOU MAY IMAGINE HOW DISCONCERTED POOR OLD BRIGGS WAS THE FIRST TIME HE DID SO.



A PLEASANT STATE OF THINGS.

Piscator (at the top of his voice). "HI—TOM! BRING THE LANDING-NET; HE'S PULLED ME IN, AND GOT ROUND A POST."

HORACE MAYHEW. RICHD. DOYLE. JOHN LEECH.
PERCIVAL LEIGH. GILBERT A. A'BECKETT.

PRINCE DE JOINVILLE. DAN. O'CONNELL. SHAW LEFEVRE. JENNY LIND. PRINCE ALBERT.
SIR R. PEEL. SIR JAMES GRAHAM. GEORGE HUDSON. *(Speaker.)* LORD JOHN RUSSELL.
RICHD. COBDEN. LORD GEORGE BENTINCK. GEN. TOM THUMB.

THE QUEE

MR. PUNCH'S

MARK LEMON.

TOM TAYLOR.

W. M. THACKERAY.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

. DISRAELI.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

COL. SIBTHORP.

LORD NORMANBY.

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

MEHEMET ALI.

EN.

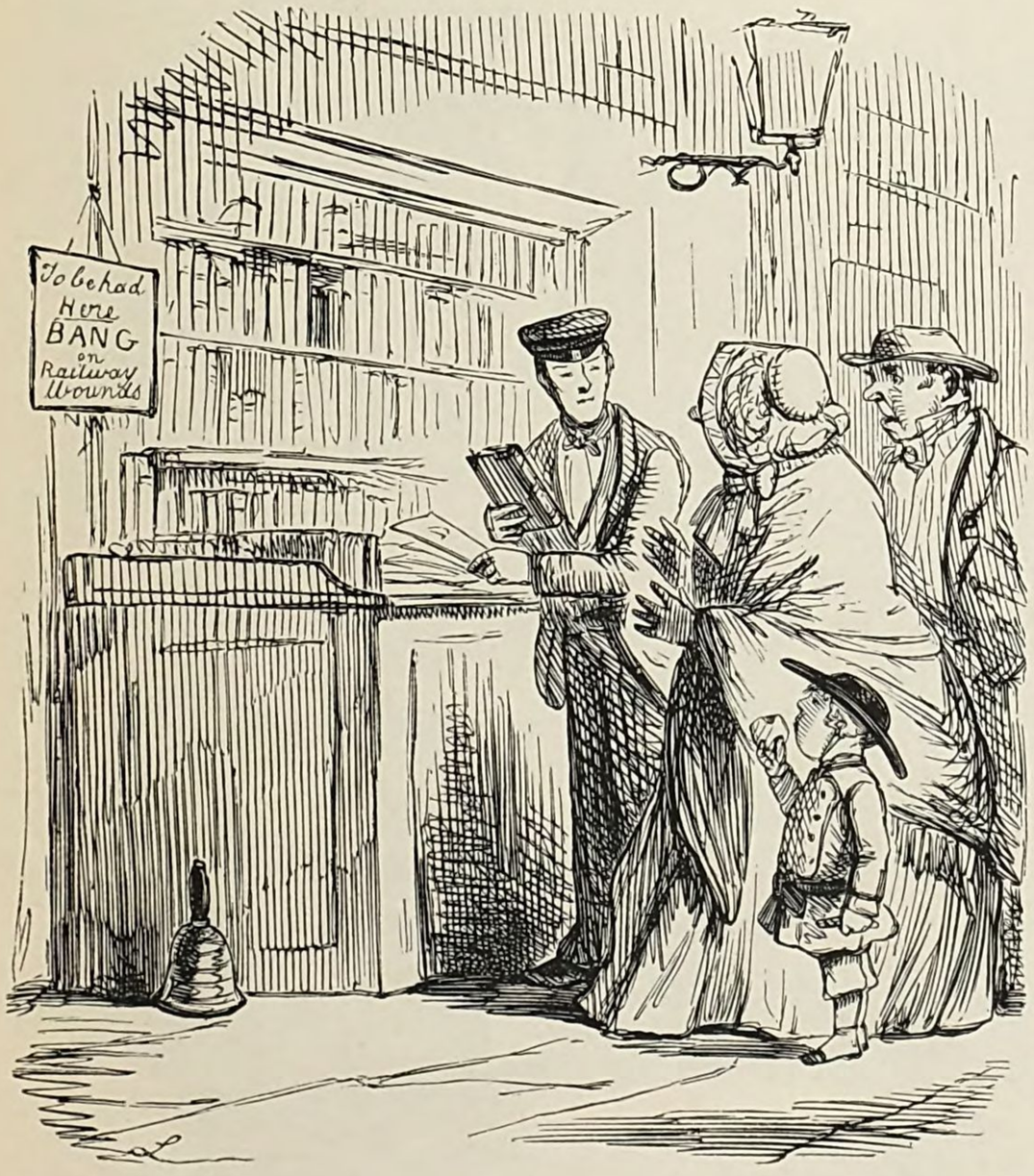
MR. PUNCH.

LORD BROUGHAM.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

FANCY BALL.

SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE.—IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN DISTURBED BY A BLUEBOTTLE.



RAILWAY LITERATURE.

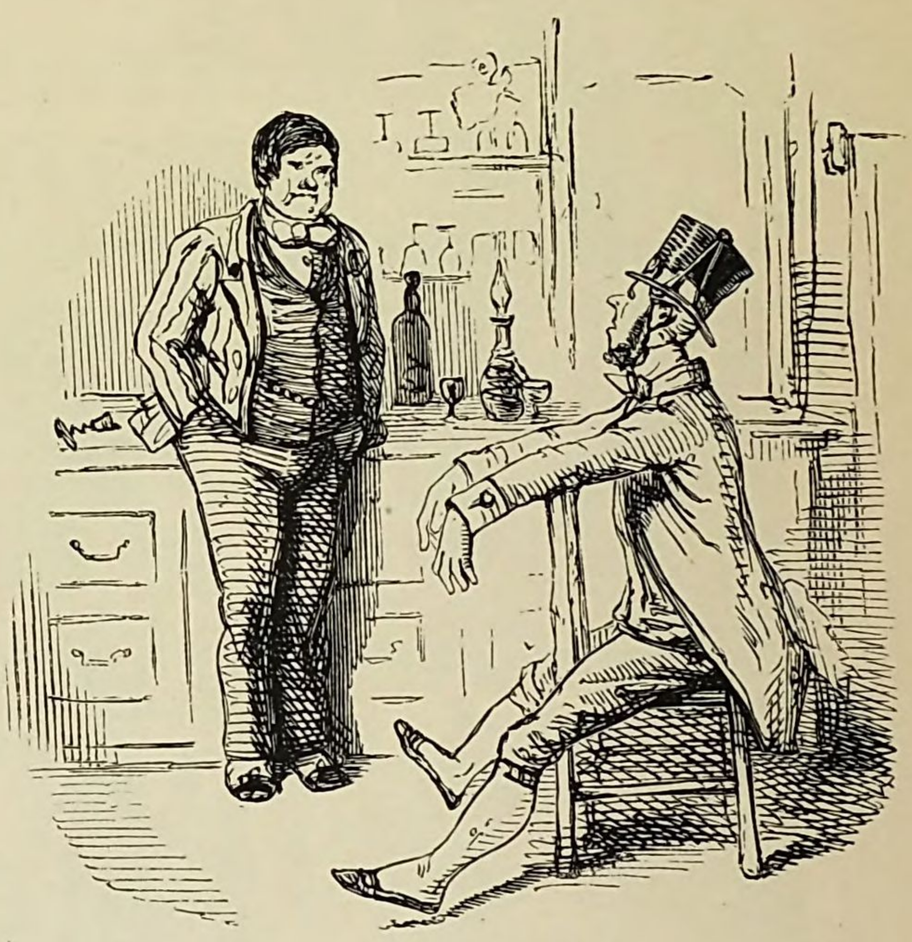
Book Stall Keeper. "BOOK, MA'AM? YES, MA'AM. HERE'S A POPULAR WORK BY AN EMINENT SURGEON, JUST PUBLISHED, 'BROKEN LEGS, AND HOW TO MEND THEM;' OR, WOULD YOU LIKE THE LAST NUMBER OF 'THE RAILWAY OPERATOR?'"

A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

Bootmaker (with great feeling). "OH, NO, SIR! DON'T HAVE NAPOLEONS; HAVE TOPS, SIR!—YOURS IS A BEAUTIFUL LEG FOR A TOP BOOT, SIR!—*(young Nimrod is immensely pleased)*—BEAUTIFUL LEG, SIR! SAME SIZE ALL THE WAY DOWN, SIR!"—*(young Nimrod is immensely disgusted.)*

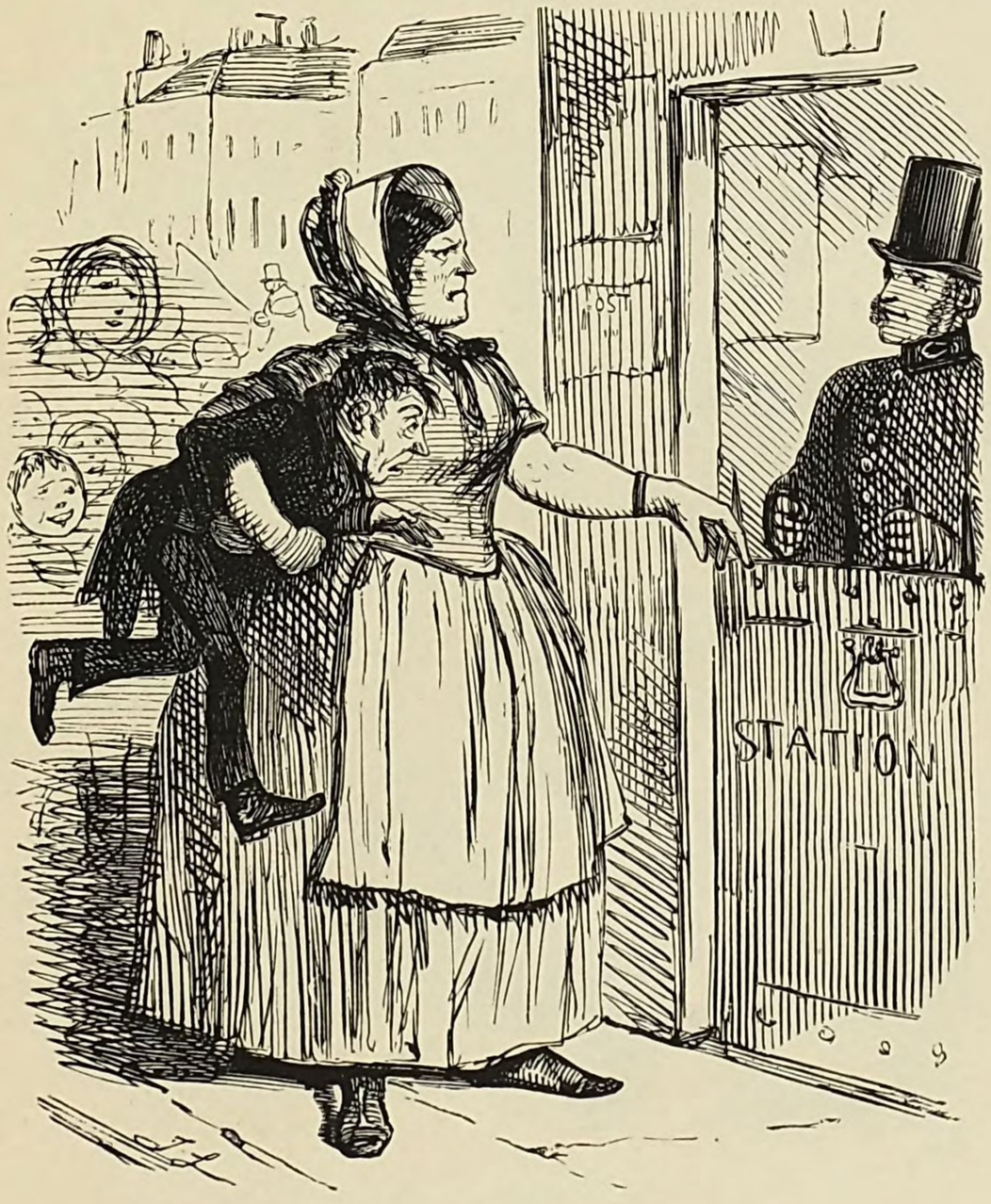
LITERAL.

Young Lady. "PRAY, CABMAN, ARE YOU ENGAGED?"
Cabman. "LOR BLESS YER, MISS, WHY, I'VE BEEN MARRIED THIS SEVEN YEARS."



HALL ALONG OF THEM BETTING OFFICES.

Betting Flunkey. "LOST? I BELIEVE YER! AND LOST A HATFULL OF MONEY ON THE HOAKS, TOO; AND HOW I'M TO SETTLE WITHOUT PARTING WITH MY JEWELLERY, I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW! AH, MR. BOTTLES, IT'S HARD LINES TO WAIT AT TABLE WITH SUCH CARES AND HANXIETIES."



A BRUTAL FELLOW.

Policeman. "NOW, MUM! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"
Injured Female. "IF YOU PLEASE, MISTER—I WANT TO GIVE MY WHETCH OF A 'USBAND IN CHARGE. HE'S ALLVAYS A KNOCKING OF ME DOWN AND A STAMPIN' ON ME!"

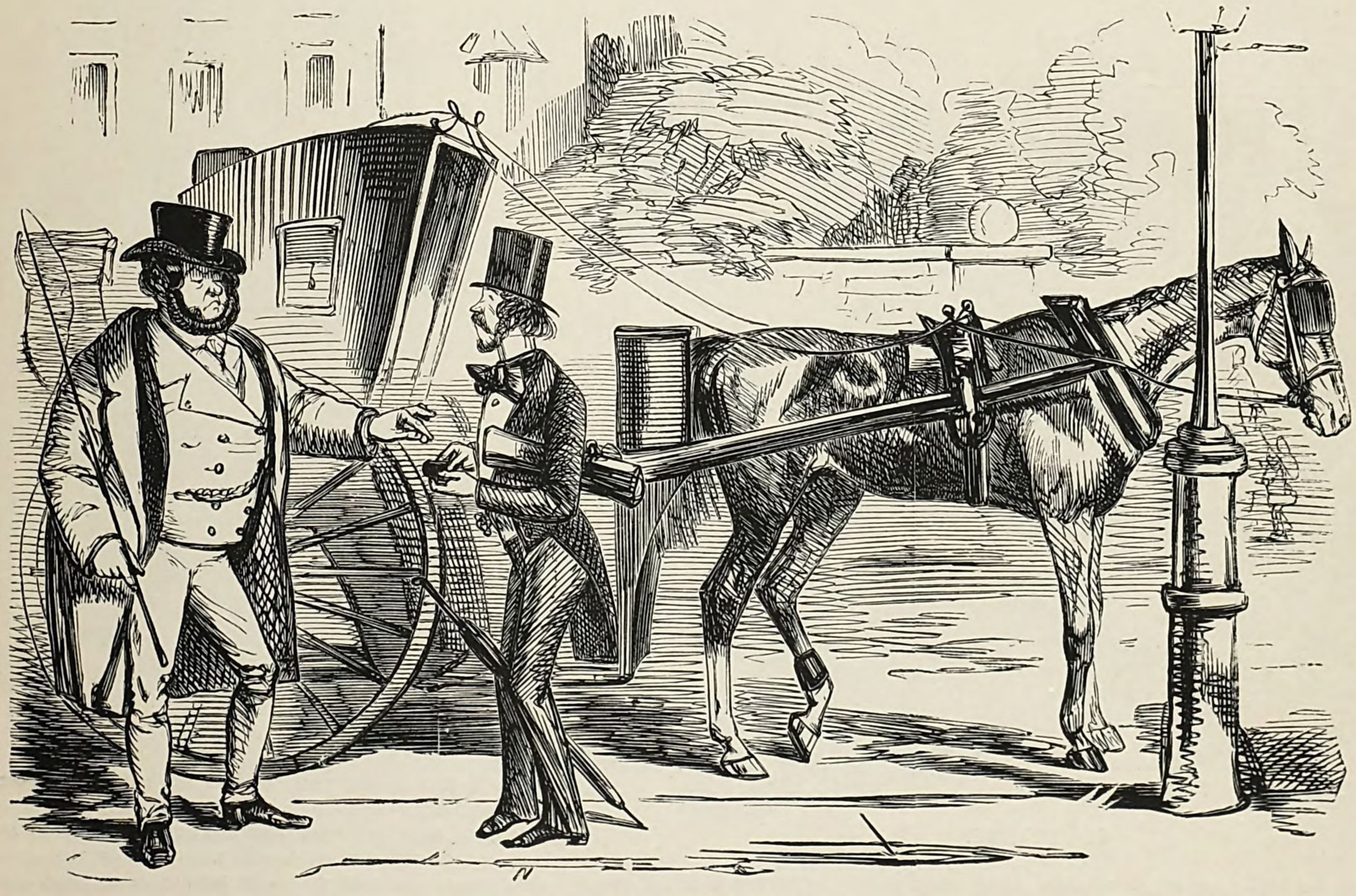
OF COURSE.

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MASTER'S SENT BACK THE FIRST VOLUME, AND HE SAYS, WILL YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO LET HIM 'AVE THE SECOND?"

ENTER MR. BOTTLES, THE BUTLER.

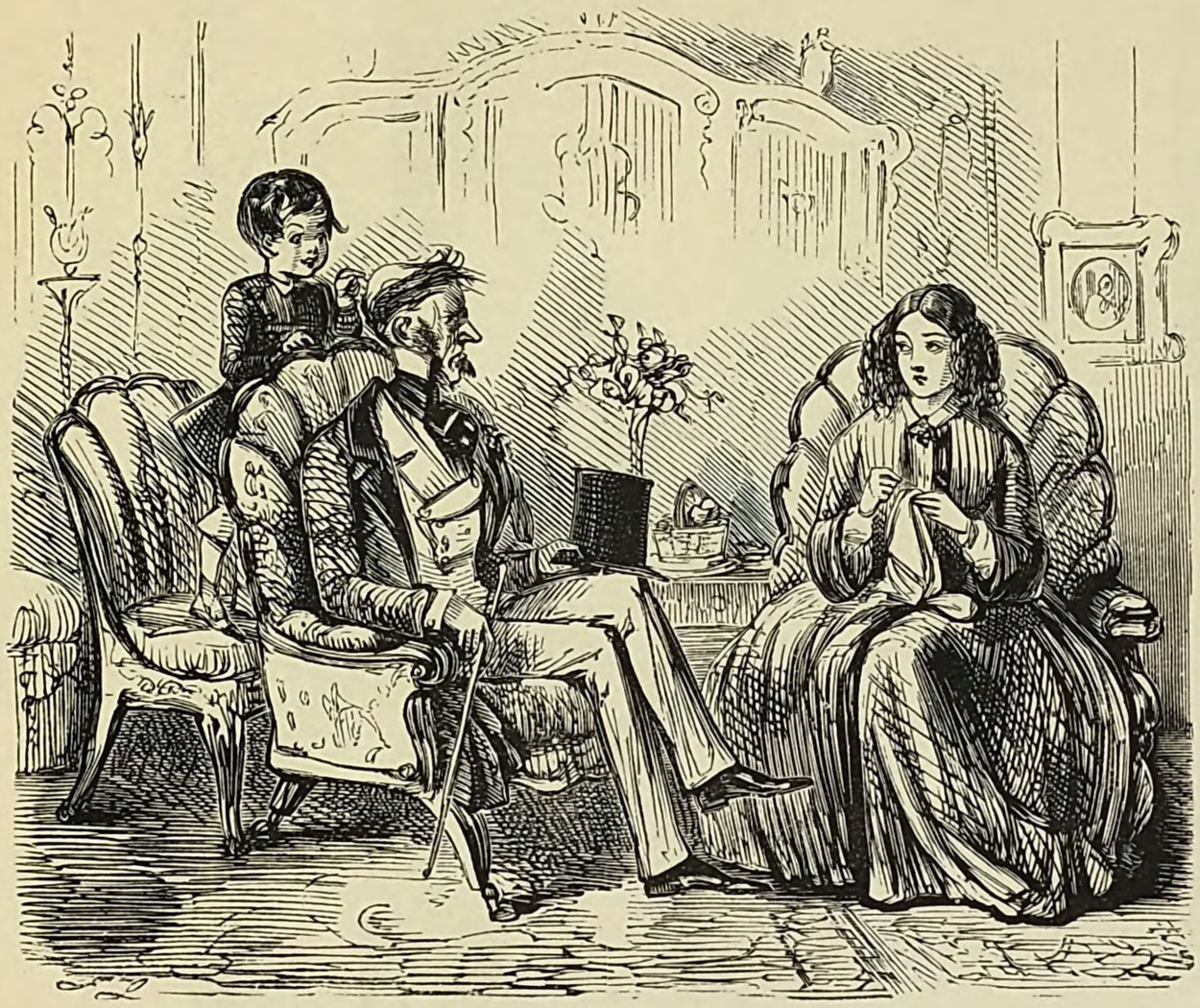
Master Fred. "THERE! THAT'S CAPITAL! STAND STILL, BOTTLES, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THE CHINESE DO THE KNIFE TRICK AT THE PLAY."

[BOTTLES *is much interested.*



THE NEW ACT.

Hansom Cabby. "H'M! SIXPENCE. YOU HAD BETTER KEEP IT. YOU MAY WANT IT FOR YOUR WASHING OR SOMETHINK!"



DISCERNMENT.

Clever Child. "OH! DO LOOK HERE, MAMMA DEAR, SUCH A FUNNY THING! MR. BOKER'S GOT ANOTHER FOREHEAD AT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD." [BOKER *is delighted.*

INNOCENT AND AMUSING LITTLE TRICK FOR LITTLE BOYS.

AN OLD LADY IS CROSSING THE STREET, WHEN A LITTLE BOY SHOUTS OUT — "HI!" AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE. THE OLD LADY (ALTHOUGH INDEED THERE IS NO REAL CAUSE FOR ALARM) STARTS, AND BECOMES GREATLY AGITATED, AND IMAGINES THAT SHE IS RUN OVER BY AN OMNIBUS. THIS IS AN EXCEEDINGLY PLEASANT TRICK.

SOLICITUDE.

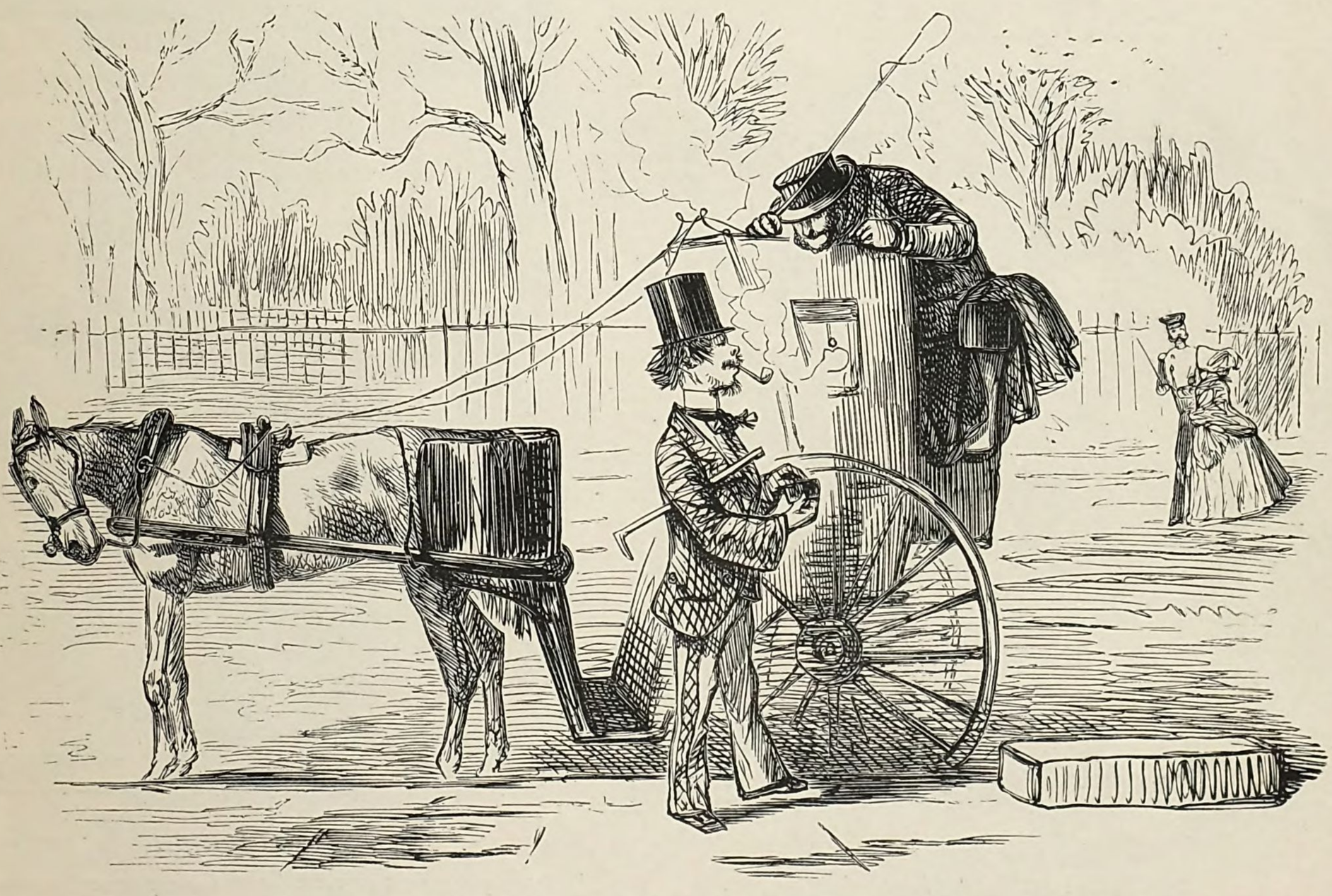
Child (screams and without any stops). "HANNER MARIA YER TIRESOME HAGGERWATIN' LITTLE USSY COME OUT OF THE ROAD DO WITH YER LITTLE BROTHER DID YER WANT TO BE RUNNED OVER BY OMNIBUSTES AND KILLED DEAD OH DEAR OH DEAR WHO'D BE A NUSS?"

ANOTHER.

THIS IS EQUALLY DIVERTING. A LITTLE BOY RUSHES BY AN OLD GENTLEMAN AND "YOWLS" LIKE A DOG. THE OLD GENTLEMAN IS TERRIFIED BEYOND MEASURE. IF AT THE SAME TIME THE LITTLE BOY SHOULD ALSO PINCH THE LEG OF THE OLD GENTLEMAN, THE FORCE OF THE JOKE IS MUCH HEIGHTENED; BUT THEN INDEED HE MUST HAVE COURAGE, AND BE VERY ADROIT, OR HE MAY CHANCE TO GET A GREAT BANG FROM AN UMBRELLA OR STICK.

AWKWARD.

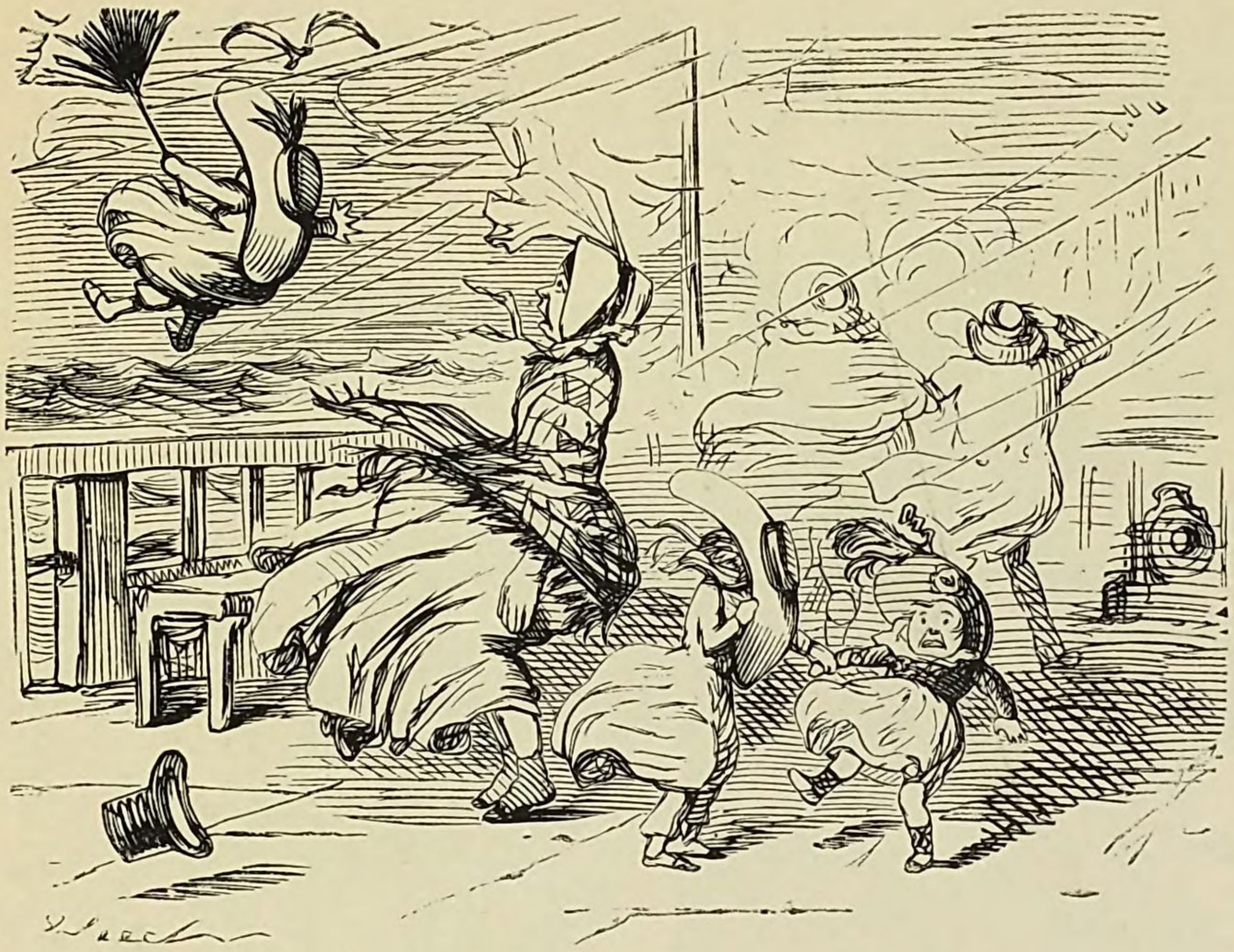
Railway Porter. "NOW THEN, SIR! BY YOUR LEAVE!"



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.—GAMMONING A GENT.

Little Gent. "'OW MUCH?"

Cabby. "WELL, I'D RATHER LEAVE IT TO YOU, SIR! AND WHAT WE POOR HANSOMS IS TO DO WHEN ALL YOU OFFICERS IS GONE ABROAD, GOODNESS KNOWS."



AWFUL SCENE ON THE CHAIN PIER, BRIGHTON.

Nursemaid. "LAWK! THERE GOES CHARLEY, AND HE'S TOOK HIS MAR'S PARASOL. WHAT *WILL* MISSUS SAY?"

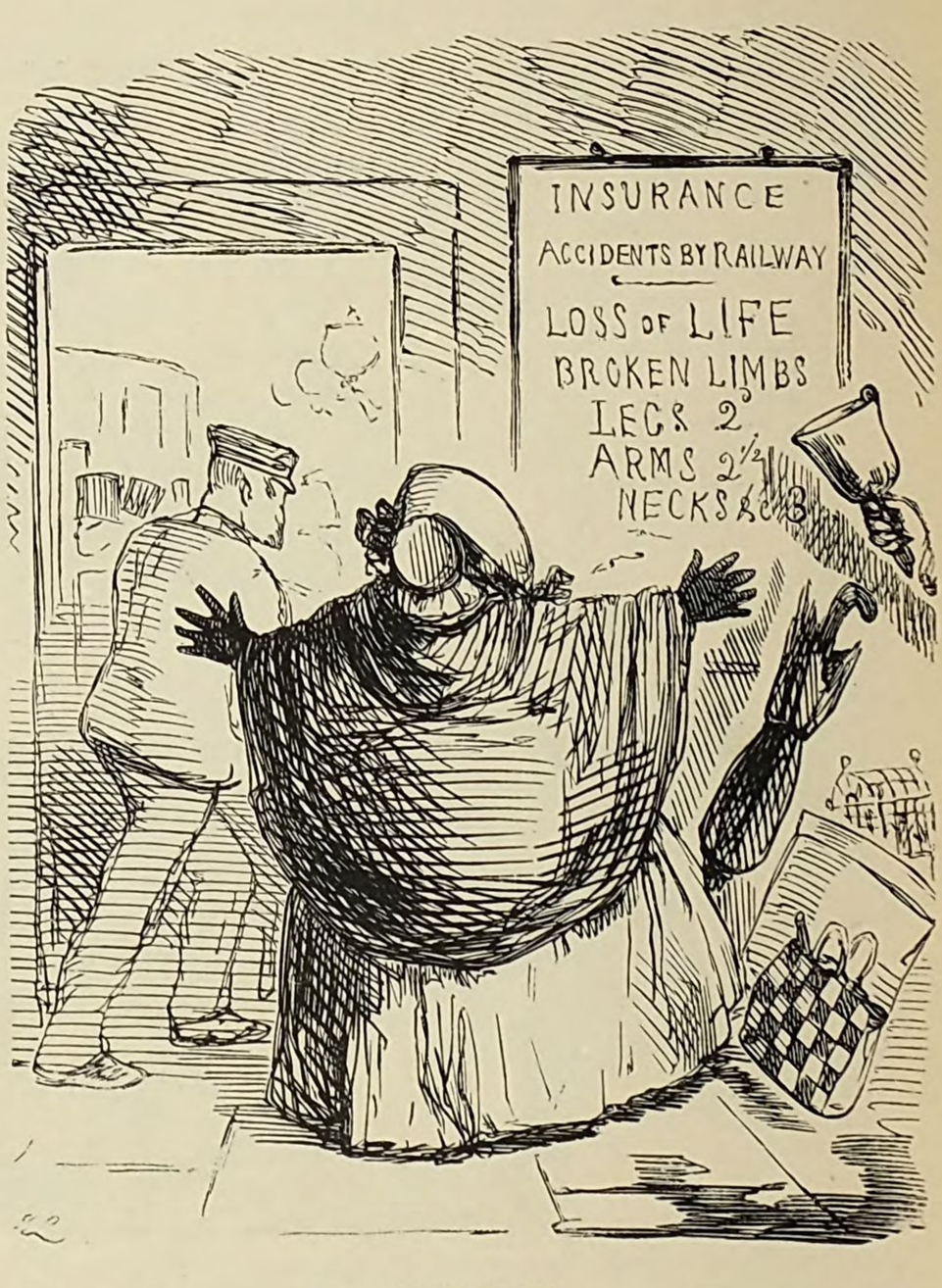
A LUMPING PENN'ORTH.

"NOW, MY MAN, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY, IF I GAVE YOU A PENNY?"

"VY, THAT YOU VOS A JOLLY OLD BRICK!"

RATHER SUSPICIOUS!

Sentimental Young Lady. "WILL YOU BE SO OBLIGING, MR. TONGS, AS TO CUT OFF A LONG PIECE OF HAIR WHERE IT WILL NOT BE MISSED?"



ALARMING.

THE OLD LADY IS SUPPOSED (AFTER A GREAT EFFORT) TO HAVE MADE UP HER MIND TO TRAVEL, JUST FOR ONCE, BY ONE "OF THOSE NEW-FANGLED RAILWAYS," AND THE FIRST THING SHE BEHOLDS ON ARRIVING AT THE STATION, IS THE ABOVE MOST ALARMING PLACARD.

A SKETCH AT RAMSGATE.

Ellen (who loves a joke at AUNT FIDGET'S *expense).* "GOOD GRACIOUS, AUNT, THERE ARE TWO OFFICERS!"

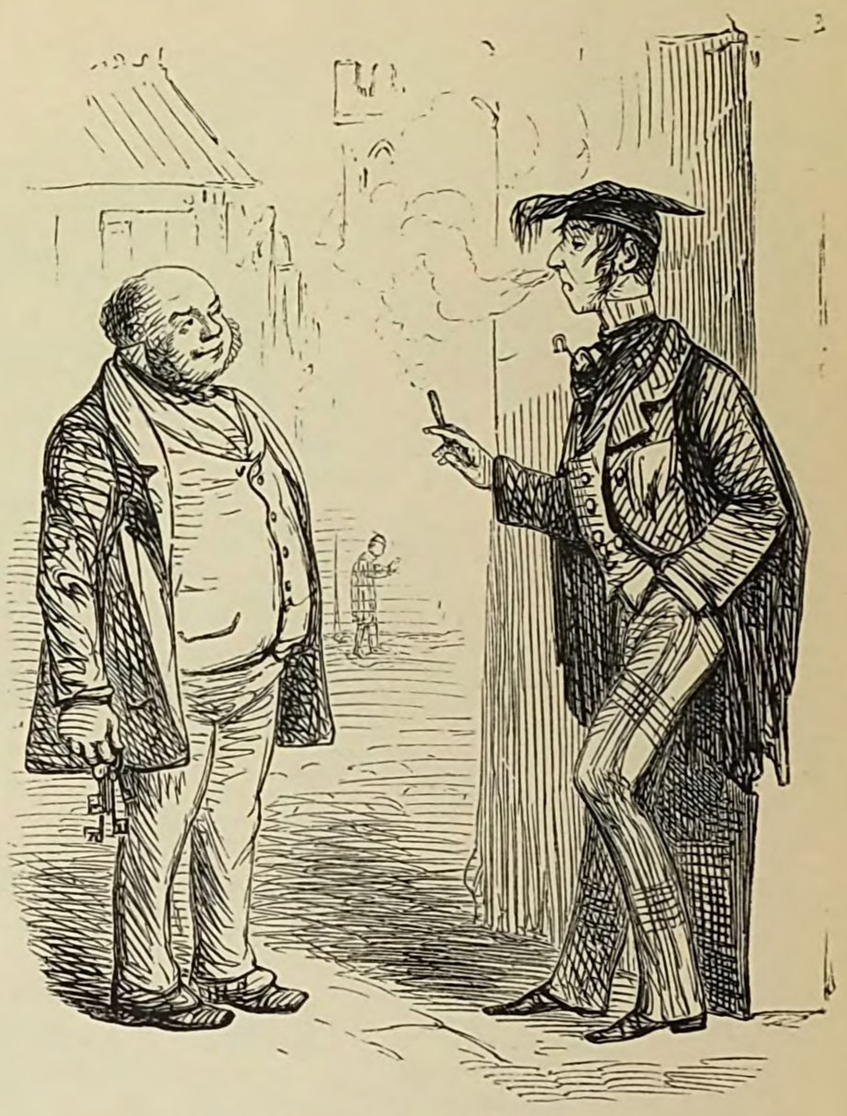
Aunt Fidget (a short-sighted lady). "BLESS ME, SO THERE ARE! WELL; THEY MAY BE OFFICERS, BUT THEY ARE NOT GENTLEMEN, I'M SURE, OR THEY WOULDN'T STAND LOOKING AT US IN THAT IMPUDENT MANNER."

A PICTURE

SHOWING WHAT MASTER TOM DID AF-TER SEE-ING A PAN-TO-MIME—BUT YOU WOULD NOT DO SO—OH DEAR NO!—BECAUSE YOU ARE A GOOD BOY.

EASILY SATISFIED.

Fond Parent. "I DON'T CARE, MR. MEDIUM, ABOUT ITS BEING HIGHLY FINISHED; BUT I SHOULD LIKE THE DEAR CHILD'S EXPRESSION PRESERVED."



A GREAT LOSS.

Rapid Undergraduate. "WELL, JACKSON! YOU SEE THEY'VE PLUCKED ME AGAIN."

Porter of St. Boniface. "YE-ES, SIR, I WAS VERY SORRY WHEN I 'EARD OF IT, SIR."

Undergraduate. "AH! I DID INTEND GOING INTO THE CHURCH, AND BEING AN ORNAMENT TO THE PROFESSION—BUT AS THEY WON'T LET ME THROUGH—I THINK—I SHALL CUT THE WHOLE CONCERN."

RATHER A BAD LOOK-OUT.

Young Sister. "I SHOULD SO LIKE TO GO TO A PARTY, MA."

Mamma. "MY DEAR, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. AS I HAVE TOLD YOU BEFORE (I AM SURE A HUNDRED AND FIFTY TIMES), THAT UNTIL FLORA IS MARRIED, IT IS UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO GO OUT; SO DO NOT ALLUDE TO THE SUBJECT AGAIN, I BEG."

A DREADFUL SHOCK TO THE NERVES.

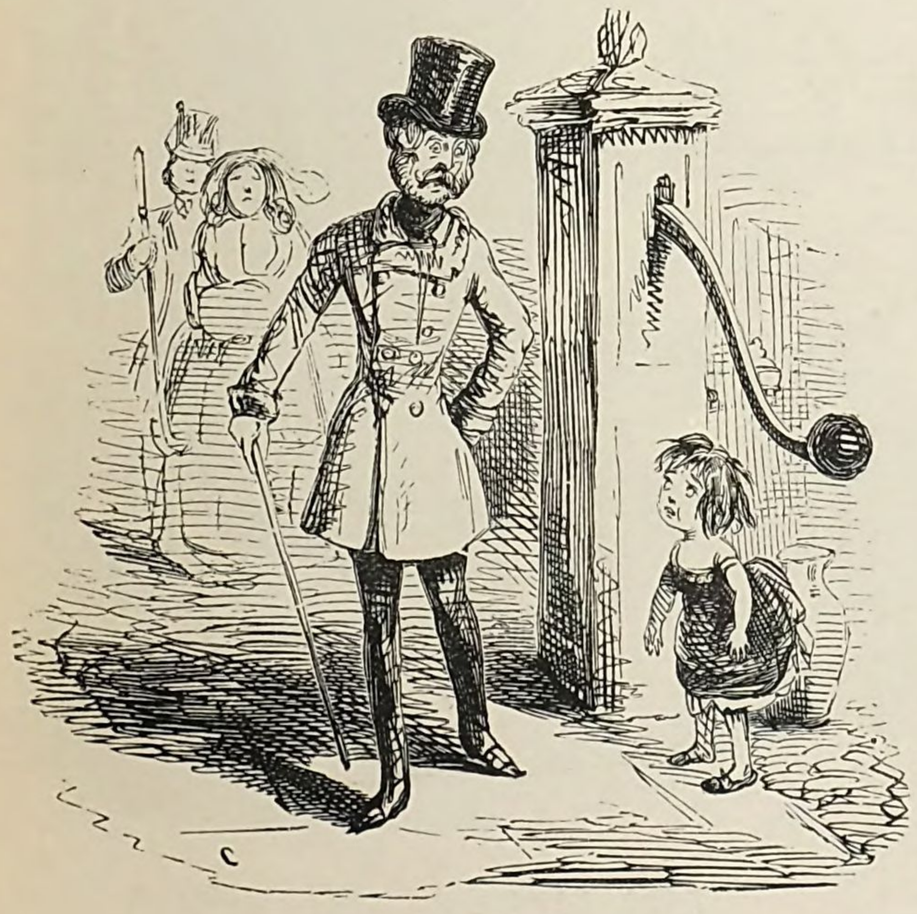
"PLEASE, MEM, LET'S COME UNDER YOUR RUMBERELLER!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.

No. V.

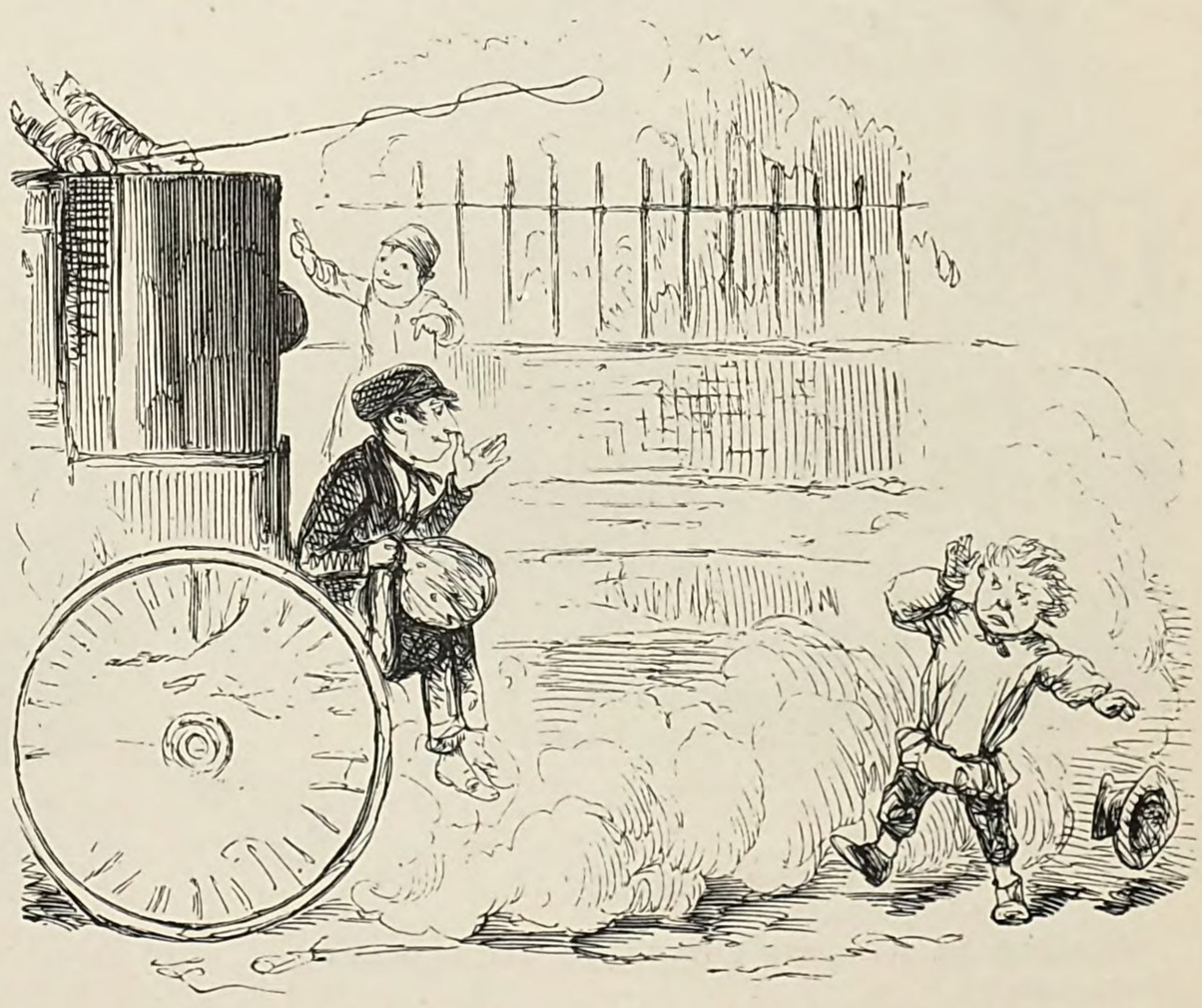
MR. BRIGGS, DETERMINED TO HAVE NO MORE INFERIOR HORSES, GIVES A GOOD ROUND SUM FOR "A CLEVER COB—UP TO GREAT WEIGHT—AND THAT A CHILD MIGHT RIDE." HE HAS SOME FRIENDS (WHO REALLY KNOW WHAT A HORSE IS) TO DINE WITH HIM, WHOSE OPINIONS HE WISHES TO HAVE.

First Friend. "AH—VERY NICE—VERY NICE—BUT NOT MY SORT—BEEN KNOCKED ABOUT A GOOD DEAL, I SHOULD SAY—DRIVEN IN A BUTCHER'S CART, PERHAPS, AND SOLD BECAUSE HE WASN'T FAST ENOUGH."—*Second Ditto.* "HE HASN'T BEEN DOWN, BRIGGS, HAS HE? IS THAT A SCRATCH, OR IS IT ONLY THE LIGHT?"—*Third Ditto.* "DOES HE SHY AT ALL? HIS EYES DON'T LOOK QUITE THE THING."—*Fourth Ditto.* "I TELL YOU WHAT, BRIGGS, YOU MUST HAVE HIM LOOKED AFTER A LITTLE BETTER, OR HE'LL VERY SOON HAVE A CRACKED HEEL."—*Fifth Ditto.* "THAT HOCK SEEMS RATHER QUEER," &c., &c., &c.

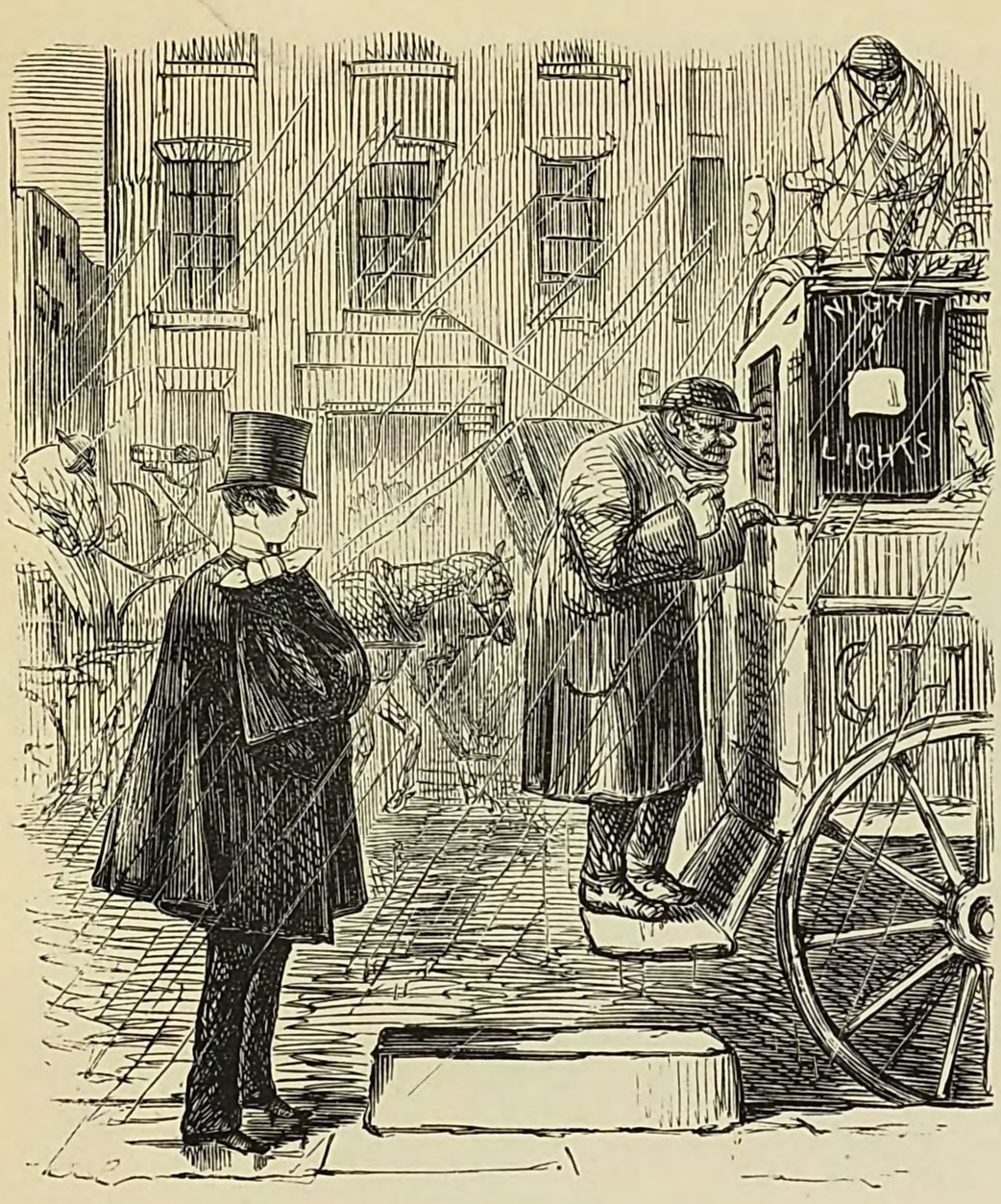


A STARTLING REQUEST.

"PLEASE, SIR, WILL YOU PUMP FOR ME?"



CUT HIM DOWN BEHIND!



DELICATE.

'Bus Conductor. "WOULD ANY *LADY* BE SO KIND AS TO RIDE OUTSIDE TO OBLIGE A *GENTLEMAN?*"

CONFOUND THE SHOPS!

Mrs. ——. "OH! DO LOOK HERE, DEAR! HOW EXTREMELY PRETTY THE AUTUMN FASHIONS ARE, TO BE SURE. WHAT A PERFECTLY LOVELY LITTLE CLOAK!"

Mr. —— *(rapidly changing the subject).* "YES. YES! BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! BUT SEE, LOVE, WHAT A MAGNIFICENT BROWN HORSE, AND HOW SPLENDIDLY THAT FELLOW SITS HIM!"

VERY LOW PEOPLE.

Purveyor of Poultry. "WHAT SORT O' PEOPLE ARE THEY AT NUMBER TWELVE, JACK?"

Purveyor of Meat. "OH! A RUBBISHIN' LOT. LEG O' MUTTON A' MONDAYS, AND 'ASH AN' COLD MEAT THE REST O' THE WEEK."

POOR TOMMY.

"WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH TOMMY?"

"BOO! HOO! I'VE CUT MY FINGER WITH AUNT'S SCISSORS."

"THAT'S A GOOD BOY! ALWAYS SPEAK THE TRUTH!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.

No. VI.

MR. BRIGGS *(at an alarming sacrifice)* GETS RID OF HORSE NO. I., AND GOES OUT FOR A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY UPON NO. II.

Carman. "FELL DOWN, HAS HE, SIR? AH, HE LOOKS AS IF HE COULD BE WERRY CLEVER AT THAT.—WERRY ORKERD THING, SIR, FOR A OSS TO FALL DOWN, SIR. OSSES COSTES A GOOD BIT O' MONEY—LEASTWAYS, GENTLEMEN'S OSSES DOES.—NOW, JIST LOOK AT MY LITTLE OSS, SIR, AND HE'S A POOR MAN'S OSS, HE IS. HE DON'T GO FALLIN' ABOUT." *(Exit.)*

No. VII.

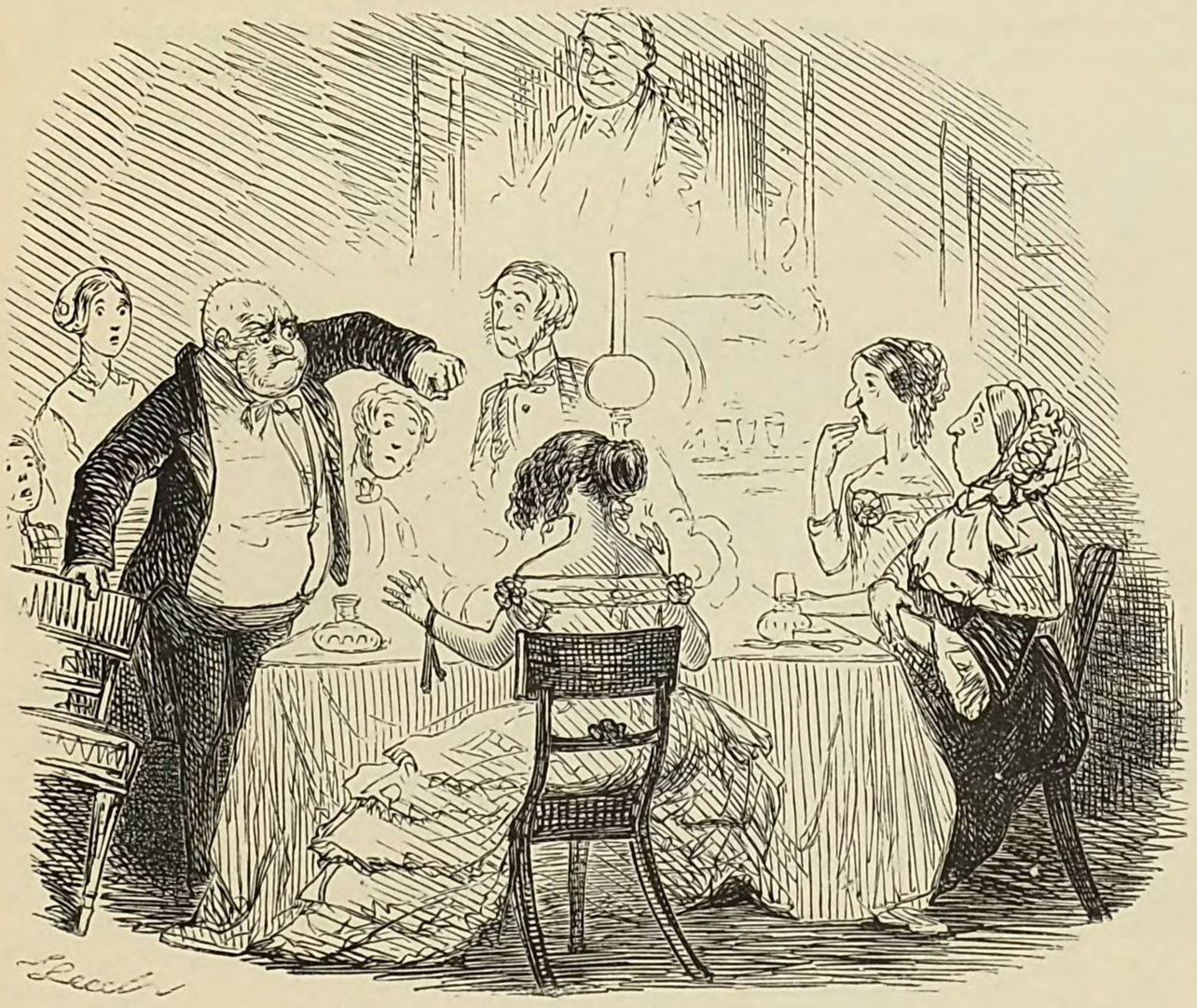
MR BRIGGS RIDES (!) HOME, AND WONDERS WHAT MRS. BRIGGS WILL SAY.

AWFUL INSTANCE OF PERCEPTION OF CHARACTER IN AN INFANT PRODIGY.

Prodigy. "MAMMA, LOOK DERE! DERE PAPA!"

EASILY PLEASED.

Disciple of Old Isaac. "THIS WOULDN'T BE A BAD PLACE, IF THE FISH WOULD ONLY BITE, AND IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS CONFOUNDED WASPS' NEST."



DELICACY OF THE SEASON.

Testy Old Uncle (unable to control his passion). "REALLY, SIR, THIS IS QUITE INTOLERABLE! YOU MUST INTEND TO INSULT ME. FOR THE LAST FOURTEEN DAYS, WHEREVER I HAVE DINED, I HAVE HAD NOTHING BUT SADDLE OF MUTTON AND BOILED TURKEY—BOILED TURKEY AND SADDLE OF MUTTON. I'LL ENDURE IT NO LONGER!"

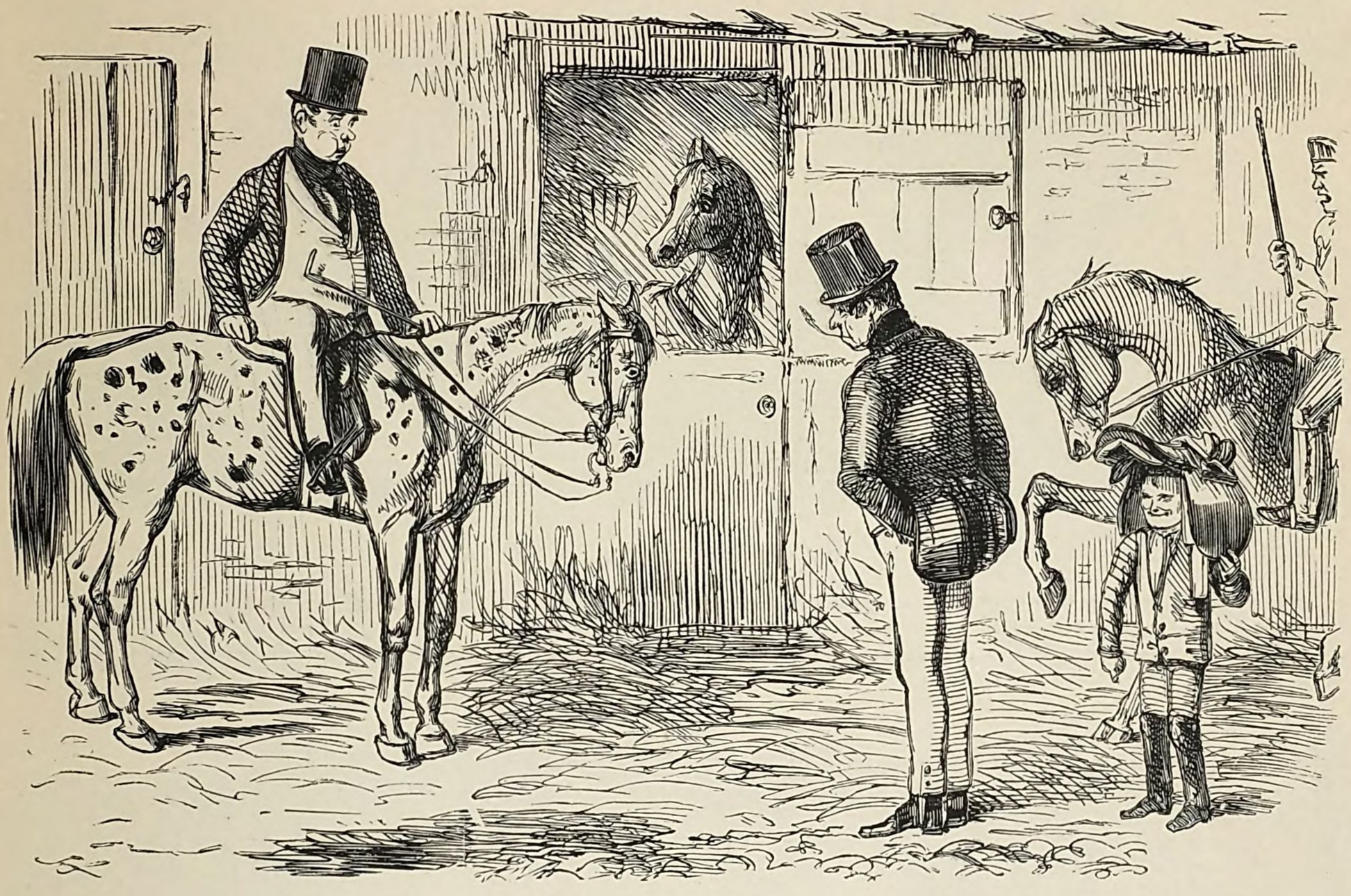
[Exit Old Gent., who alters his Will.

THE BANDS OF HOPE; OR, THE CHILDISH TEETOTAL MOVEMENT.

Grandpapa. "BUT FOR SEVENTY YEARS, MY CHILD, I HAVE FOUND THAT THE MODERATE USE OF THE GOOD THINGS OF THIS LIFE HAS DONE ME GOOD."

Young Hopeful Teetotaller. "ALL A MISTAKE, GRANDPA'. TOTAL ABSTINENCE IS THE THING. LOOK AT ME! I'VE NOT TASTED WINE OR BEER FOR YEARS!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.



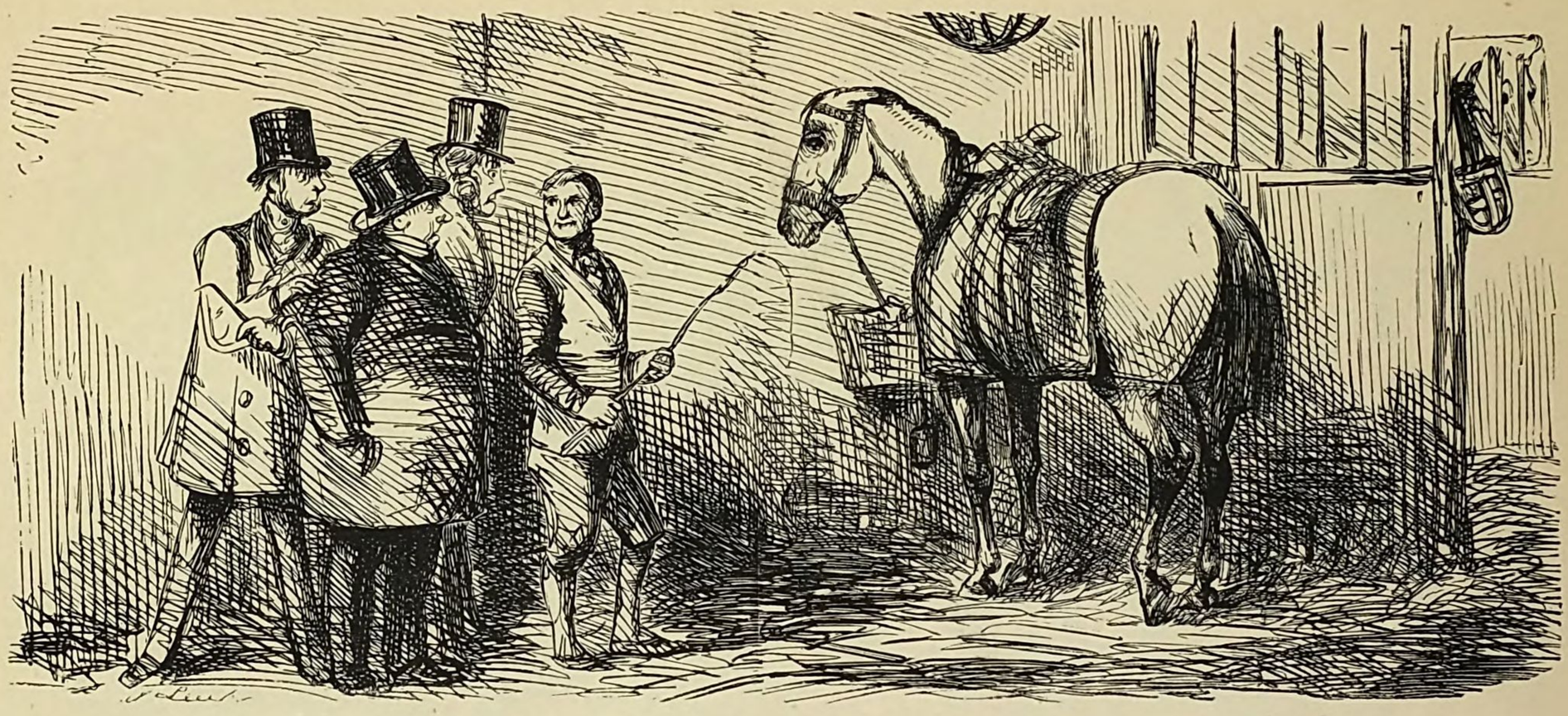
No. VIII.

MR. BRIGGS'S PRESENT HORSE DOESN'T QUITE SUIT HIM, FOR, SOMEHOW, WHENEVER HE JUMPS, MR. B. IS SURE TO FALL OFF. HE TAKES HIM TO AN EMINENT DEALER, AND REMARKS CONFIDENTLY THAT HE IS FOR SALE, UPON WHICH THE DEALER SAYS: "HOW MUCH A POUND IF HE BUYS THE WHOLE OF HIM?"

A LITTLE BIT OF HUMBUG.

Shoemaker. "I THINK, MUM, WE HAD BETTER MAKE A PAIR. YOU SEE, MUM, YOURS IS SUCH A REMARKABLY LONG AND NARRER FOOT!"

CHURCH AND STATE.



NOT TO BE PLAYED WITH.

Groom. "THAT'S ANOTHER FAVOURITE OSS OF MASTER'S, SIR, AND A GOOD UN HE IS TOO, SIR, ONLY HE AIN'T VERY QUIET."

Mr. Green. "OH, HOW DO YOU MEAN—'NOT VERY QUIET?'"

Groom. "WHY, SIR, HE'D GET YOU UP IN A CORNER, AND KICK YER BRAINS OUT IN NO TIME. HE'S A'MOST KILLED TWO MEN ALREADY."

BARRACK LIFE.

First Heavy Swell (lately absent). "WELL, 'GUS, MY BOY—HOW DID YOU KEEP IT UP HERE ON CHRISTMAS DAY?"

Second Do. "OH! IT WAS TERRIBLY SLOW—FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A SUNDAY WITHOUT 'BELL'S LIFE!'"

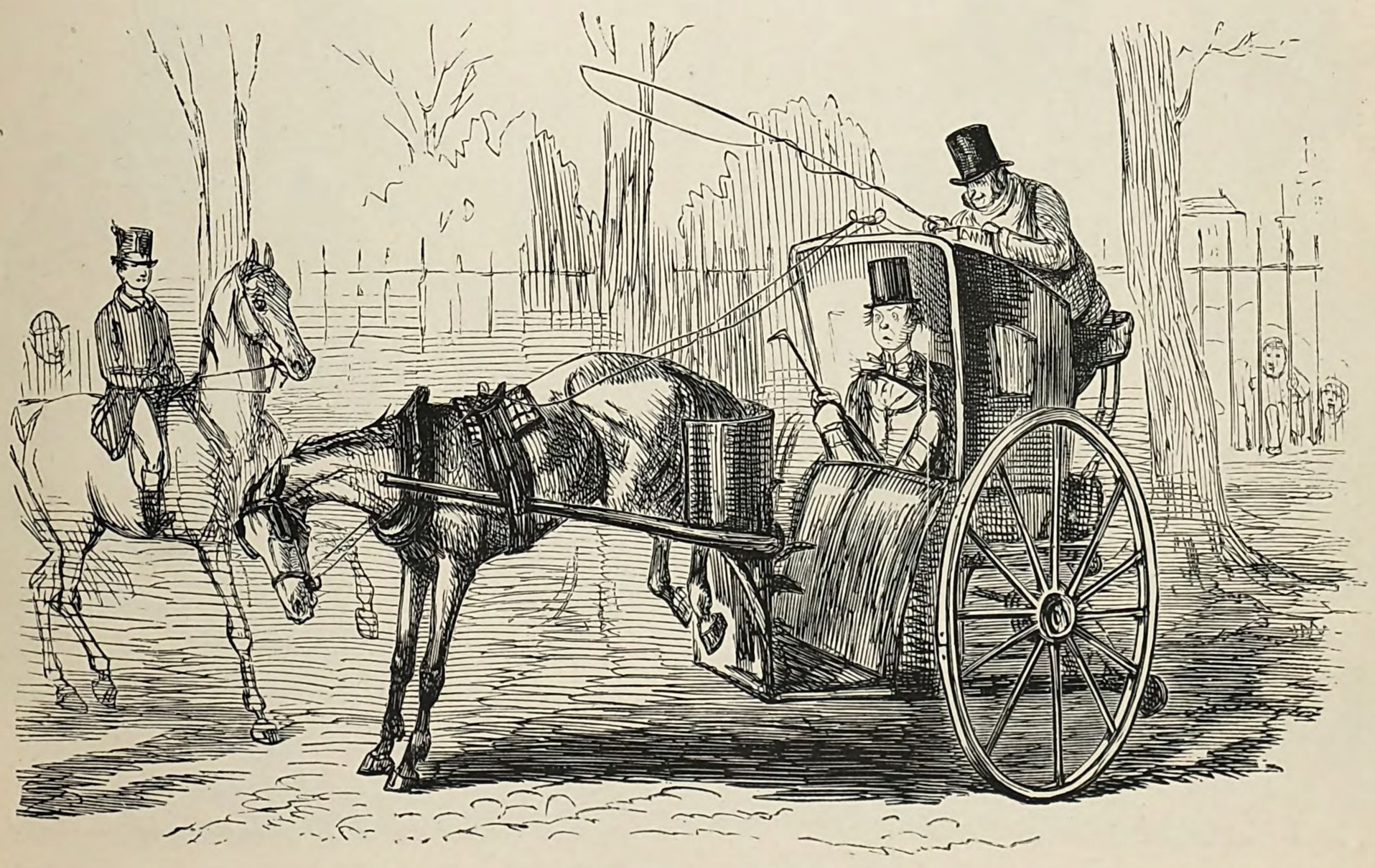
NORTH-EAST WIND, THERMOMETER SEVERAL INCHES BELOW FREEZING.

Brighton Boatman. "DID YOU WANT A PLEASURE BOAT THIS MORNING, SIR? NICE DAY FOR A ROW!!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.

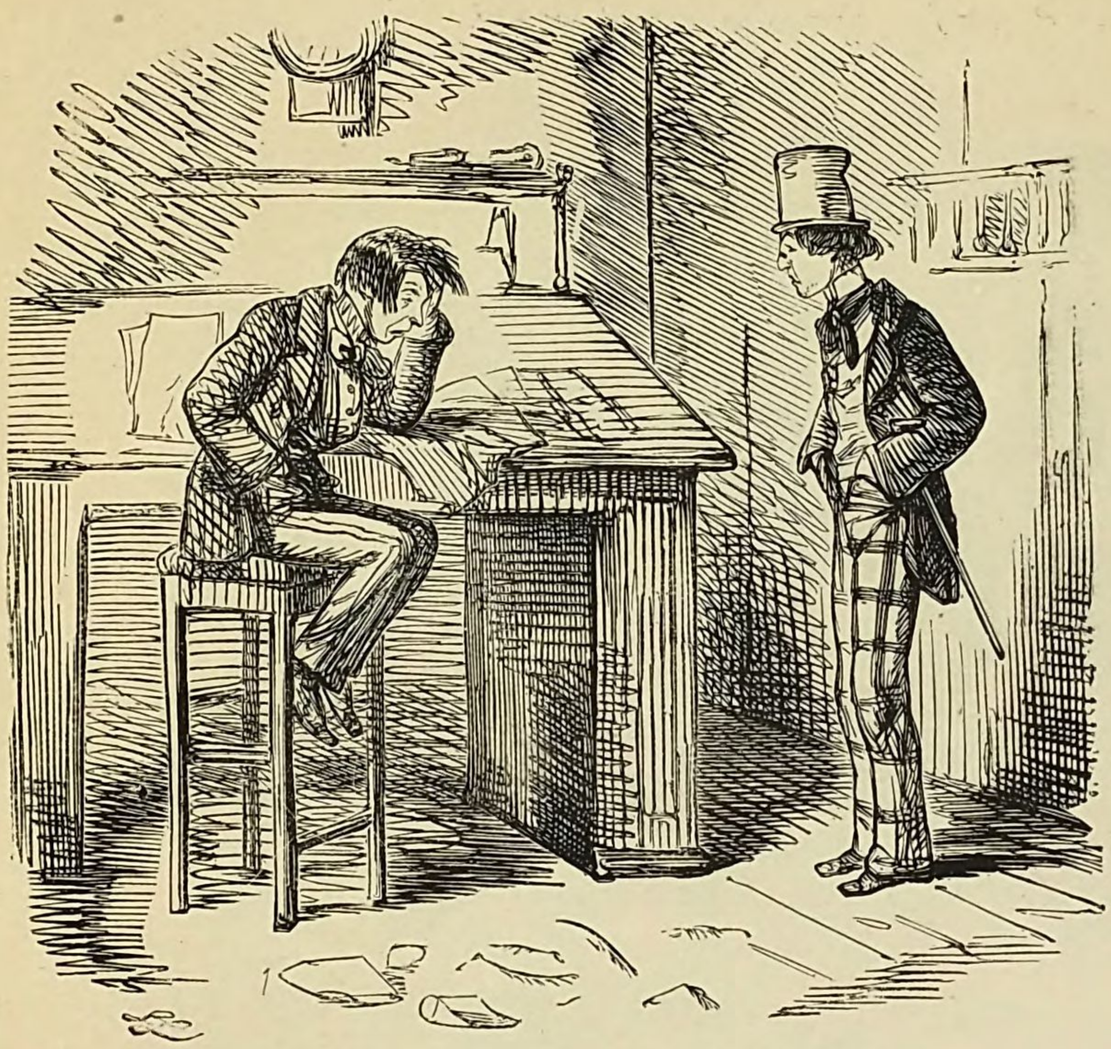
No. IX.

THE FROST GOES, AND MR. BRIGGS'S HORSE IS DISAGREEABLY FRESH AFTER HIS LONG REST. HE SETS UP HIS BACK AND SQUEAKS AND PLUNGES AT EVERYTHING HE MEETS.



A PLAYFUL CREATURE.

Cabby. "DON'T BE ALARMED, SIR, IT'S ONLY HIS PLAY."



THE MORNING AFTER THE DERBY.

First Gent. "WELL, NED, HOW DID WE GET HOME LAST NIGHT?"

Second Gent. "OH, I DON'T KNOW! DIDN'T I GO HOME WITH YOU?"

A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

"WHERE SHALL I SAY YOU'RE GONE TO, JIM, IF ANYONE CALLS?"

"OH, THE OLD SHOP—KENSINGTON GARDENS, TO HEAR THE BAND PLAY!"

TASTE.

"THAT'S A STUNNING PIN, FRANK!"

"YA-AS.—I'VE GOT A SET OF WAISTCOAT BUTTONS TO MATCH—LOOK JOLLY AT NIGHT—I ASSURE YAH!"

MR. VERDANT'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT BOOK-MAKING.

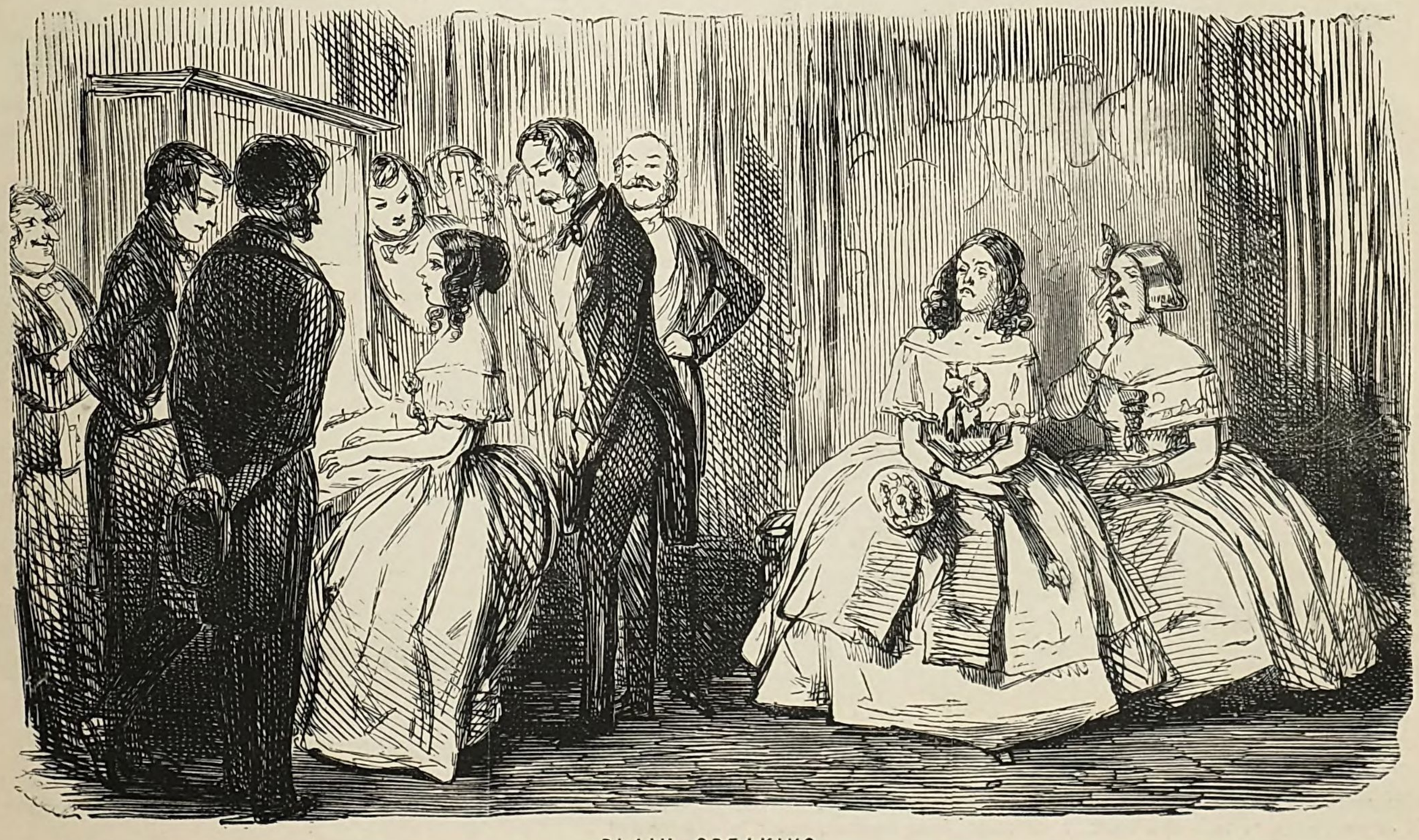
Verdant's Friend. "WELL—AS NEAR AS I CAN MAKE IT OUT—YOU *MUST* LOSE £150, AND *MAY* LOSE £300." [VERDANT *subsides into his Book.*

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

No. I.

PREMONITORY SYMPTOMS OF MR. BRIGGS'S HUNTING FEVER.

Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, THERE'S A YOUTH IN THE PASSAGE AS WANTS TO KNOW IF THESE TOP BOOTS IS ALL RIGHT."

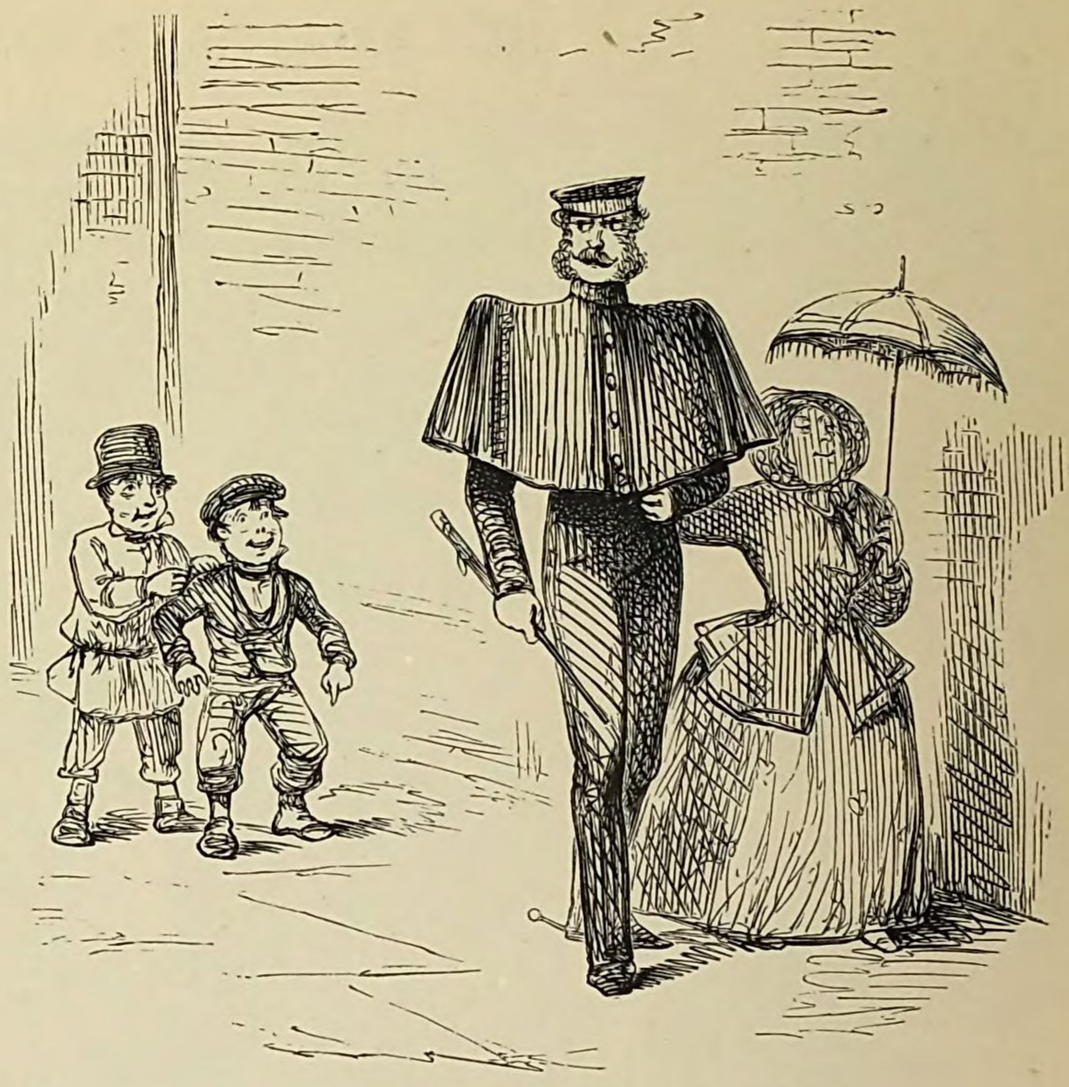


PLAIN SPEAKING.

Amiable Young Lady No. 1. "PRETTY! OH, DEAR NO—DO YOU?"
Amiable Young Lady No. 2. "LAW! NOT AT ALL. BESIDES, HOW ABOMINABLY AFFECTED SHE IS!"

FANCY DRESS BALL.

"SIR!—PLEASE, MR.!—SIR! YOU'VE FORGOT THE DOOR-KEY!"



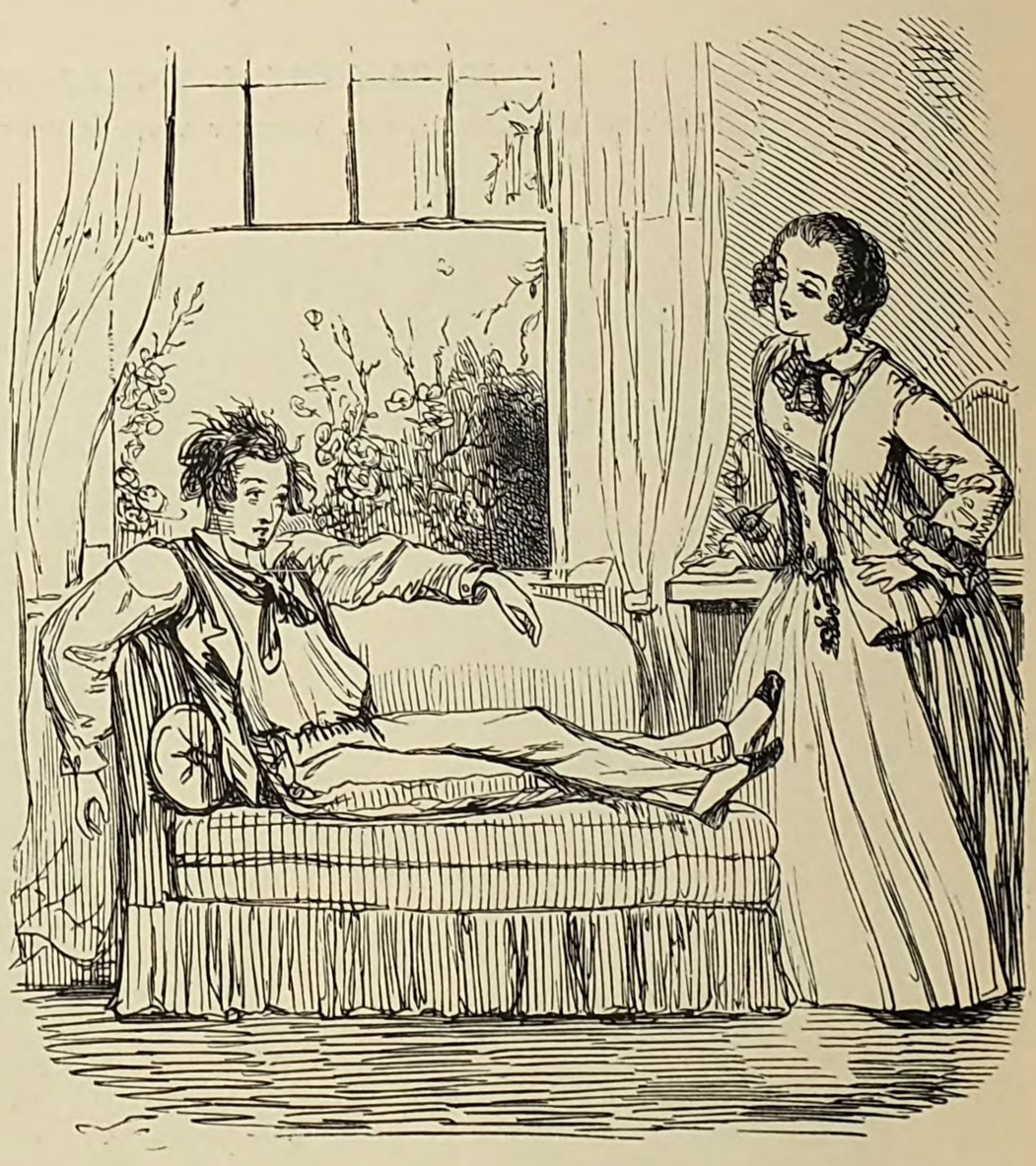
HOW TO DRESS A LOBSTER.

Rude Boy. "OH, LOOK 'ERE, JIM!—IF 'ERE AIN'T A LOBSTER BIN AND OUTGROWED HIS CLOAK!"

ADVICE GRATIS.

Ellen. "OH, DON'T TEASE ME TO-DAY, CHARLEY; I'M NOT AT ALL WELL!"

Charley (a Man of the World). "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, COUSIN—THE FACT IS, YOU ARE IN LOVE! NOW, YOU TAKE THE ADVICE OF A FELLOW WHO HAS SEEN A GOOD DEAL OF THAT SORT OF THING, AND DON'T GIVE WAY TO IT!"



VERY PROPER DIET FOR HOT WEATHER.

Mrs. Turtledove. "DEAREST ALFRED! WILL YOU DECIDE NOW WHAT WE SHALL HAVE FOR DINNER?"

Mr. Turtledove. "LET ME SEE, POPPET. WE HAD A WAFER YESTERDAY—SUPPOSE WE HAVE A ROAST BUTTERFLY TO-DAY?"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

No. II.

PREPARATIONS FOR HUNTING.

MR. BRIGGS'S HUNTING CAP COMES HOME, BUT THAT IS REALLY A THING MRS. BRIGGS CAN NOT AND WILL NOT PUT UP WITH

A FINE DISPOSITION.

Affectionate Husband. "COME, POLLY, IF I AM A LITTLE IRRITABLE, IT'S OVER IN A MINUTE!!"

THE PROBABLE EFFECT OF CHEAP FURNITURE HUMBUG.

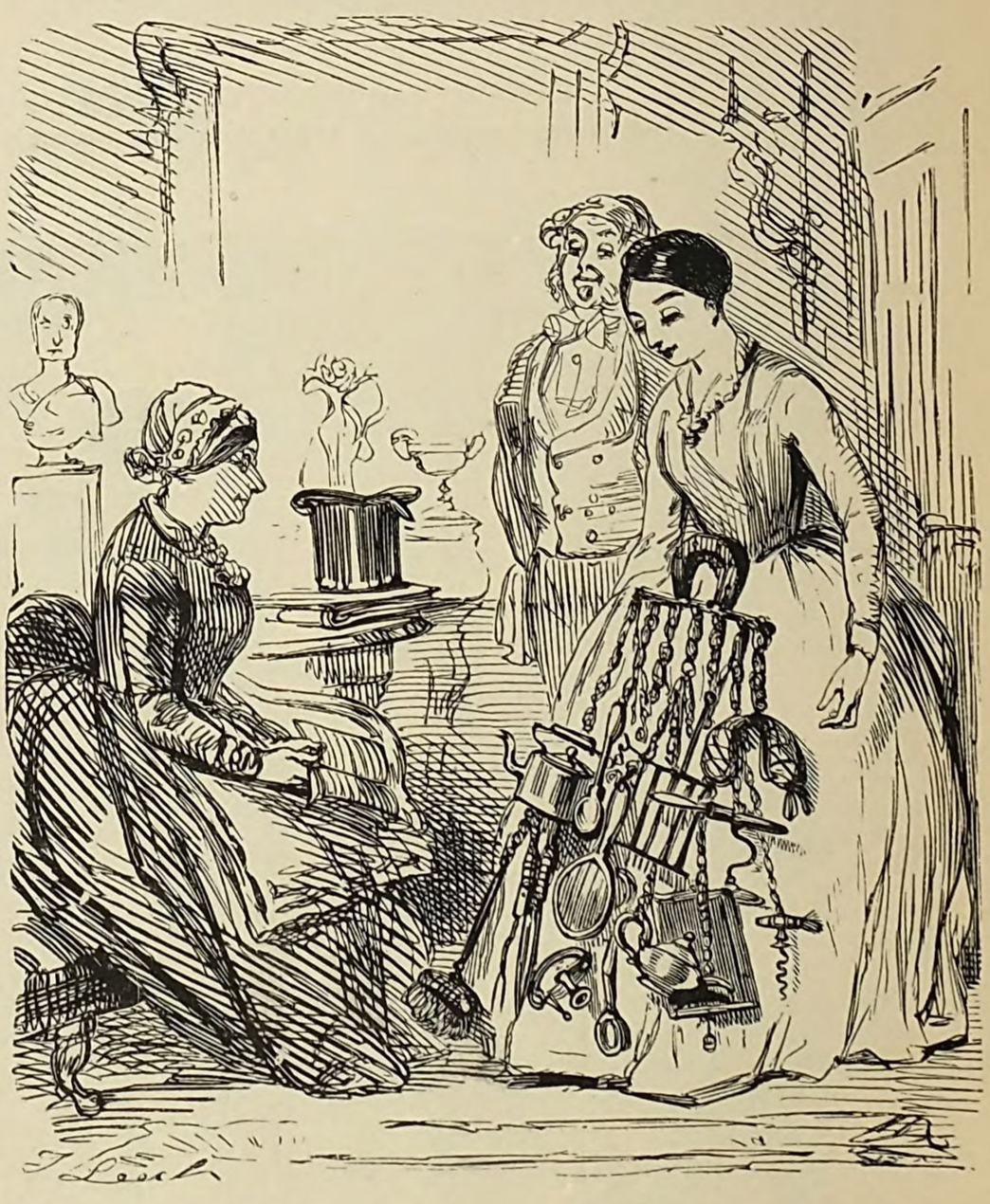
"OH! IF YOU PLEASE, MISTER, ME AND THIS YOUNG AW-AW-INDIVIDUAL IS ABOUT TO MARRY; AND WE WANT TO LOOK OVER YOUR CHEAP FURNITURE MART."

A JOLLY DOG.

"LOOK HERE, JAMES!—OLD MISSUS IS GONE OUT OF TOWN, AND I'VE GOT HER BEAST OF A DOG WOT'S FED UPON CHICKINGS TO TAKE CARE OF.—WON'T I TEACH HIM TO SWIM, NEETHER!"

AN IMPUDENT MINX.

Lady of the House. "HOITY TOITY, INDEED! GO AND PUT UP THOSE CURLS DIRECTLY, IF YOU PLEASE. HOW DARE YOU IMITATE ME IN THAT MANNER? IMPERTINENCE!"



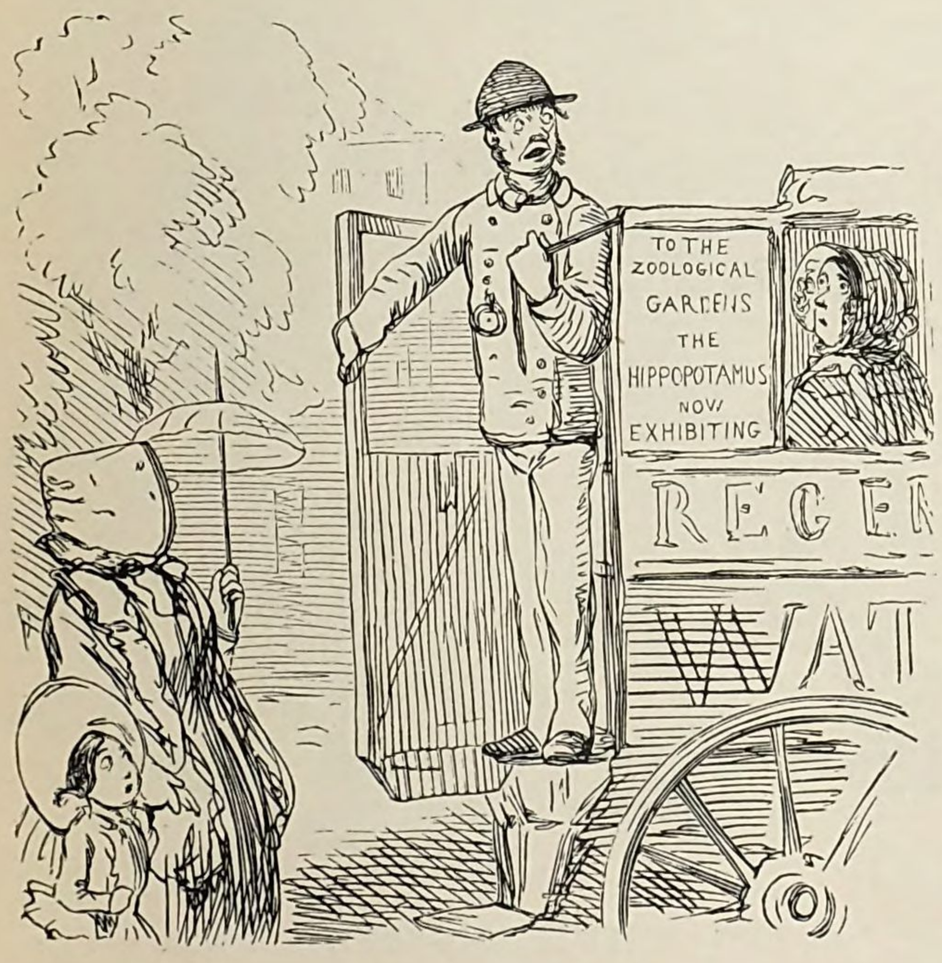
THE CHATELAINE; A REALLY USEFUL PRESENT.

Laura. "OH, LOOK, MA' DEAR; SEE WHAT A *LOVE* OF A CHATELAINE EDWARD HAS GIVEN ME."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

No. III.

MR. BRIGGS, ON HIS WAY TO THE "METROPOLITAN STEEPLE CHASE," TRIES WHETHER HIS HORSE IS A GOOD ONE ACROSS COUNTRY. HE IS REPRESENTED RIDING AT A BROOK (!).



COMPLIMENTARY.

"'OLD 'ARD, BILL! HERE'S ANOTHER HIPPERPOTAMUS."

THE GOLD FISH AT HAMPTON COURT.

LAYING THE DUST.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE, TAKEN NEAR THE FREEMASONS' TAVERN.

Old Gentleman. "GOOD GRACIOUS! IT'S STRIKING, AND THEY'LL HAVE BEGUN DINNER."

THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile Oxford Man (who does not think Vin Ordinaire of himself). "A—WERE YOU AT EITHER UNIVERSITY?"

Awful Swell. "YA-AS—WHEN I WAS A—BOY!" [OXFORD MAN *departs in a Hansom.*

DISTWESSING—VEWY.

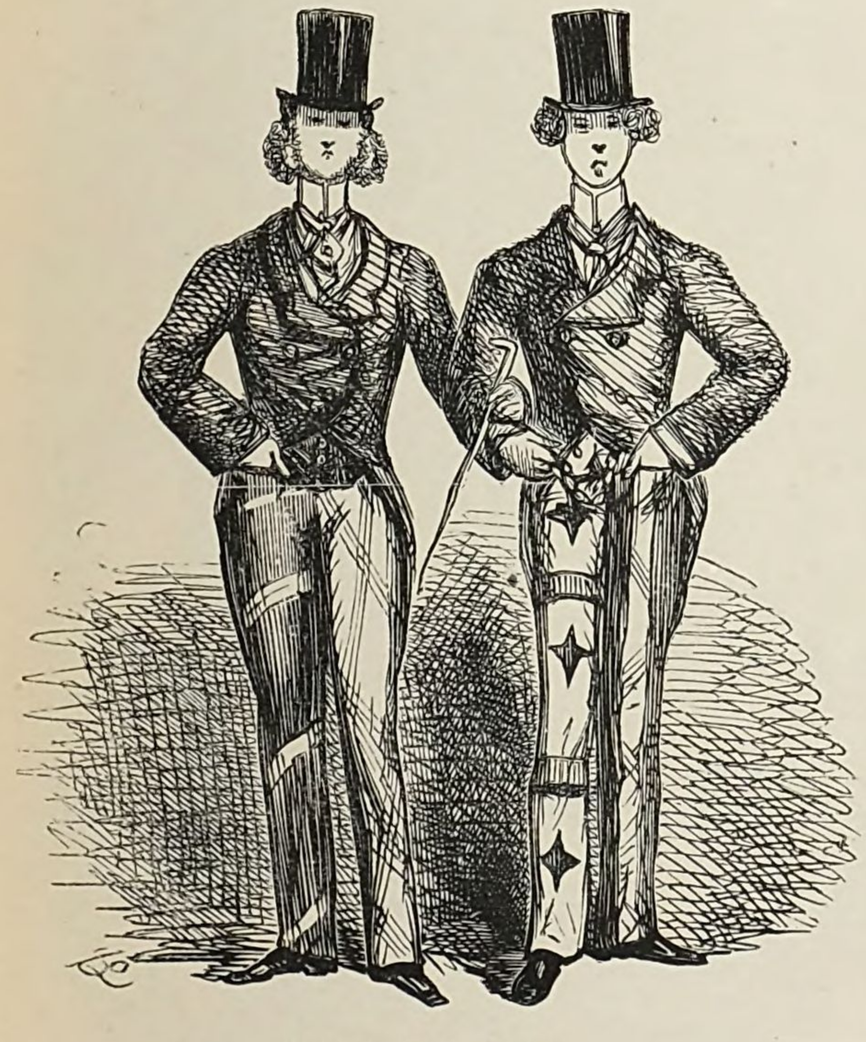
X. 42. "DID YOU CALL THE POLICE, SIR?"

Swell (who would perish rather than disturb his shirt-collar). "YA-AS, A—I'VE HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO DWOP MY UMBRELLAW, AND THERE ISN'T A BOY WITHIN A MILE TO PICK IT UP—A—WILL YOU HAVE THE GOODNESS?"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

No. IV.

MR. BRIGGS GOES OUT FOR A DAY'S HUNTING, AND HAS A GLORIOUS RUN OVER A SPLENDID COUNTRY.



INGENIOUS IDEA.

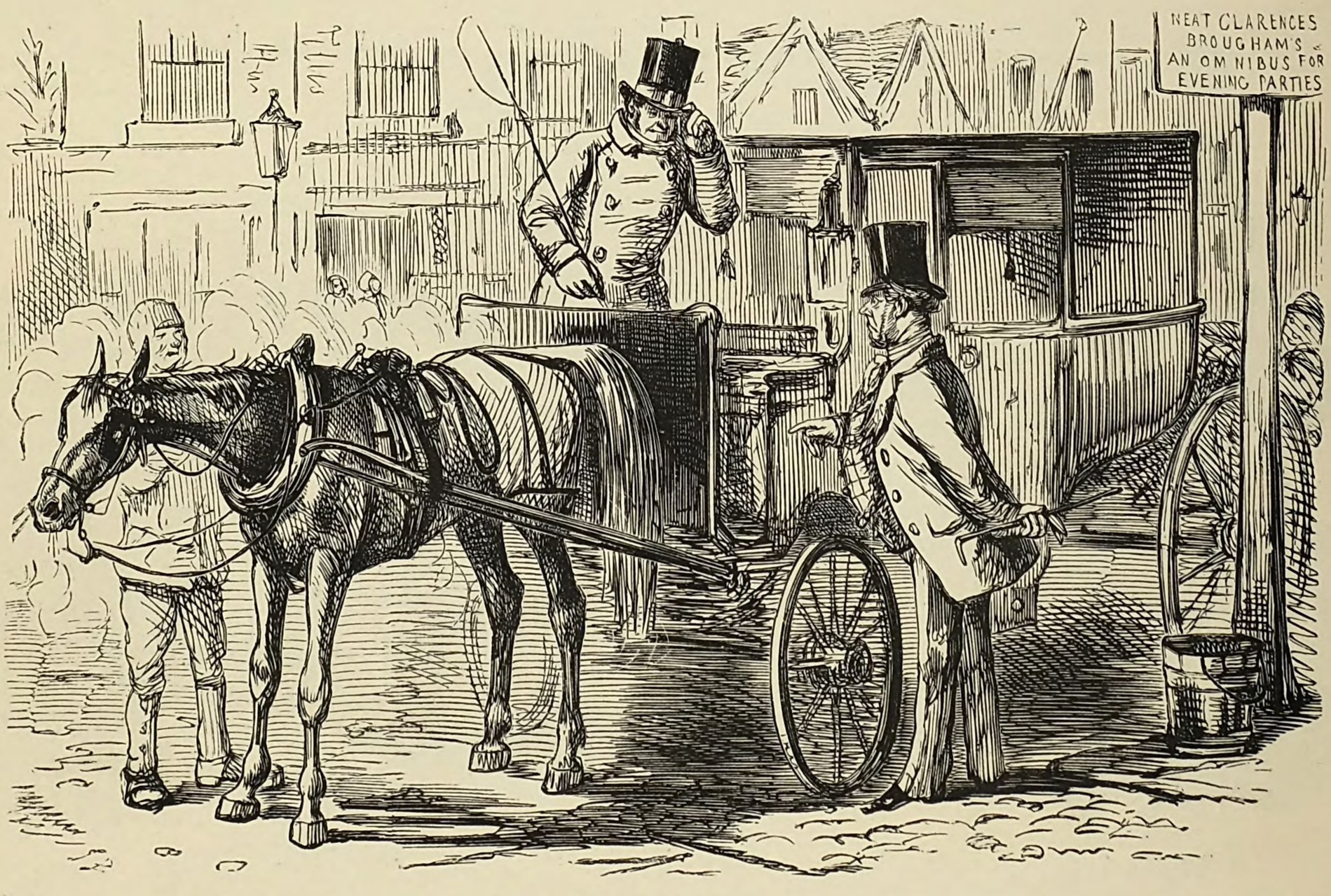
ELEGANT MATERIAL FOR TROWSERS—ONLY TAKES TWO MEN TO SHOW THE PATTERN.

NO DOUBT.

"NOW I DARE SAY, BILL, THAT AIR BEAST OF A DOG IS A GOOD DEAL MORE PETTED THAN YOU OR I SHOULD BE."

EXCESSIVELY POLITE.

Well-bred Man. "YOUR HORSE SEEMS A LITTLE IMPATIENT, SIR! PRAY GO FIRST!"

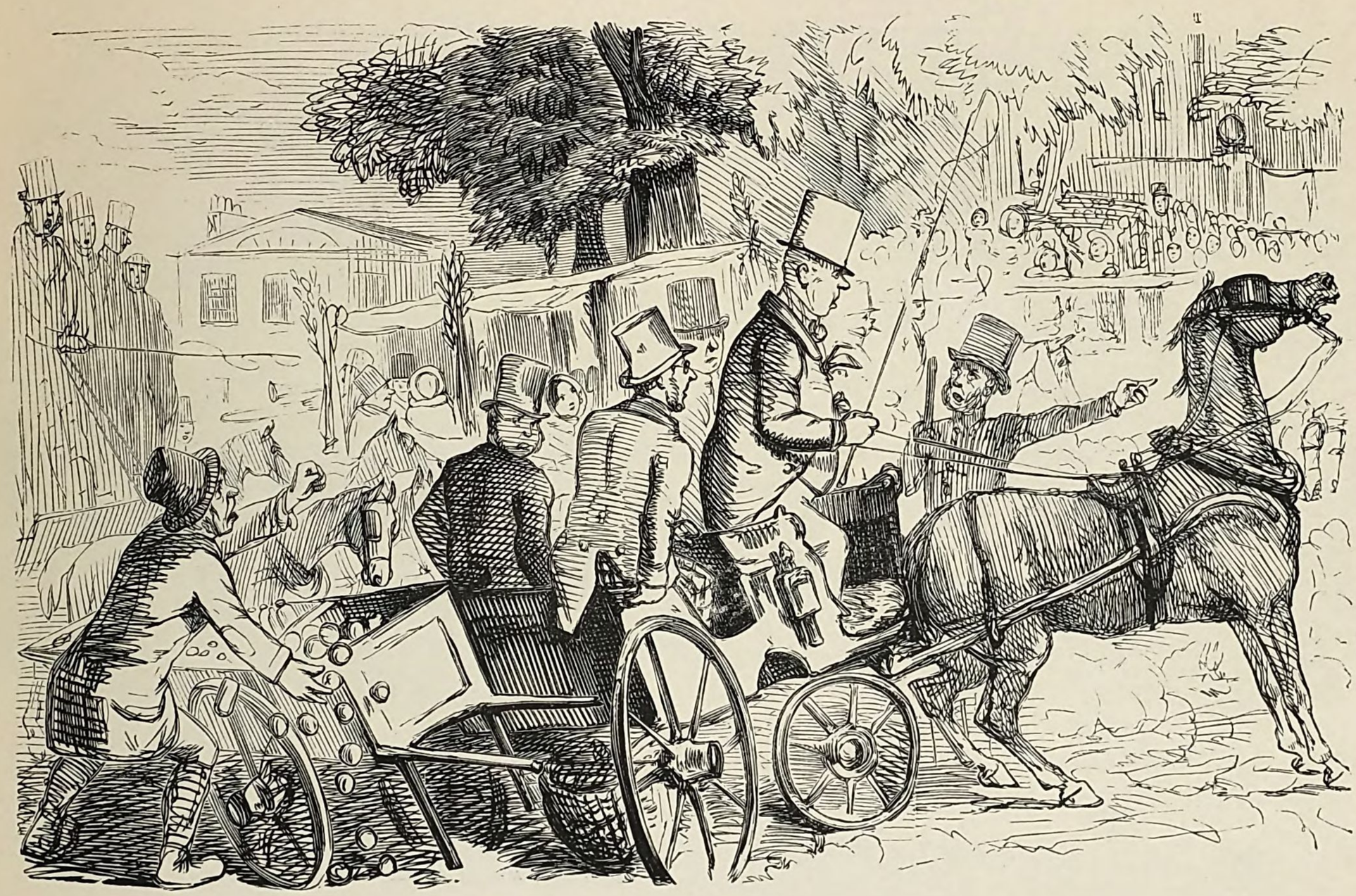


THE CONSCIENTIOUS STABLE-KEEPER.

Gent (who meditates a ride). "HALLO! WHY, CONFOUND IT, THAT'S MY SADDLE HORSE, ISN'T IT?"

Fly-Man. "YES, SIR! IT'S ALL RIGHT; MASTER SAYS YOU'RE WERRY PARTICULAR ABOUT 'AVIN OF 'IM EXERCISED REGULAR—SO WE PUTS 'IM INTO THE BROOM WHEN YOU AIN'T OUT A RIDIN'!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.



No. V.

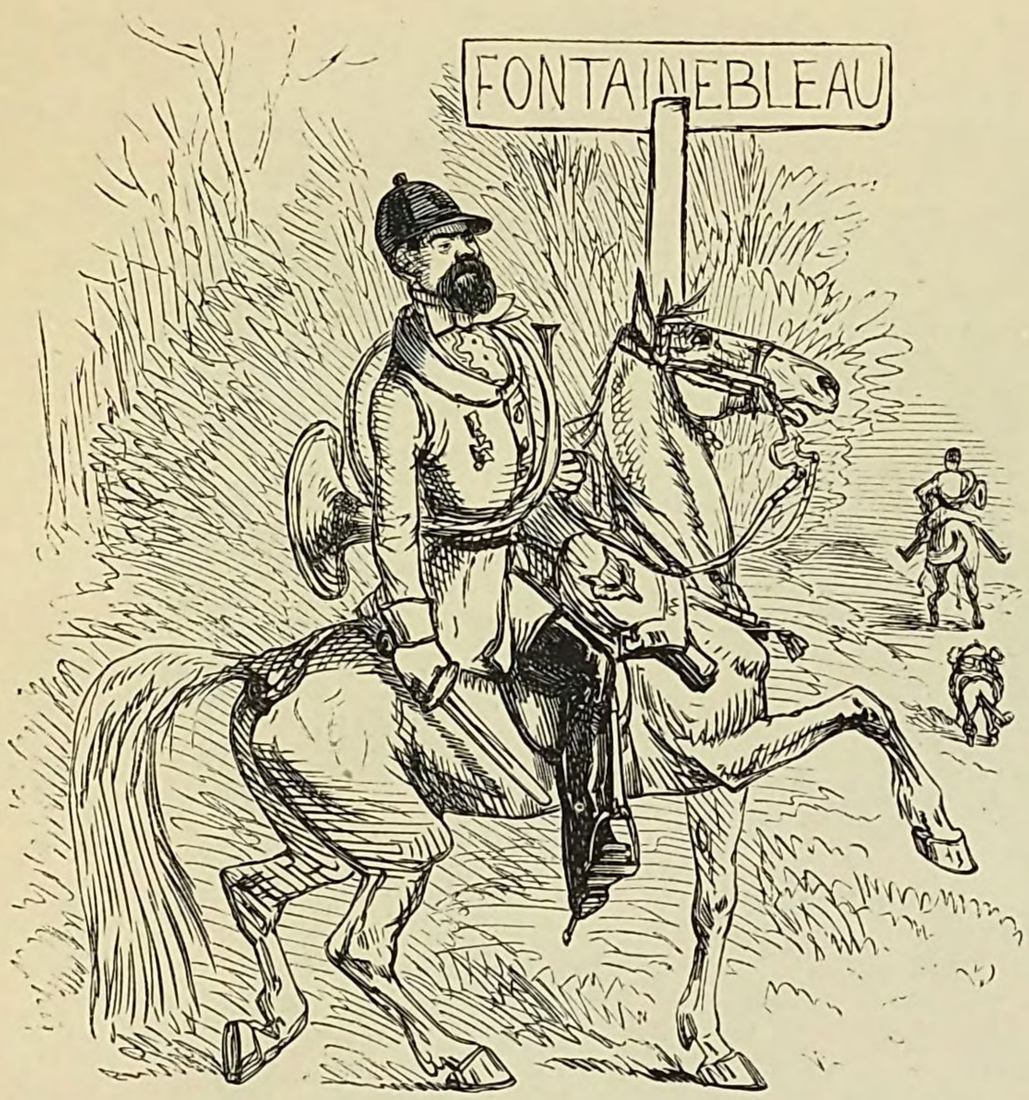
MR. BRIGGS PUTS HIS HORSE IN HARNESS, AND DRIVES A FEW FRIENDS QUIETLY DOWN TO THE DERBY.

DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

Housebreaker. "WOT A SHAME FOR PEOPLE TO GO LEAVING COAL-SCUTTLES ABOUT FOR PECPLE TO CO STUMBLING OVER!"

SCENE—WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.—TIME, TWO ON A FOGGY MORNING.

Reduced Tradesman (to a little party returning home). "DID YOU WANT TO BUY A GOOD RAZOR?"



FOREIGNER OF DISTINCTION GOING TO ENJOY "LE SPORT."

THE NEW HUNTER.

"WELL, CHARLEY! HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW PONY?"

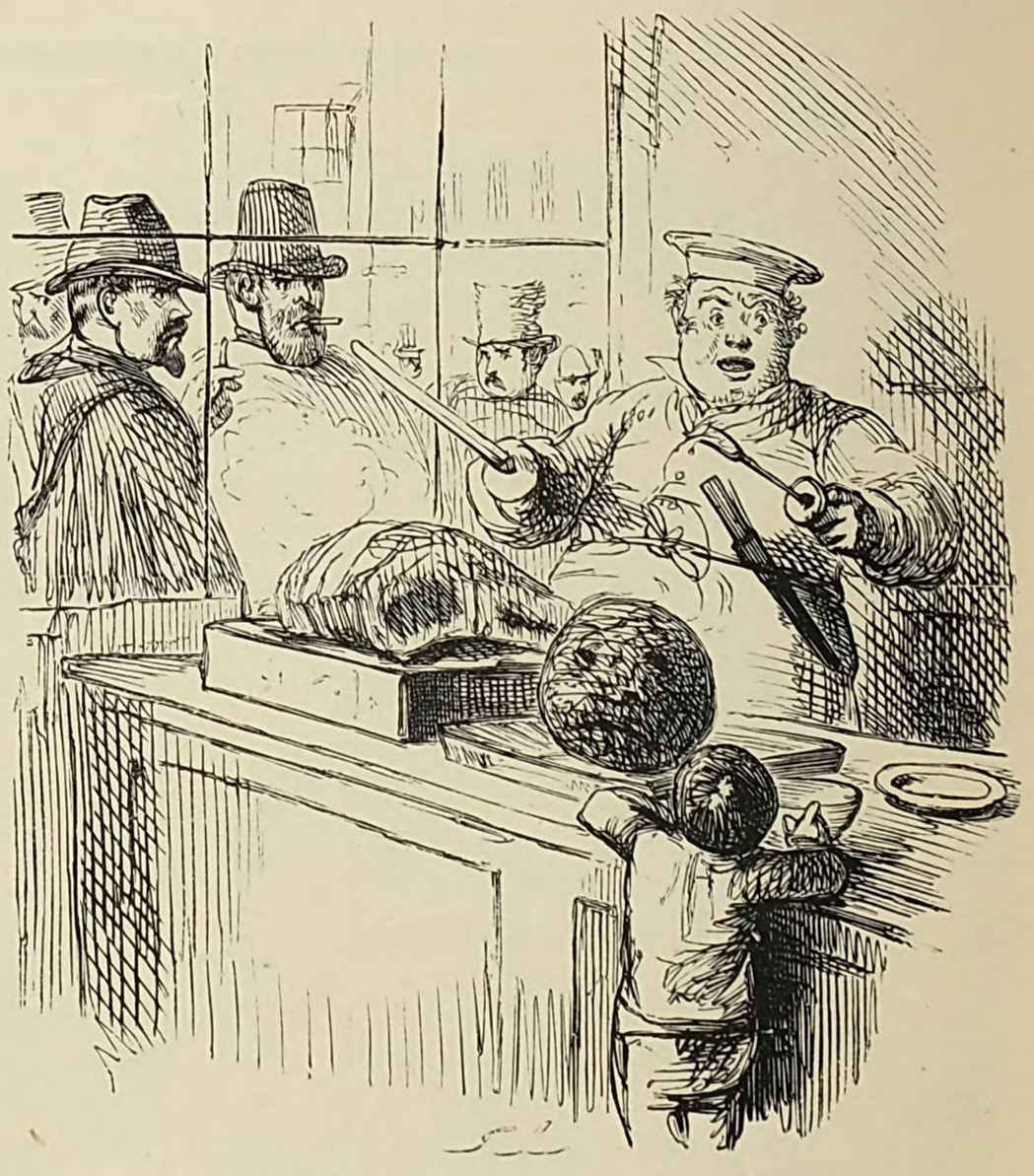
"OH! PRETTY WELL, THANK YOU, UNCLE; ONLY I'M AFRAID HE'S HARDLY UP TO MY WEIGHT, AND HE RUSHES SO AT HIS FENCES."

AFTER THE PANTOMIME.

Mary. "OH! HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO BE A BEAUTIFUL COLUMBINE, AND RIDE ABOUT IN A GOLD CAR DRAWN BY WHITE DOVES!"

Augustus. "AND HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO BE A HARLEQUIN, AND CHANGE WHOLE STREETS INTO REALMS OF DAZZLING DELIGHT!"

Tom (a rude Boy). "AND HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO BE THE OLD CLOWN, AND MAKE BUTTER SLIDES ON THE PAVEMENT TO UPSET OLD LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!"



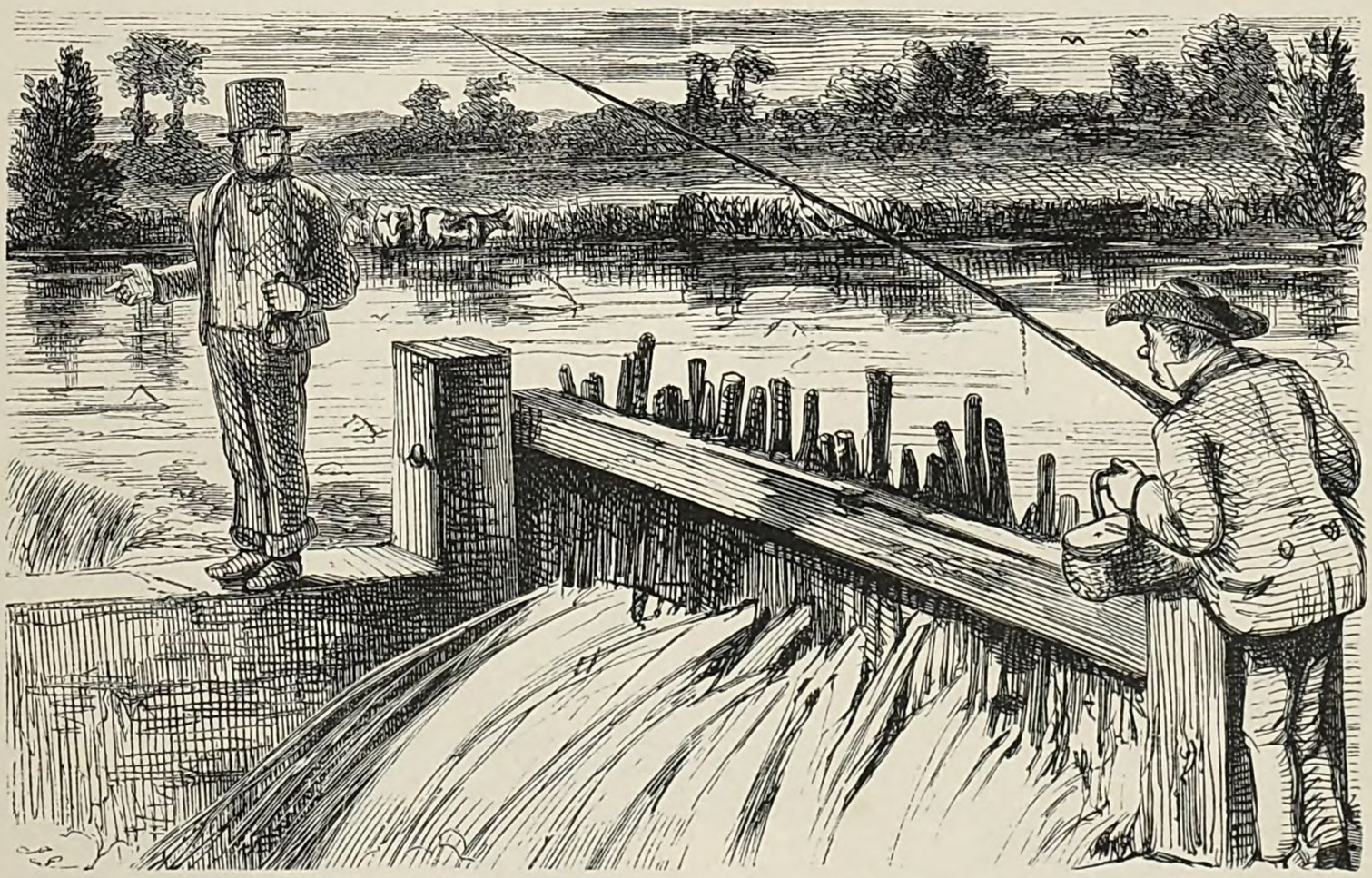
TOO CIVIL BY HALF!

English Cook. "OH, DEAR! HERE, JAMES, COME, AND TAKE THIS ROAST BEEF AND PLUM-PUDDING OUT OF THE WINDOW. IT HURTS THE FEELINGS OF THE FOREIGN GENTS AS THEY WALK BY!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

No. VI.

ON HIS RETURN FROM THE RACES, HE ASSURES HIS MAN THAT HE'S A MOST "EKSHELLENT SERVANT"—THAT THE MARE NEVER CARRIED HIM BETTER. HE ALSO TELLS HIM TO MAKE THE MARE QUITE "COMF-ABLE," AND TO BE "VERY CAREF-L OF HISH CANDLE," BECAUSE THERE'S SO MUCH STRAW ABOUT!



THAMES FISHING.

Fisherman (to Old Gentleman). "THEY'RE A' BITIN' AWAY OVER 'ERE, SIR! JUST STEP ACROSS THAT THERE BIT O' WOOD, SIR, AND YOU'LL HAVE A CAPITAL PITCH, SIR!"

Old Gentleman. "ACROSS THAT BIT OF WOOD! DOES THE MAN THINK I'M A ROPE-DANCER?"

GOING TO COVER.

Voice in the distance. "NOW, THEN, SMITH—COME ALONG!"

Smith. "OH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY, COME ALONG! WHEN HE WON'T MOVE A STEP; AND I'M AFRAID HE'S GOING TO LIE DOWN."

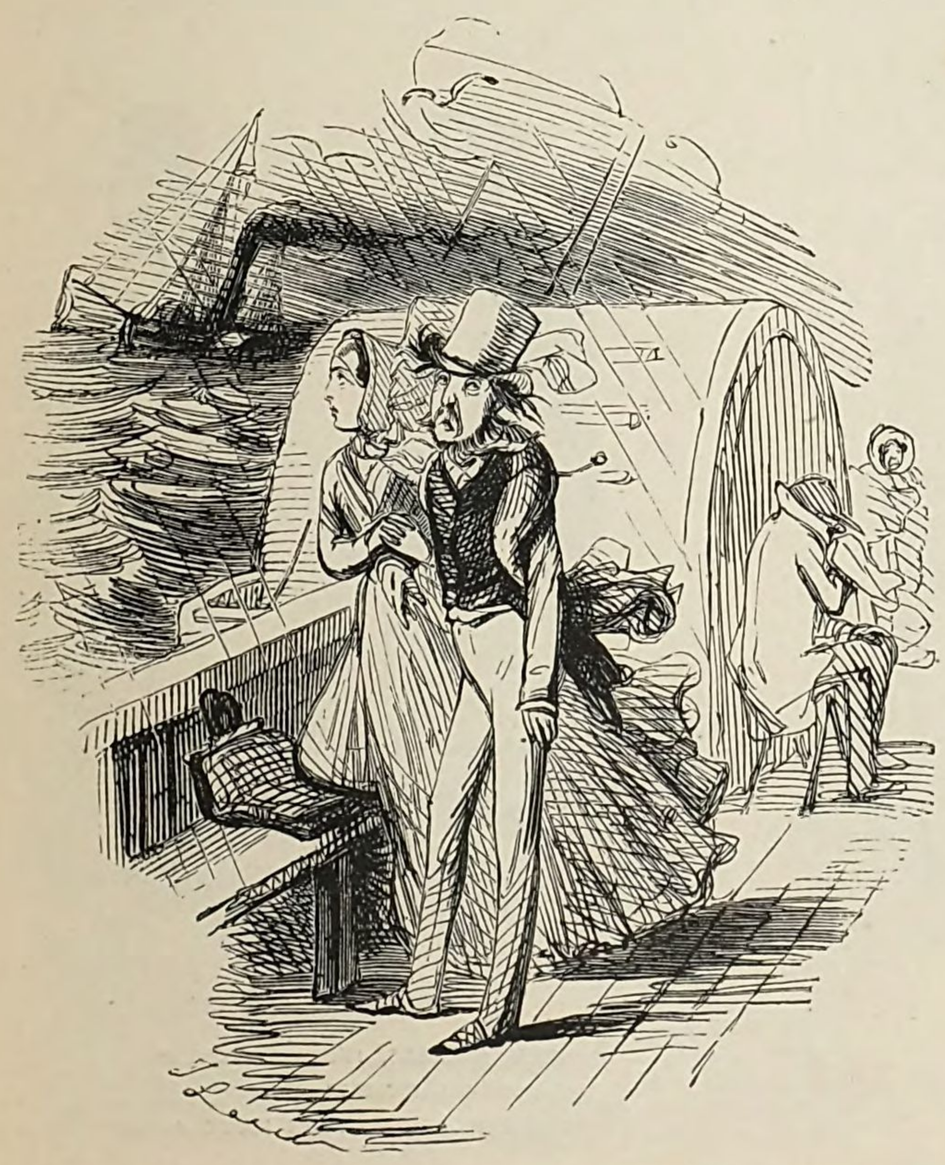
A SON AND HEIR.

Son and Heir. "HOW MANY OF US ARE THERE? WHY, IF YOU COUNT THE GIRLS, THERE ARE SIX—BUT SOME PEOPLE DON'T COUNT THE GIRLS.—*I'M ONE!*"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

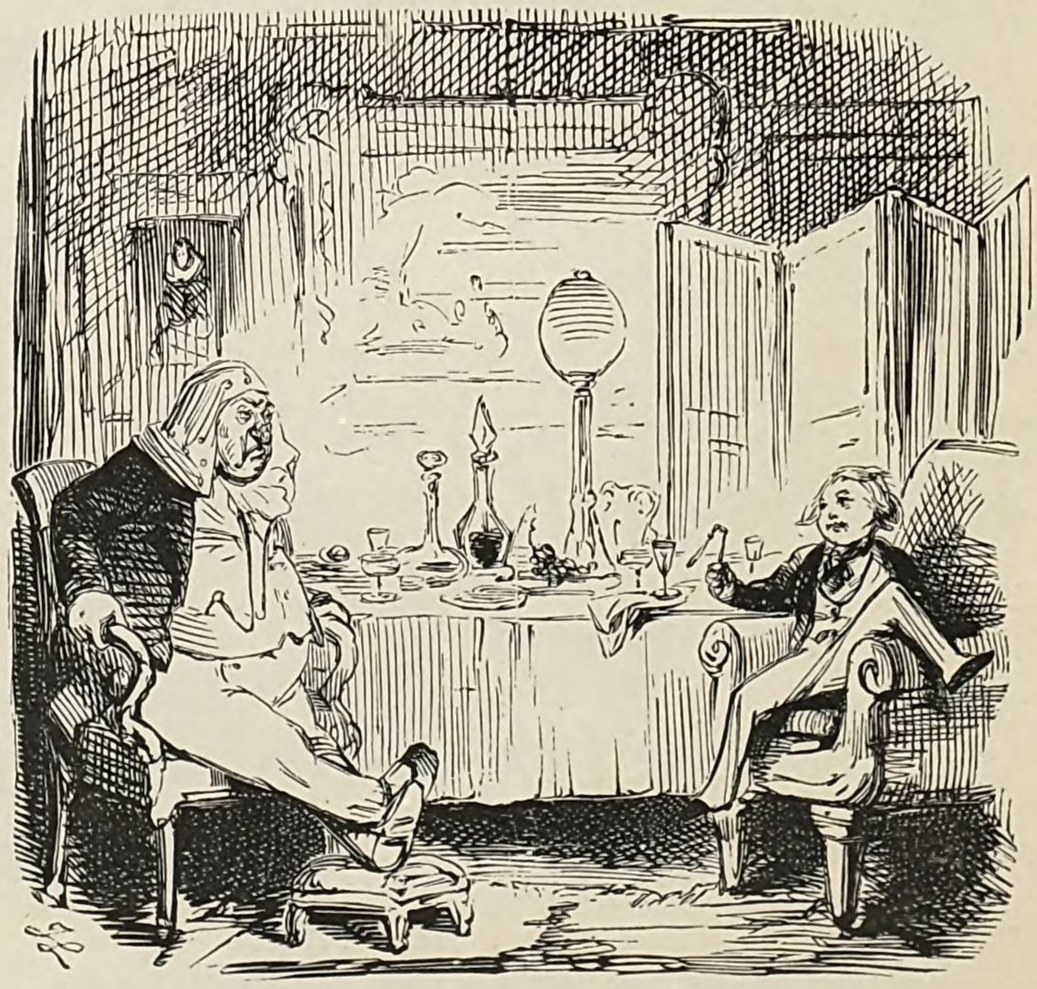
No. VII.

MR. BRIGGS, NOT BEING GOOD AT HIS "FENCES," GOES THROUGH THE PERFORMANCE OF OPENING A GATE.



LOVE ON THE OCEAN.

"'OH! IS THERE NOT SOMETHING, DEAR AUGUSTUS, TRULY SUBLIME IN THIS WARRING OF THE ELEMENTS?' BUT AUGUSTUS'S HEART WAS TOO FULL TO SPEAK."——*MS. Novel by Lady* * * *.



THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "UNCLE!"

Uncle. "NOW THEN, WHAT IS IT? THIS IS THE FOURTH TIME YOU'VE WOKE ME UP, SIR!"

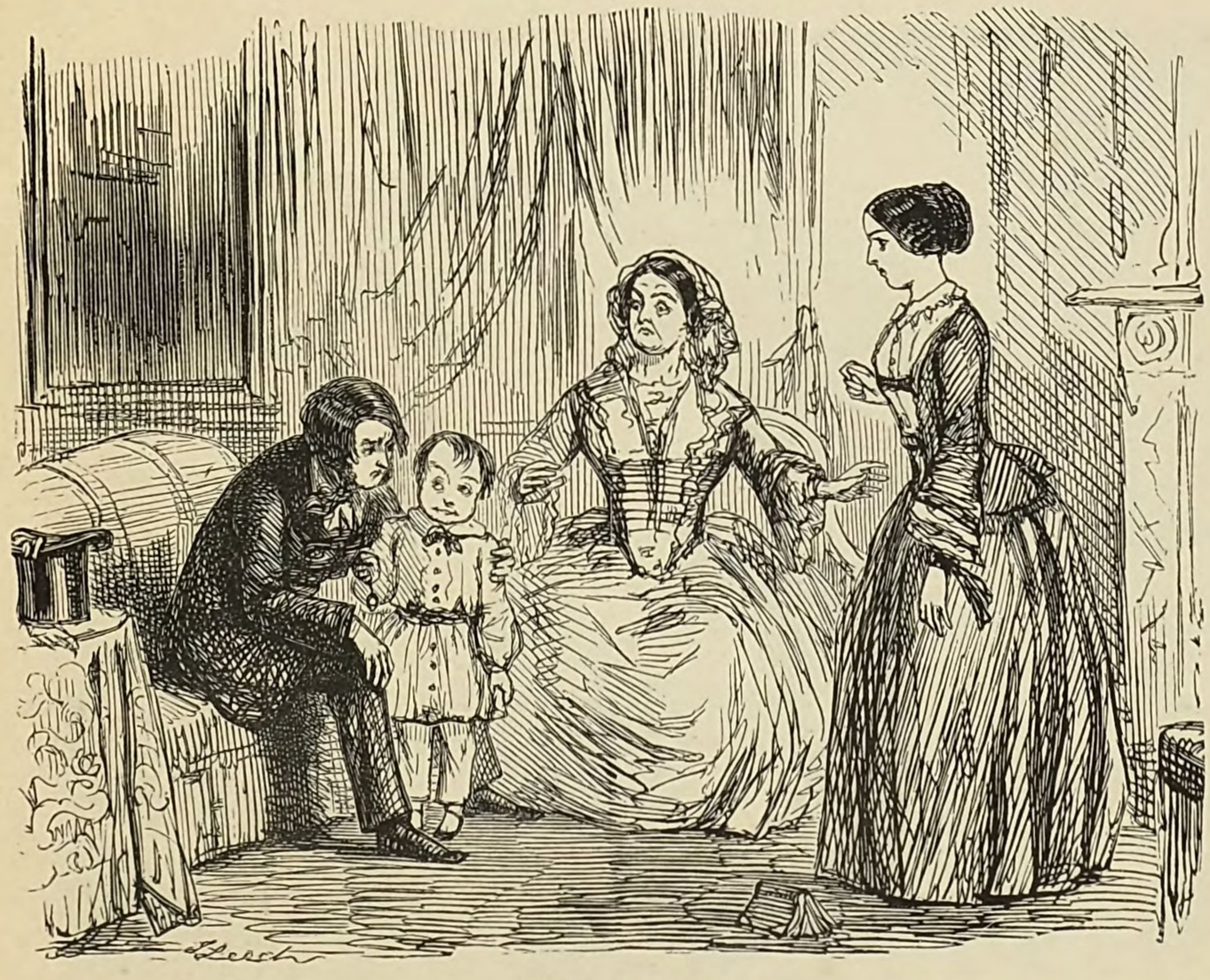
Juvenile. "OH! JUST PUT A FEW COALS ON THE FIRE, AND PASS THE WINE, THAT'S A GOOD OLD CHAP."

RELIGION À LA MODE.

Housemaid. "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, PARKER, I SHALL BE VERY GLAD WHEN MISSUS HAS GOT TIRED OF THIS PUSEY-USM. IT MAY BE THE FASHION; BUT WHAT WITH HER COMIN' HOME LATE FROM PARTIES, AND GETTING UP FOR EARLY SERVICE, AND THEN GOIN' TO BED AGAIN, WE POOR SARVINTS HAS DOUBLE WORK A'MOST."

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

Lady. "BY THE WAY, MR. TONGS, I HAVE USED THAT BOTTLE OF BALM OF CALIFORNIA, BUT I FIND MY HAIR STILL COMES OFF."



VERY ACUTE.

Mr. ——. "SO YOUR NAME IS CHARLEY, IS IT? NOW, CHARLEY DOESN'T KNOW WHO I AM?"

Sharp Little Boy. "OH, YES! BUT I DO, THOUGH."

Mr. ——. "WELL, WHO AM I?"

Sharp Little Boy. "WHY, YOU'RE THE GENTLEMAN THAT KISSED SISTER SOPHY IN THE LIBRARY, ON TWELFTH NIGHT, WHEN YOU THOUGHT NO ONE WAS THERE."

GLORIOUS NEWS.

"WELL, RUGGLES, IT'S ALL RIGHT!"

"WHAT'S ALL RIGHT?"

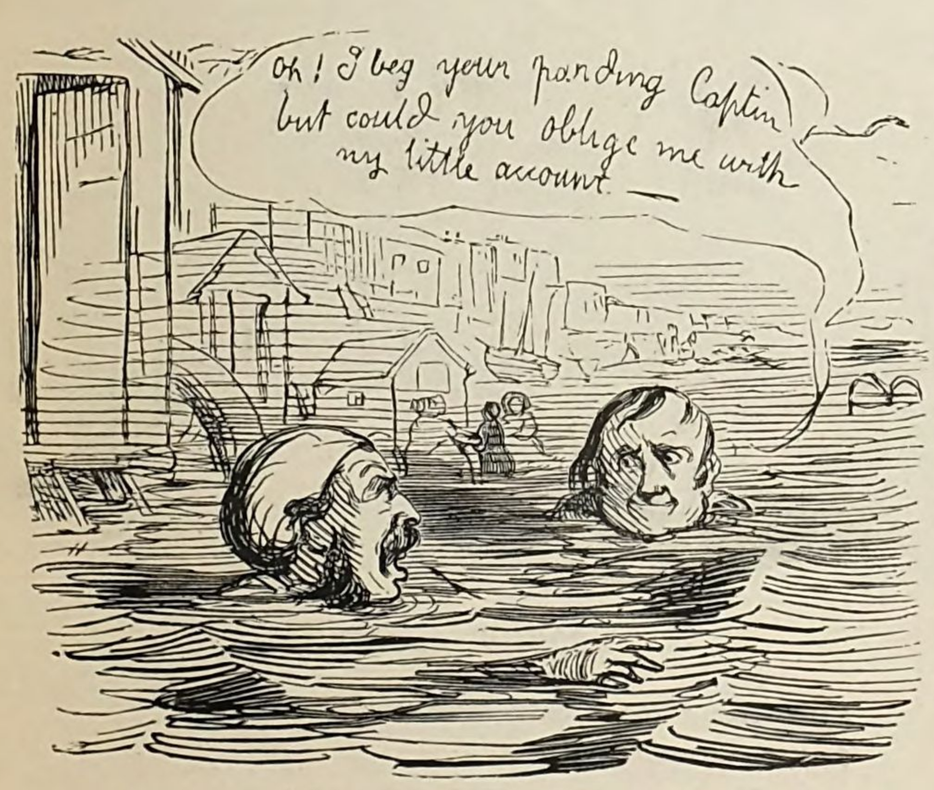
"WHY! WE ARE TO HAVE MARIO AGAIN."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

No. VIII.

MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.

MR. BRIGGS CAN'T BEAR FLYING LEAPS, SO HE MAKES FOR A GAP—WHICH IS IMMEDIATELY FILLED BY A FRANTIC PROTECTIONIST, WHO IS VOWING THAT HE WILL PITCHFORK MR. B. IF HE COMES "GALLOPERRAVERING" OVER HIS FENCES—DANG'D IF HE DOAN'T.



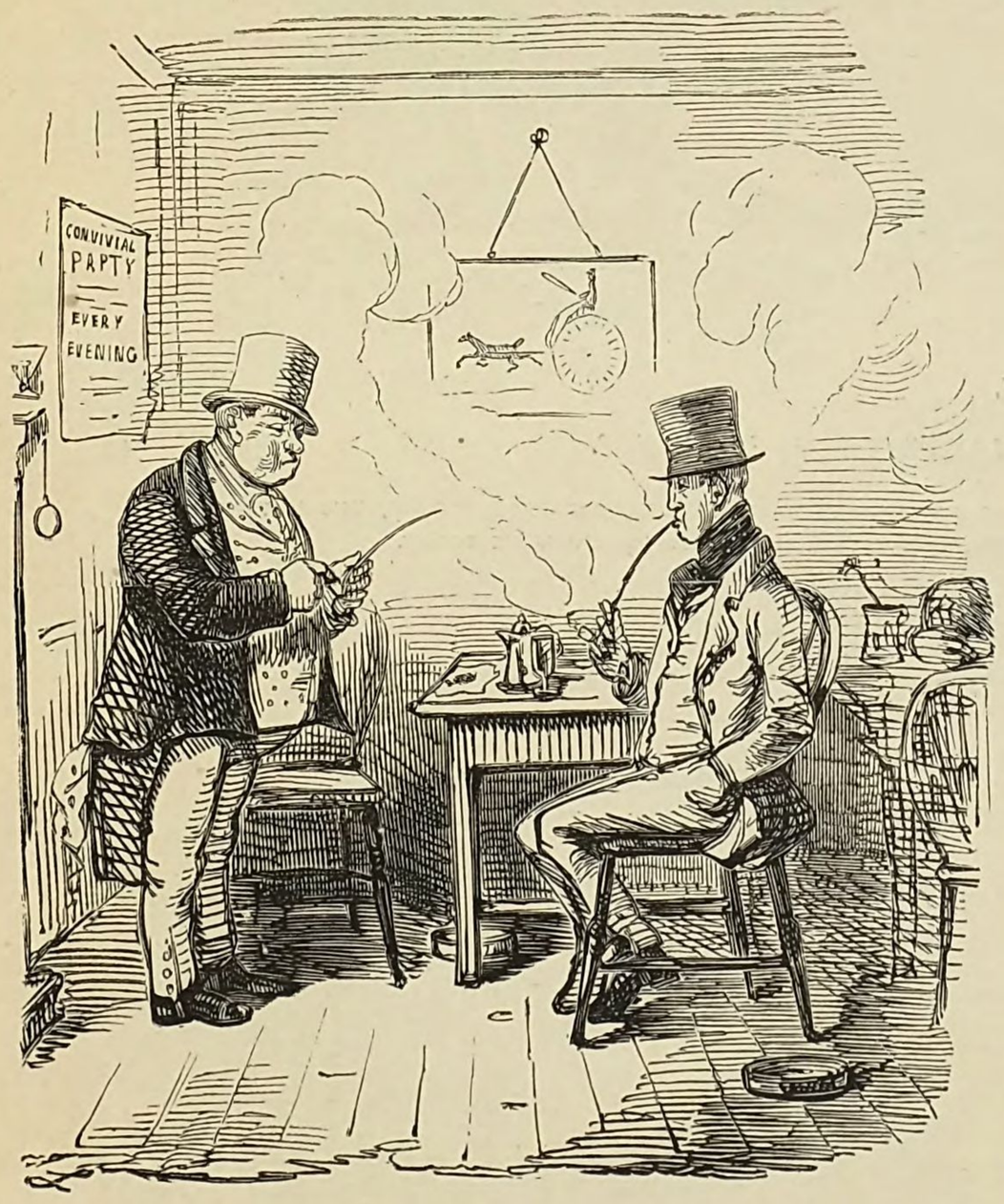
AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

NOT A DIFFICULT THING TO FORETELL.

"LET THE POOR GIPSY TELL YOUR FORTUNE, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN."

FLOWERS OF THE FRENCH ARMY—PICKED AT PARIS.

NOT YET!



HIGHLY INTERESTING.

"SEEN THAT PARTY LATELY?"

"WHAT? THE PARTY WITH THE WOODEN LEG, AS COME WITH—"

"NO, NO—NOT THAT PARTY. THE PARTY, YOU KNOW, AS—"

"OH! AH! I KNOW THE PARTY YOU MEAN NOW."

"WELL, A PARTY TOLD ME AS HE CAN'T AGREE WITH THAT OTHER PARTY, AND HE SAYS THAT IF ANOTHER PARTY CAN'T BE FOUND TO MAKE IT ALL SQUARE, HE SHALL LOOK FOR A PARTY AS WILL." *(And so on for half an* **hour.***)*

SOUND ADVICE.

Master Tom. "HAVE A WEED, GRAN'PA?"

Gran'pa. "A WHAT! SIR?"

Master Tom. "A WEED!—A CIGAR, YOU KNOW."

Gran'pa. "CERTAINLY NOT, SIR. I NEVER SMOKED IN MY LIFE."

Master Tom. "AH! THEN I WOULDN'T ADVISE YOU TO BEGIN."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

No. IX.

MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER GLORIOUS DAY WITH THE HOUNDS, AND GETS THE BRUSH (FOR WHICH HE PAYS HALF-A-SOVEREIGN—ONLY DON'T TELL ANYBODY).

AWFUL POSITION DURING A STORM.

DOG-DAYS! PLEASANT FOR JOHN THOMAS.

Old Lady. "JOHN THOMAS!"

John Thomas. "YES, MY LADY!"

Old Lady. "CARRY ESMERALDA—SHE'S GETTING TIRED, POOR DARLING!"

ALARMING.

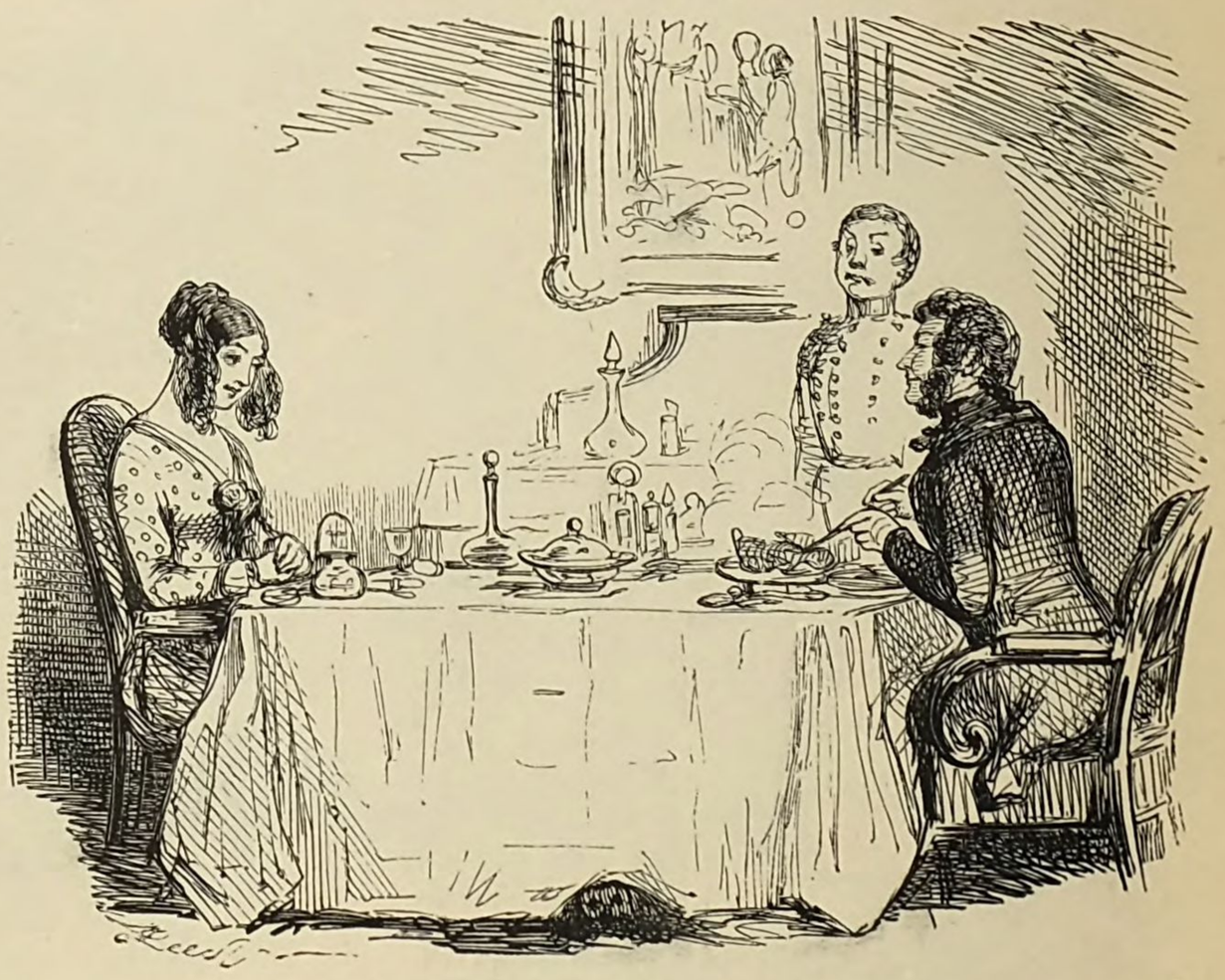
Hairdresser. "THEY SAY, SIR, THE CHOLERA'S IN THE *H*AIR, SIR!"

Gent. (very uneasy). "INDEED! AHEM! THEN I HOPE YOU ARE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT THE BRUSHES YOU USE."

Hairdresser. "OH! I SEE YOU DON'T *H*UNDERSTAND ME, SIR. I DON'T MEAN THE 'AIR OF THE 'ED, BUT THE *H*AIR *H*OF THE *H*ATMOSPHERE!"

TEMPUS EDAX RERUM.

"GOOD GRACIOUS! IS IT POSSIBLE?—NO! YES! NO!—YES! YES, BY JUPITER, IT'S A GREY HAIR IN MY FAVOURITE WHISKER!"



A ROMANCE OF ROAST DUCKS.

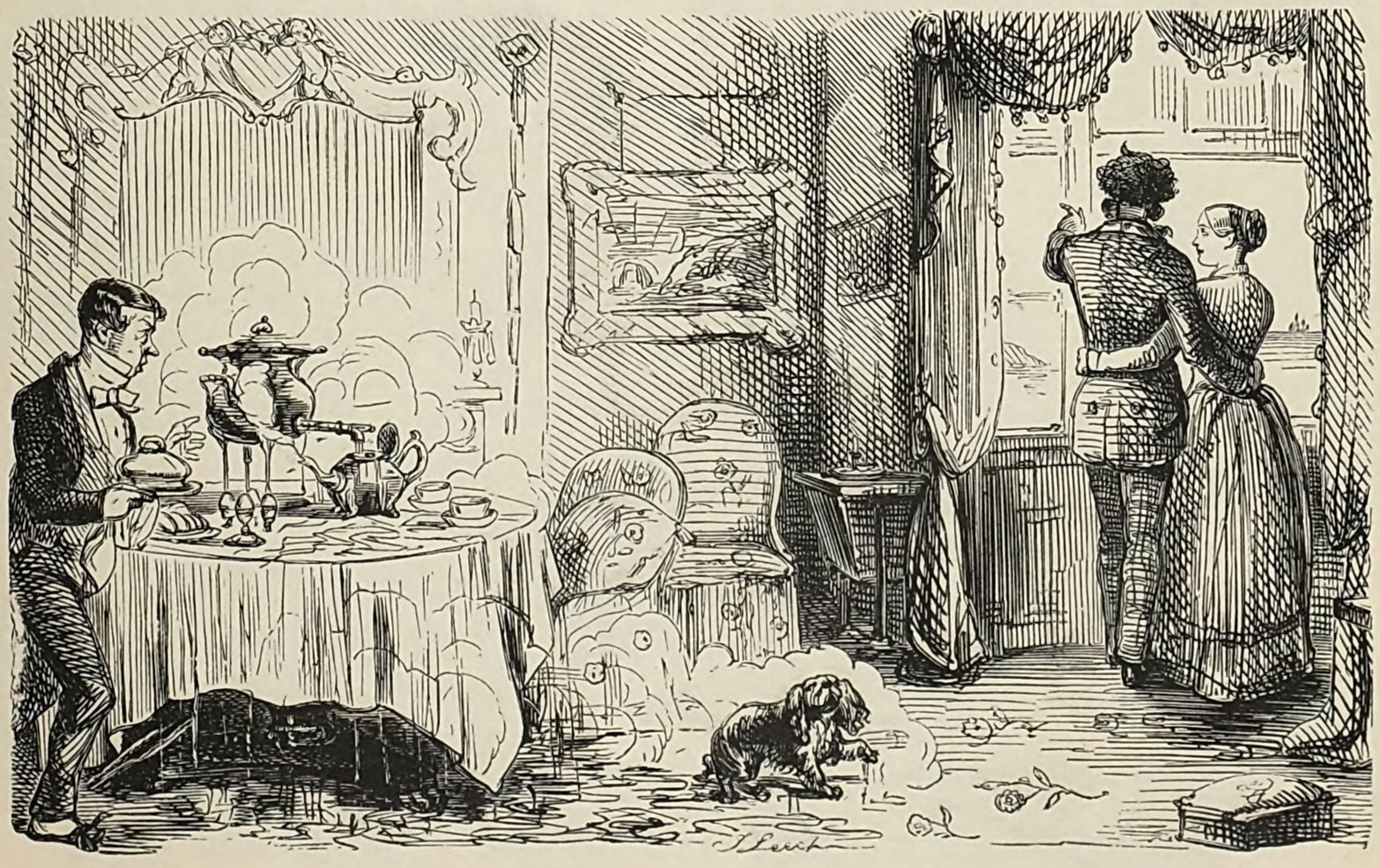
"MY DARLING, WILL YOU TAKE A LITTLE OF THE—A—THE STUFFING?"

"I WILL, DEAR, IF YOU DO; BUT IF YOU DON'T, I WON'T."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

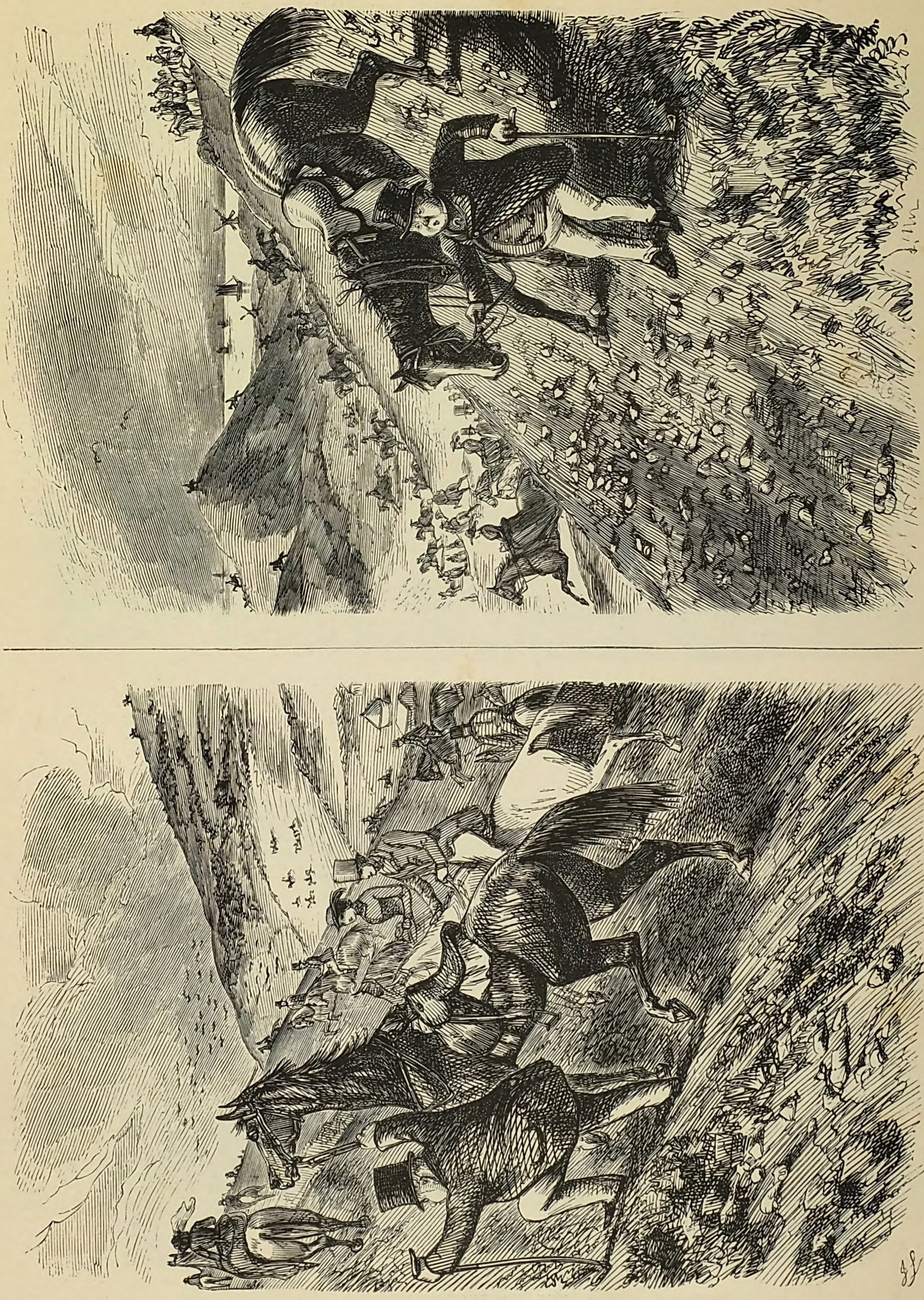
No. X.

IN ANSWER TO NUMEROUS INQUIRIES, WE ARE HAPPY TO SAY, THAT MR. BRIGGS IS QUITE WELL, AND AT BRIGHTON. HE IS TAKING THE OPPORTUNITY TO GIVE HIS FAMILY A FEW RIDING LESSONS. WE SHOULDN'T WONDER IF HE WENT OUT WITH THE HARRIERS IN A DAY OR TWO.



THE HONEYMOON.

AUGUSTUS MAKES THE TEA FOR THE FIRST MONTH OF HIS MARRIAGE.



MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

No. XI.

MR. BRIGGS GOES OUT WITH THE BRIGHTON HARRIERS.

HE HAS A CAPITAL DAY. THE ONLY DRAWBACK IS, THAT HE IS OBLIGED TO LEAD HIS HORSE *UP* HILL TO EASE HIM, AND *DOWN* HILL BECAUSE HE IS AFRAID OF GOING OVER HIS HEAD—SO THAT HE DOESN'T GET QUITE SO MUCH HORSE EXERCISE AS HE COULD WISH!

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

DISMAY OF MR. JAMES JESSAMMY ON BEING TOLD THAT HE WILL SPOIL THE WHOLE THING IF HE DOESN'T SHAVE OFF HIS WHISKERS.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Country Footman meekly inquires of London Footman. "PRAY, SIR, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR TOWN? A NICE PLACE, AIN'T IT?"

London Footman (condescendingly). "VELL, JOSEPH, I LIKES YOUR TOWN WELL ENOUGH. IT'S CLEAN; YOUR STREETS ARE HAIRY; AND YOU'VE LOTS OF REWINS. BUT I DON'T LIKE YOUR CHAMPAGNE; IT'S ALL GEWSBERRY."

AN IMPENDING DISASTER.

Boy. "OH! IF YOU PLEASE 'M—COOK'S VERY SORRY 'M—BUT COULD SHE SPEAK TO YOU A MOMENT?"

MORE FREE THAN WELCOME.

Scene—The Kitchen.

Cook. "WHO WAS THAT AT THE DOOR, MARY?"

Mary. "OH! SUCH A NICE-SPOKEN GENTLEMAN WITH MOUSTARCHERS. HE'S A WRITIN' A LETTER IN THE DRAWING-ROOM. HE SAYS HE'S A OLD SCHOOL-FELLER OF MASTER'S, JUST COME FROM INGIA."

Scene—The Hall.

THE NICE-SPOKEN GENTLEMAN IS SEEN DEPARTING WITH WHAT GREAT-COATS AND OTHER TRIFLES HE MAY HAVE LAID HIS HANDS UPON.

WALTONIANS.

Scene.—Room in Country House.—Breakfast-Table.

Master Tom. "OH, ROBERT!"

Robert. "YES, SIR!"

Master Tom. "OH, I SAY, ROBERT! THE LADIES WANT ME TO TAKE 'EM OUT FISHING TO-DAY, SO JUST TELL YOUNG EVANS I SHALL WANT HIM TO GO WITH ME TO GET SOME WASP GRUBS; AND—LOOK HERE! TELL THE GARDENER HE MUST GET ME SOME LARGE LOBWORMS DIRECTLY, AND A FEW SMALL FROGS, AS PERHAPS WE SHALL TRY FOR A JACK. AND—HI! ROBERT, TELL HIM TO SEND 'EM IN HERE, THAT I MAY SEE WHETHER THEY'RE THE RIGHT SORT!"

[General Exclamation of "Nasty Monkey!" from the Ladies. Old Gentleman being rather deaf, wishes MASTER TOM'S *remarks repeated.*

FISHING OFF A WATERING PLACE.

PERHAPS THE JOLLIEST THING IN THE WORLD(!)

A MAN OF FEELING.

Gentleman. "OH, CERTAINLY! YOU CAN GO, OF COURSE; BUT, AS YOU HAVE BEEN WITH ME FOR NINE YEARS, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW THE REASON."

Thomas. "WHY, SIR, IT'S MY *FEELINS*. YOU USED ALWAYS TO READ PRAYERS, SIR, YOURSELF—AND SINCE MISS WILKINS HAS BEEN HERE, SHE'S BIN A-READING OF 'EM. NOW, I CAN'T *BEMEAN* MYSELF BY SAYIN' 'AMEN' TO A GUV'NESS."

THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS.

Serious Flunkey. "I SHOULD REQUIRE, MADAM, FORTY POUNDS A YEAR, TWO SUITS OF CLOTHES, TWO 'ATS, MEAT AND HALE THREE TIMES A DAY, AND PIETY HINDISPENSABLE."

A FRAGMENT.

"AND WILL YOU ALWAYS—ALWAYS, DEAREST ALBERIC, LOVE ME THUS?" SAID CONSTANCE.

"EVER, WHILE THIS HEART BEATS WITH LIFE!" PASSIONATELY EXCLAIMED ALBERIC.

"THEN COULD YOU LEND ME FIVE POUNDS?" MURMURED THE LADY; "FOR REALLY THINGS ARE SO BAD IN THE CITY, THAT I," &C., &C., &C.

A FALSE POSITION.

Individual (who is not over strong in his head, or firm on his legs). "D-D-D-D-ID WALTZING—EVER—MAKE—YOU—GIDDY? BECAUSE, I—SHALL—BE—HAPPY—TO—SIT—DOWN—WHENEVER—YOU'RE—TIRED!"

Girl (who is in high dancing condition). "OH, DEAR NO—I COULD WALTZ ALL NIGHT!"

THE NEW BONNET.

Frederick. "THERE NOW, HOW VERY PROVOKING! I'VE LEFT THE PRAYER-BOOKS AT HOME!"

Maria. "WELL, DEAR, NEVER MIND; BUT DO TELL ME, *IS MY BONNET STRAIGHT?*"

IN CAMP.—HOSPITALITY.

Officer. "WELL, BUT LOOK HERE, OLD FELLOW; WHY NOT STOP ALL NIGHT?"

A GREAT MENTAL EFFORT.

First Cock Sparrow. "WHAT A MIWACKULOUS TYE, FWANK! HOW THE DOOSE DO YOU MANAGE IT?"

Second Cock Sparrow. "YAS. I FANCY IT IS RATHER GRAND; BUT THEN, YOU SEE, I GIVE THE WHOLE OF MY MIND TO IT."

COMING HOME.

Old Party (who is taking care of the house). "OH, YES, SIR. YOU'LL FIND THE ROOM NICE AN' CLEAN—AN' I'M SURE THE BED'S HAIRED—FOR I'VE BIN AN' SLEP IN IT MY OWN SELF HEVERY NIGHT."

OH! THE CURTAINS.

Objectionable Child. "LOR, PA! ARE YOU GOING TO SMOKE? MY EYE! WON'T YOU CATCH IT WHEN MA COMES HOME, FOR MAKING THE CURTAINS SMELL!"

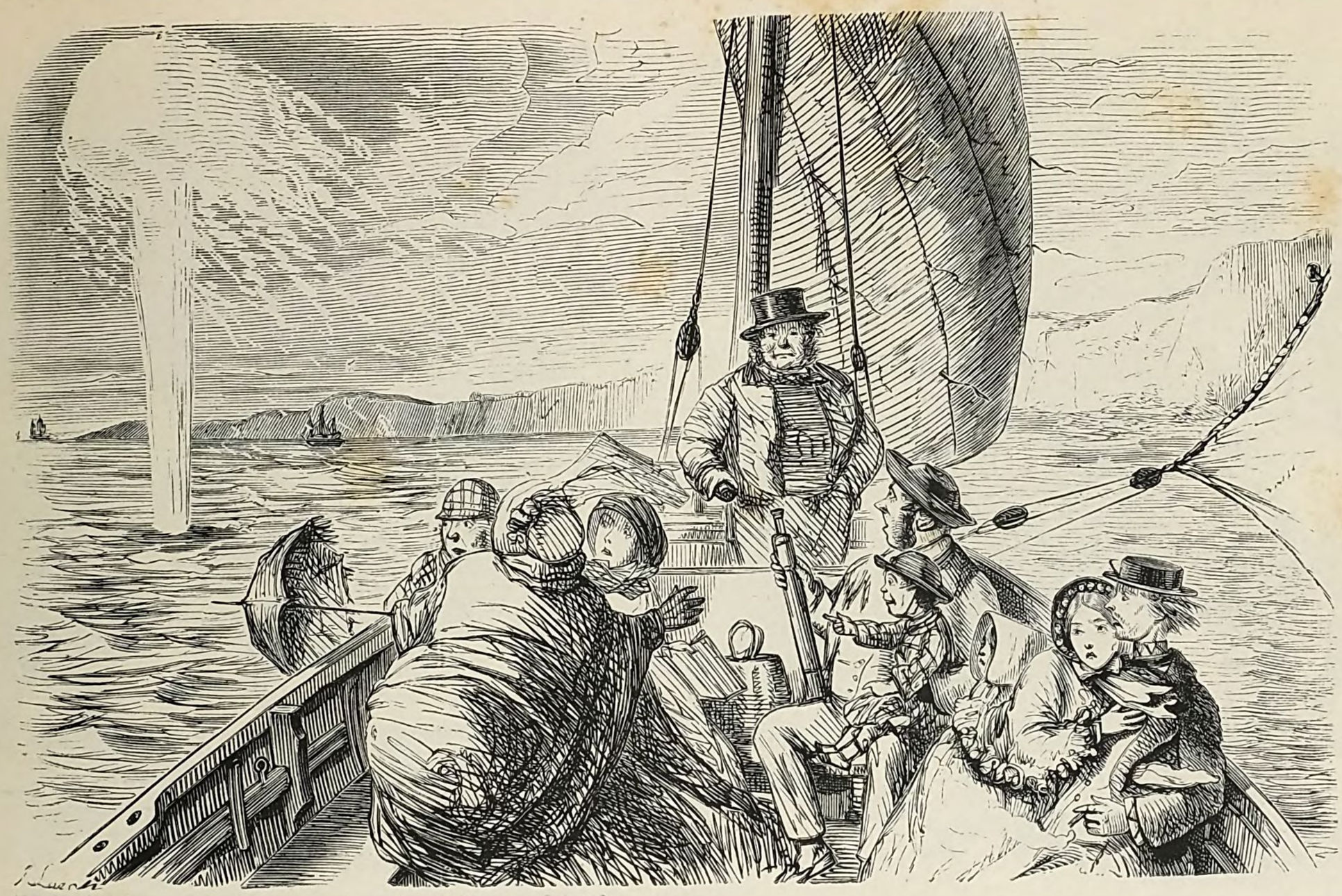
DISTRACTION.

Wife of your Bussum. "OH, I DON'T WANT TO INTERRUPT YOU, DEAR. I ONLY WANT SOME MONEY FOR BABY'S SOCKS—AND TO KNOW WHETHER YOU WILL HAVE THE MUTTON COLD OR HASHED."

A VERY VULGAR SUBJECT.

William. "HERE'S WISHIN' YOU GOOD 'EALTH, JIM, AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

James. "THANK'YE, BILL, THANK'YE. I HAD OUGHT TO BE A HAPPY COVE—FOR I'VE GOT A WIFE AS CAN THRASH ANY MAN OF HER WEIGHT—AND I'VE GOT A CHILD OF TWO YEARS AND A ARF AS CAN EAT TWO POUNDS O' BEEFSTEAK AT A SITTING—LET ALONE OWNIN' THE SMALLEST BLACK AND TAN TERRIER IN THE WORLD!"



A DELICIOUS SAIL—OFF DOVER.

Old Lady. "GOODNESS GRACIOUS, MR. BOATMAN! WHAT'S THAT?"

Stolid Boatman. "THAT, MUM! NUTHUN, MUM. ONLY THE ARTILLERY A PRAC-*T*I-SIN', AND THAT'S ONE O' THE CANNON-BALLS WHAT'S JUST STRUCK THE WATER!!"

THE ROUND HAT, LADEN WITH NOVELS, IN A STORM.

Ancient Mariner. "HOLD ON A BIT, MISS—I'LL TOW YOU OFF—YOU SHOULD NEVER CARRY SO MUCH SAIL IN A SOU-WESTER!"

SNOW-FLAKES.—No. 1.

Street Boy (to his natural enemy, the Policeman). "SNOWBALLS, SIR! NO, SIR! I HAVEN'T SEEN NO ONE THROW NO SNOWBALLS, SIR!"

SNOW-FLAKES.—No. 2.

Street Boy. "HOH! SOOSANNER! DON'T YER CRY FOR ME! FOL DE ROL DE RIDDLE LOL! HERE'S A JOLLY SLIDE! CUT AWAY, YOUNG 'UN! IT'S ALL SERENE!"

SNOW-FLAKES.—No. 3.

Playful Youth. "PLEASE, SIR, I WASN'T A HEAVIN' AT YOU—I WAS HEAVIN' AT BILLY JONES."

THE BIRTHDAY.

Cousin Emily. "AND SO IT'S LITTLE ALFRED'S BIRTHDAY TO-MORROW. NOW, WHAT WOULD HE LIKE BEST FOR A PRESENT?"

Alfred (after much reflection). "WHY, I THINK I SHOULD LIKE A—I SHOULD LIKE A TESTAMENT—AND—A—A—AND—OH, *I* KNOW! I SHOULD LIKE A SQUIRT!!"

DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Sportsman (in Standing Beans). "WHERE TO, NOW, JACK?"

Jack. "WELL! LET'S SEE! I SHOULD JUST GO UP THE BEANS AGAIN, AND ACROSS THE TOP END, BEAT DOWN THE OTHER SIDE AND ROUND BY THE BOTTOM; WHILE YOU'RE THERE, GET OVER AND TRY OLD HAYCOCK'S STANDING OATS—HE WON'T MIND—I'LL STOP HERE AND MARK!"

A HARD RIDER.

Man on the Grey (who comes Express pace over the Stile, and cannons against two quiet riders). "BEG PARDON, GENTLEMEN, BUT MY HORSE HAS GOT *NO MOUTH!*"

BON-BON FROM A JUVENILE PARTY.

Doctor. "AHEM! WELL! AND WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY YOUNG FRIEND ADOLPHUS?"

Fond Mother. "WHY, HE'S NOT AT ALL THE THING, DOCTOR. HE WAS AT A JUVENILE PARTY LAST NIGHT, WHERE THERE WAS A TWELFTH CAKE; AND IT PAINS ME TO SAY, THAT BESIDES EATING A GREAT DEAL TOO MUCH OF THE CAKE, HE WAS IMPRUDENT ENOUGH TO EAT A HARLEQUIN AND A MAN ON HORSEBACK, AND, I AM SORRY TO ADD, A CUPID AND A BIRDCAGE FROM THE TOP OF IT!"

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

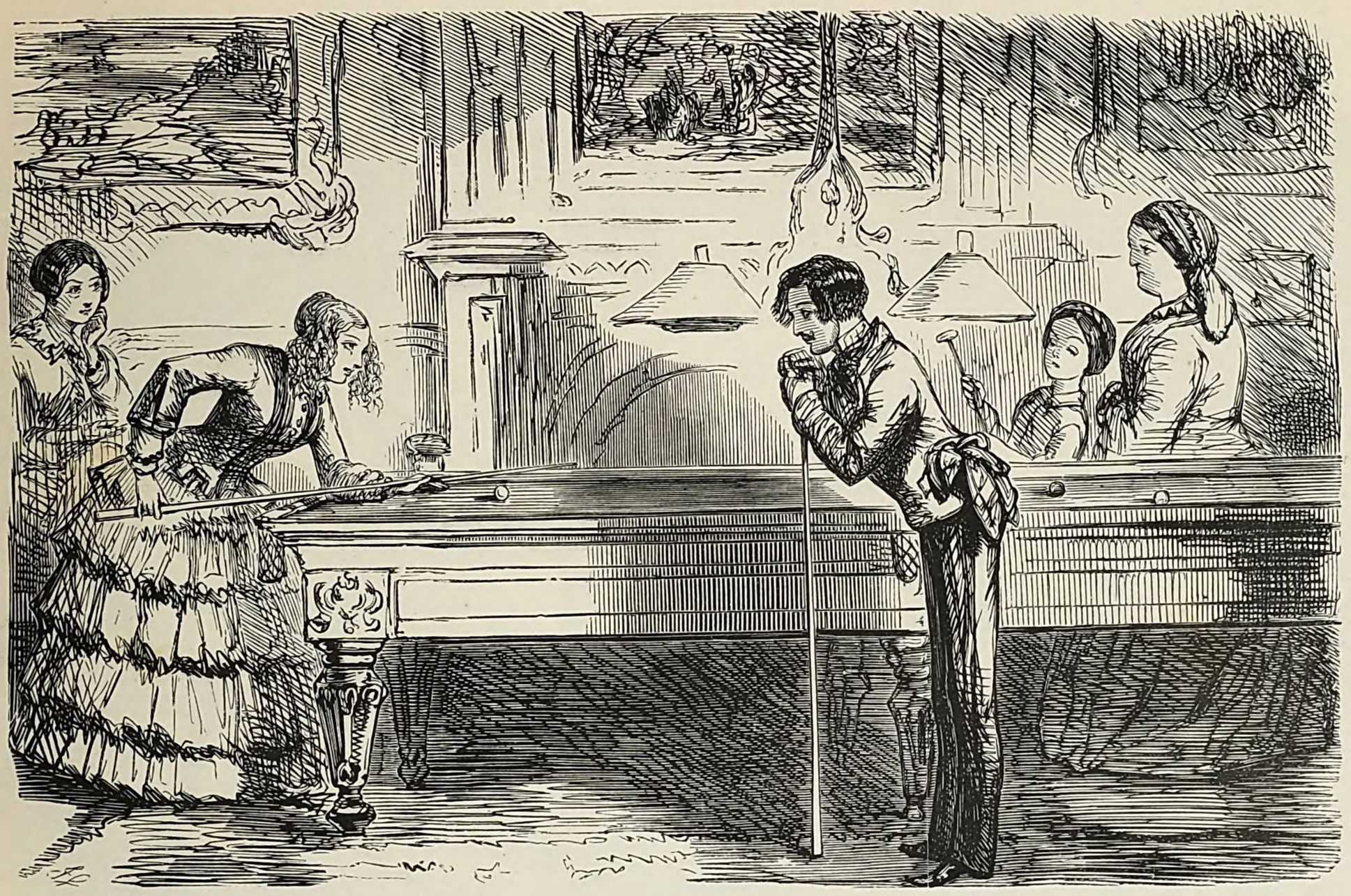
Tom. "JACK! WHEREABOUTS IS AMSTID—AM?"

Jack. "WELL, I CAN'T SAY EXACKERLY, BUT I KNOW IT'S SOMEWHERE NEAR AMSTID-EATH!"

HOW TO MAKE A CHATELAINE A REAL BLESSING TO MOTHERS.

THE PIKE IS A VORACIOUS FISH, AND BITES VERY READILY IN THE WINTER MONTHS.

OLD GENTLEMAN IS *VERY* FOND OF FISHING!!

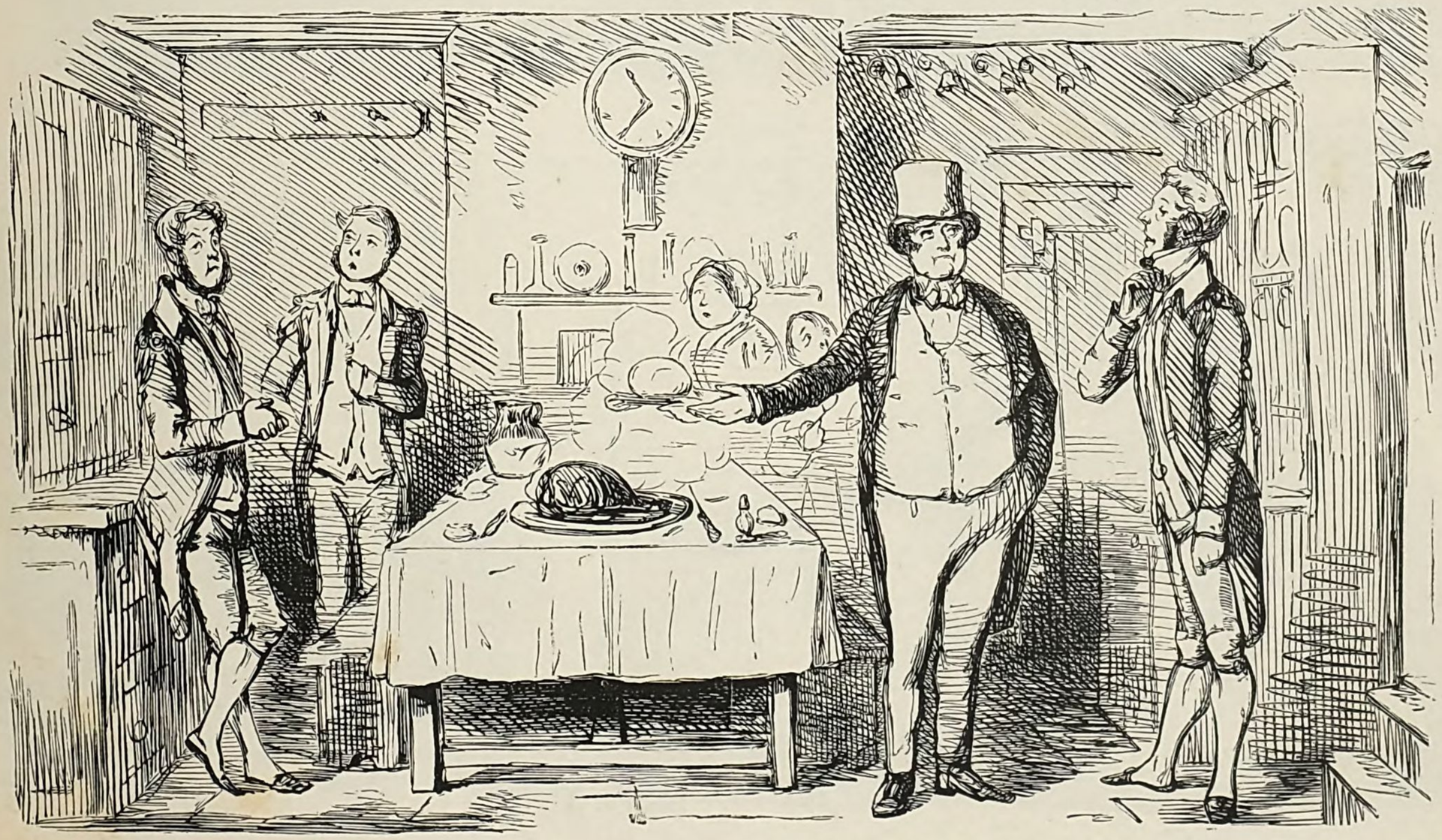


A NICE GAME AT BILLIARDS.

Pretty Cousin. "LET ME SEE, FREDERICK, I'M JUST EIGHTEEN TO YOUR LOVE?"

Frederick (who is always so ridiculous). "THAT IS PRECISELY THE STATE OF THE CASE, MY DEAREST GEORGINA."

Mamma (with severity). "COME, LUNCHEON IS QUITE READY."



VERY FINE GENTLEMEN.

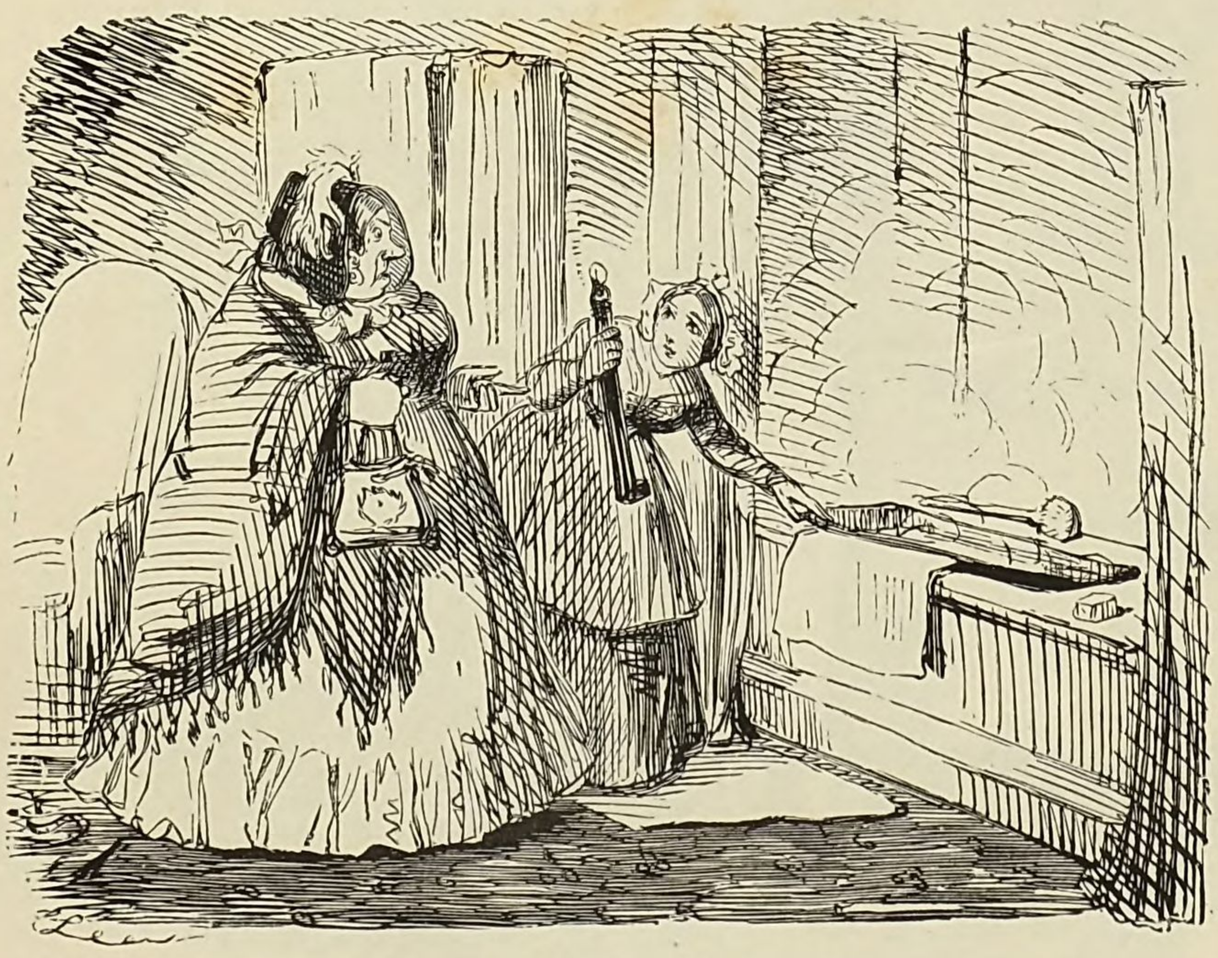
Master of the House. "NOW, PRAY WHAT IS IT YOU COMPLAIN OF? IS NOT A ROAST LEG OF MUTTON, WITH PLENTY OF PUDDING, VEGETABLES, AND BEER, A SUBSTANTIAL DINNER ENOUGH FOR YOU?"

Flunkey. "OH! SUBSTANTIAL ENOUGH, NO DOUBT, SIR; BUT IT REALLY IS A *QUIZZEEN* THAT—AW—ME AND THE OTHER GENTLEMEN HAS NOT BIN ACCUSTOMED TO. IT'S VERY CORSE—VERY CORSE, INDEED, SIR!!"

PLEASANT!

Nervous Gentleman. "DON'T YOU THINK, ROBERT, GOING SO FAST DOWN HILL IS VERY LIKELY TO MAKE THE HORSE FALL?"

Robert. "LOR BLESS YER—NO, SIR! I NEVER THROWED A OSS DOWN IN MY LIFE, 'XCEPT ONCE, AND THAT WAS ONE FROSTY MOONLIGHT NIGHT (JUST SUCH A NIGHT AS THIS IT WAS), AS I WAS A-DRIVIN' A GENT (AS MIGHT BE YOU) FROM THE STATION, WHEN I THROWED DOWN THIS WERRY OSS IN THIS WERRY IDENTICAL PLACE."



A TIGHT FIT.

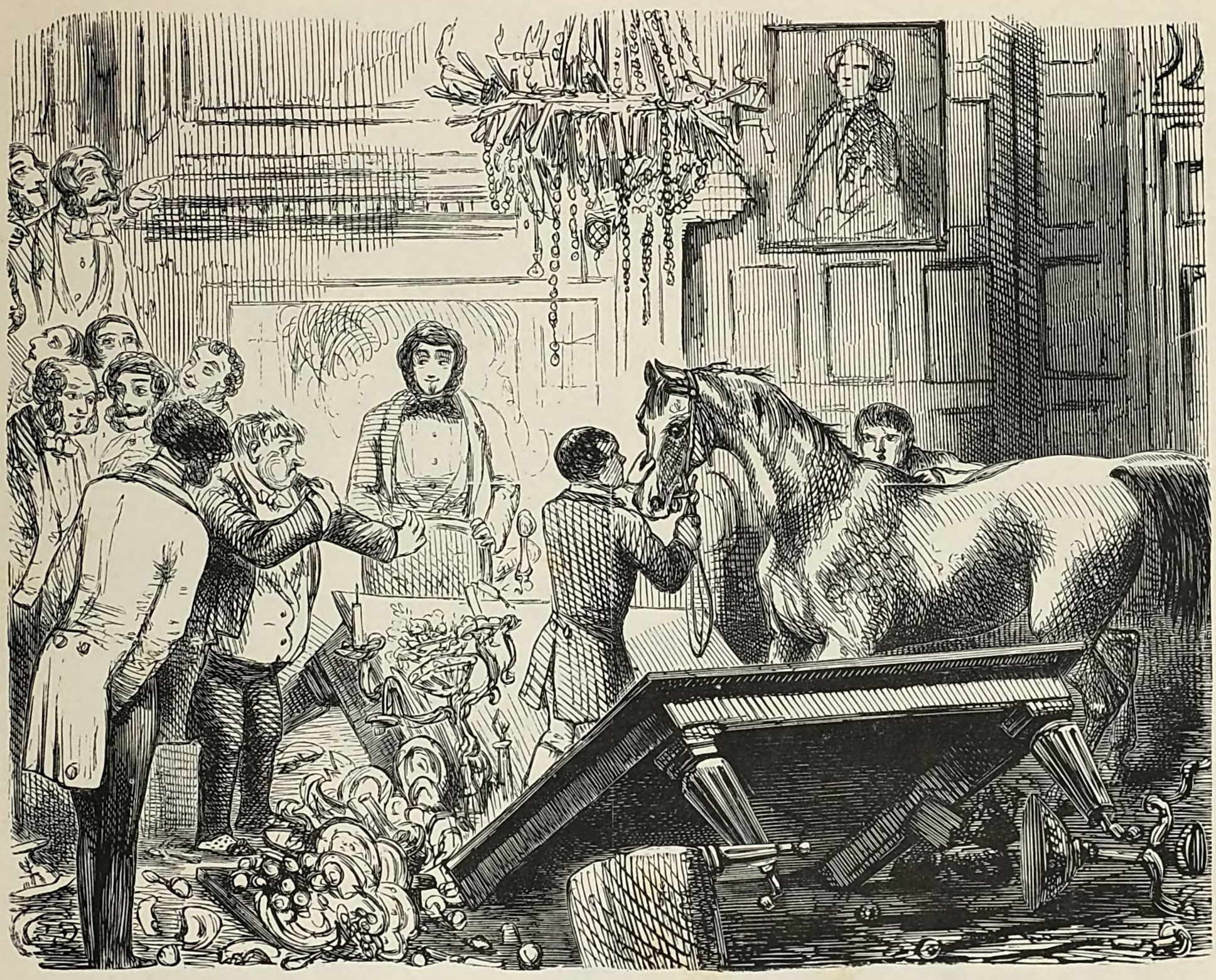
"YOUR BATH IS QUITE READY, MA'AM."

"WELL BUT MY GOOD GIRL, I CAN'T GET INTO SUCH A BIT OF A THING AS THAT!"

A PUZZLING ORDER.

"I'LL TROUBLE YOU TO MEASURE ME FOR A NEW PAIR OF BOOTS."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

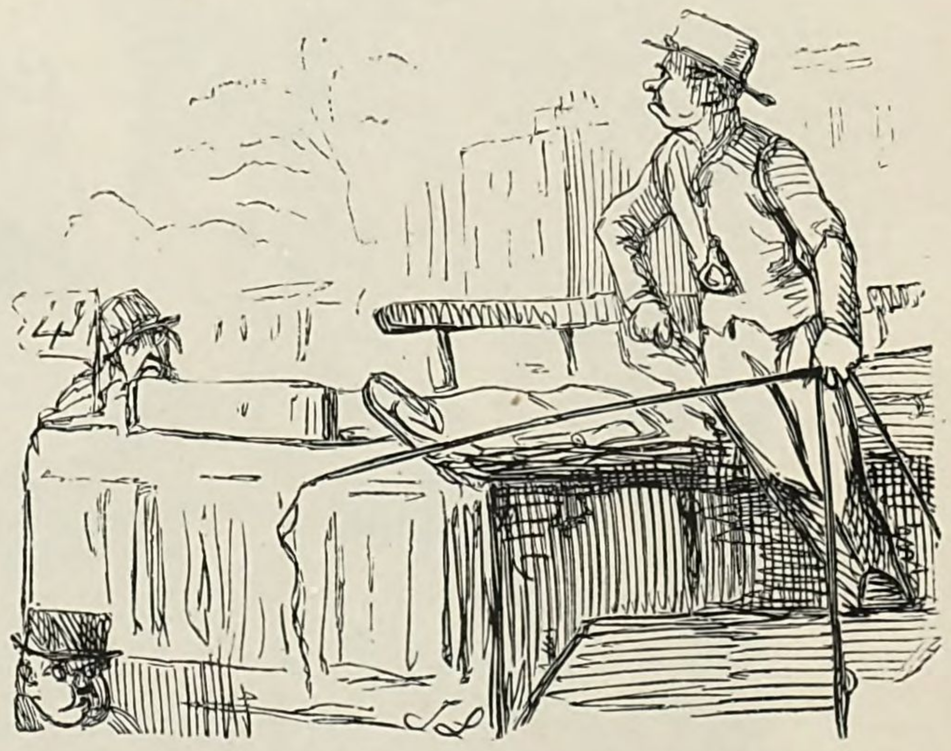


No. XII.

MR. BRIGGS, STIMULATED BY THE ACCOUNTS IN THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE DARING FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP AT AYLESBURY, AND EXCITED BY MR. HAYCOCK'S CLARET, TRIES WHETHER HE ALSO CAN RIDE OVER A DINING-ROOM TABLE.

NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS (?)

First Old Foozle. "WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE PAPER, SIR? THERE'S NOTHING IN IT."
Second Old Foozle. "THEN WHAT THE DEVIL DID YOU KEEP IT SO LONG FOR?"



A SUGGESTION.

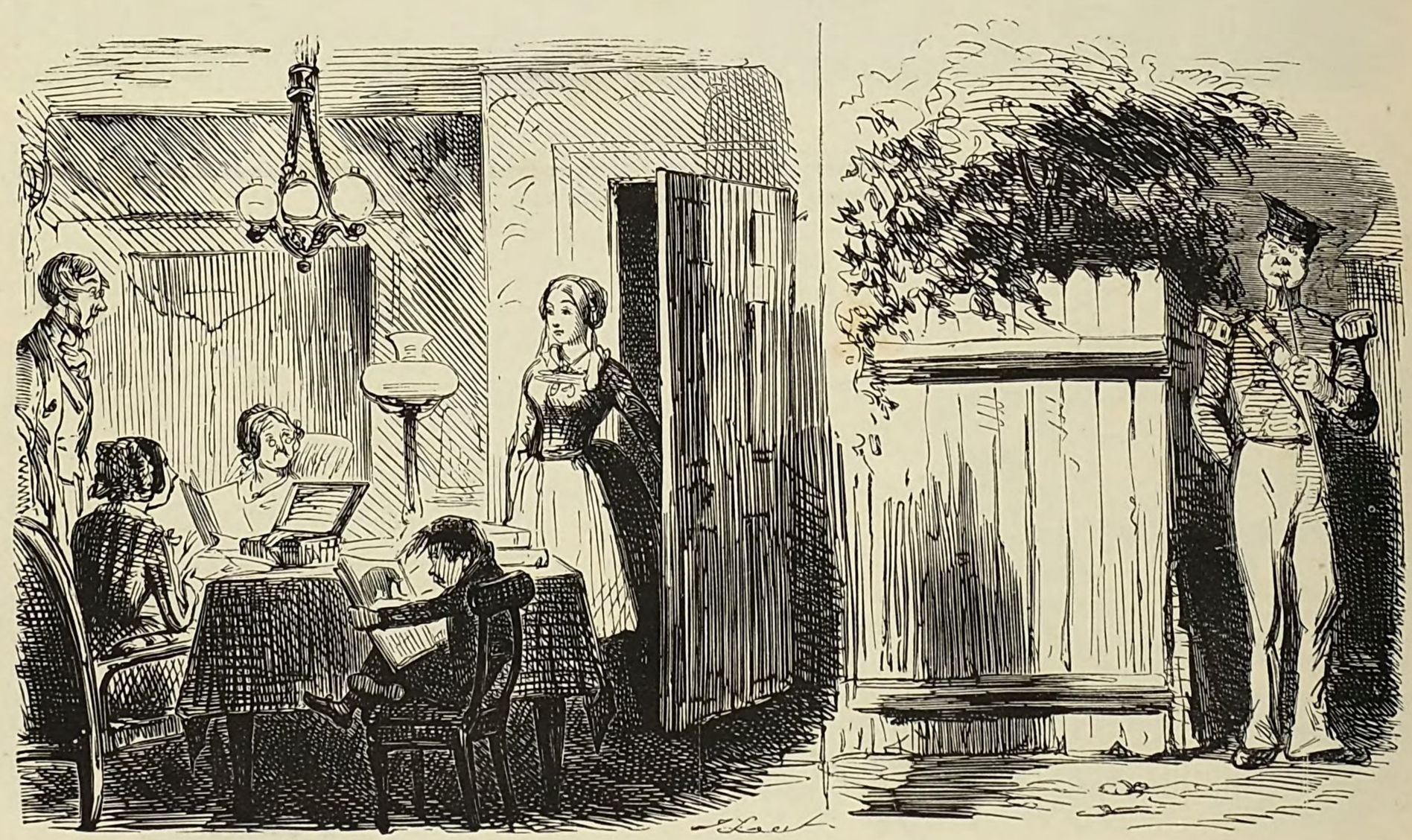
Driver. "WHERE DID THE OLD GENT WANT TO GO TO, BILL?"

Conductor. "VY, HE WANTED TO GO TO BLACKWALL IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR."

Driver. "OH! DID HE? THEN HE'D BETTER ORDER A BALLOON!!!"

VALUABLE HINT.

ALWAYS BOLT THE DOOR OF YOUR MACHINE AFTER BATHING, OR YOU MAY BE SERVED AS POOR MR. BRIGGS WAS ONE DAY. HIS DISASTER IS REPRESENTED ABOVE.



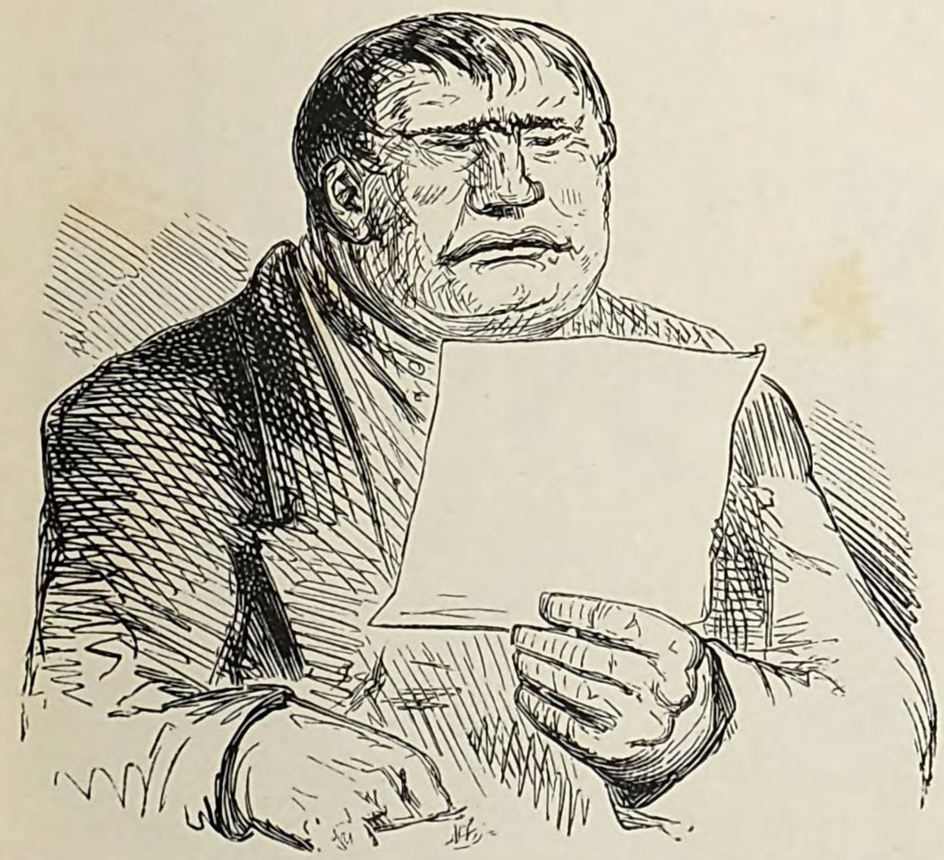
AN ARTFUL EXCUSE.

Servant Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, MEM, COULD I GO OUT FOR HALF-AN-HOUR TO BUY A BIT OF RIBBIN, MEM?"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HUNTING.

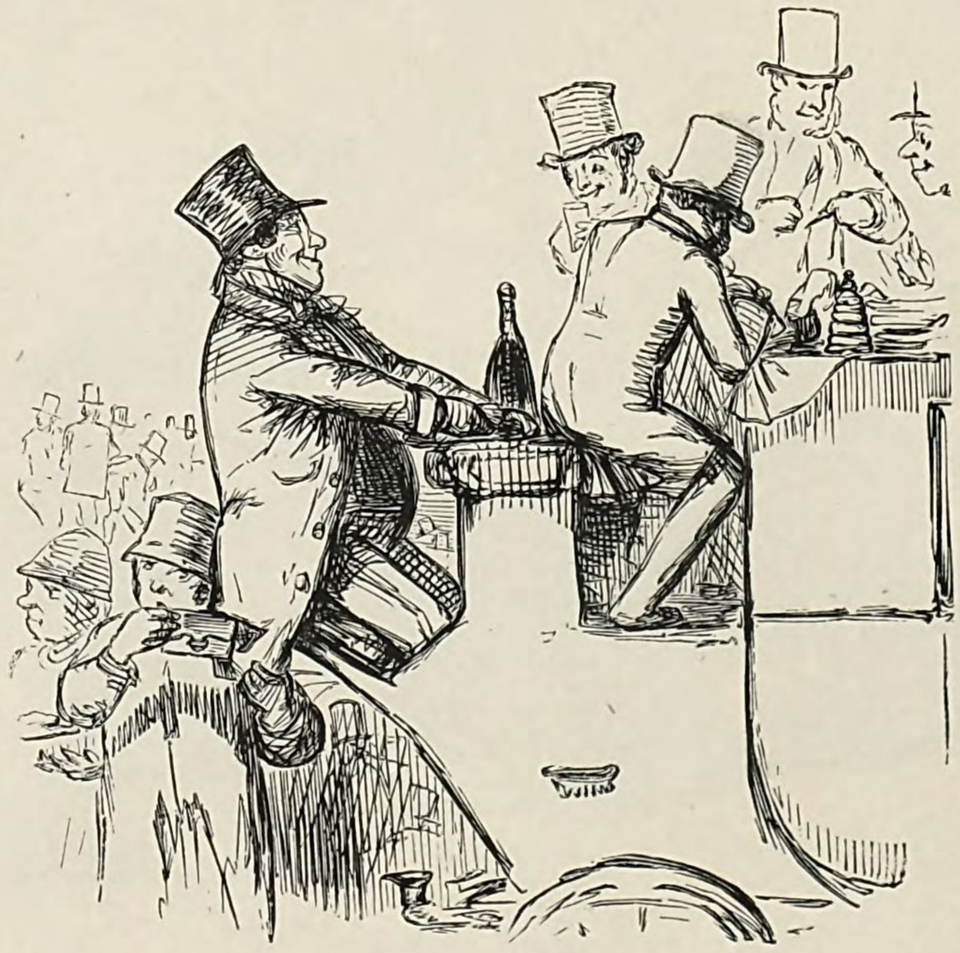
No. XIII.

MR. BRIGGS HAS GONE TO THE EXHIBITION.—A BOY HOLDS HIS HORSE IN THE MEANTIME.



A SKETCH OF CHARACTER BY PROFESSOR MILKANSOP, THE CELEBRATED GRAPHIOLOGIST.

Gentleman (reads). "'INTELLIGENT; STRONG RELIGIOUS FEELINGS! FOND OF LITTLE CHILDREN; LOVES, MUSIC, POETRY, AND THE FINE ARTS; IS RELUCTANT TO TAKE OFFENCE, GENEROUS AND FORGIVING.'—WELL, I'M BLOWED, IF THAT AIN'T WONDERFUL! WHY, IT'S MY KARACTER TO A T!"



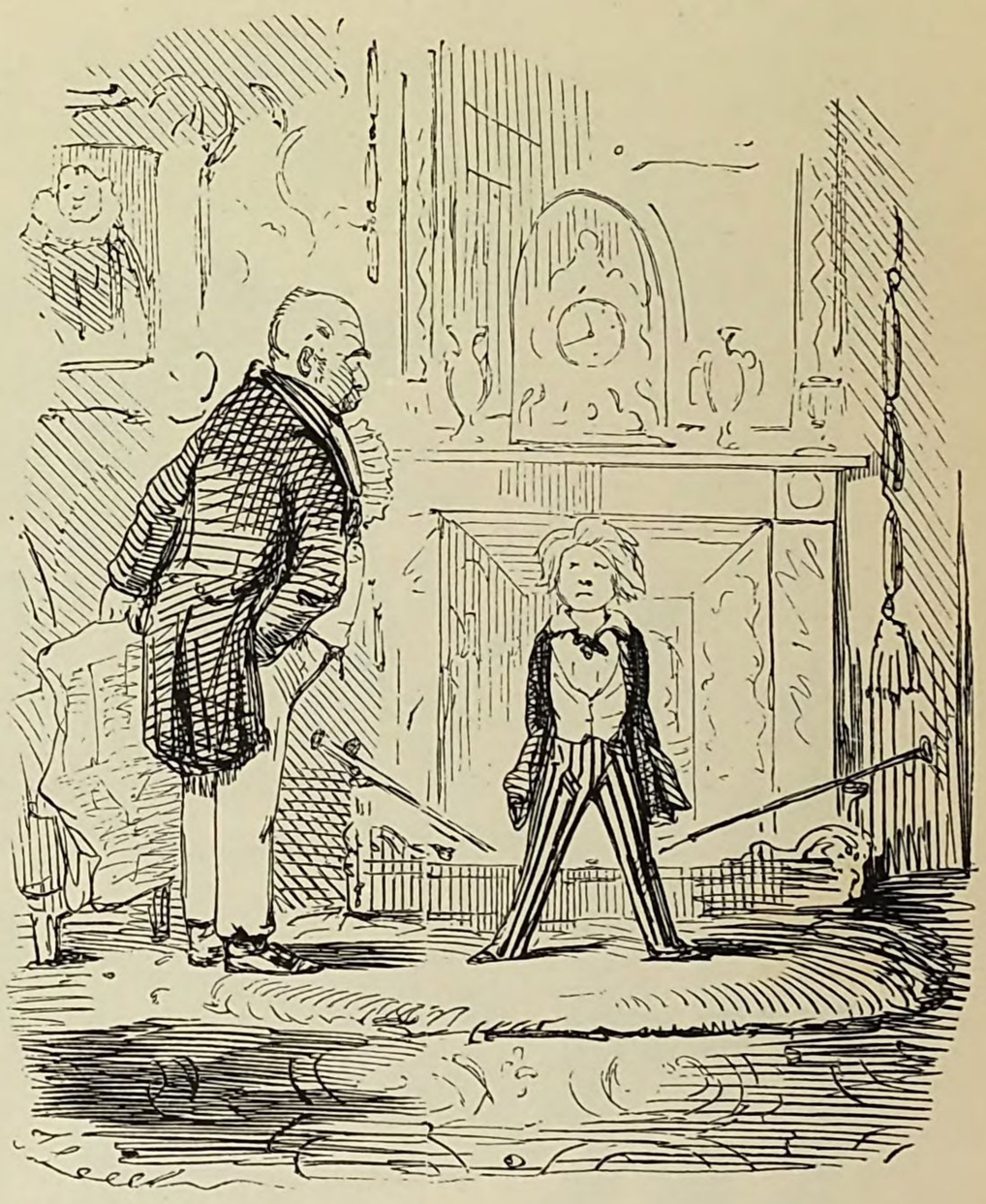
AN INGENIOUS FELLOW.

"LOOK HERE, MY BOY! THE BOX MAKES A CAPITAL TABLE, AND THE BOOT IS JUST THE THING FOR YOUR LEGS."

[Pocket-book disappears.

A WEIGHTY MATTER.

Cavalry Officer (who rides about five stone). "I'M DOOCED GLAD WE'RE IN THE HEAVIES; AIN'T YOU, CHARLEY? IT WOULD BE A HORRID BORE TO BE SENT OUT TO THE CAPE LIKE THOSE POOR LIGHT BOBS."



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Juvenile. "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, GOVERNOR, THE SOONER WE COME TO SOME UNDERSTANDING THE BETTER. YOU CAN'T EXPECT A YOUNG FELLER TO BE ALWAYS AT HOME; AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE WAY I GO ON, WHY I MUST HAVE CHAMBERS, AND SO MUCH A-WEEK?"

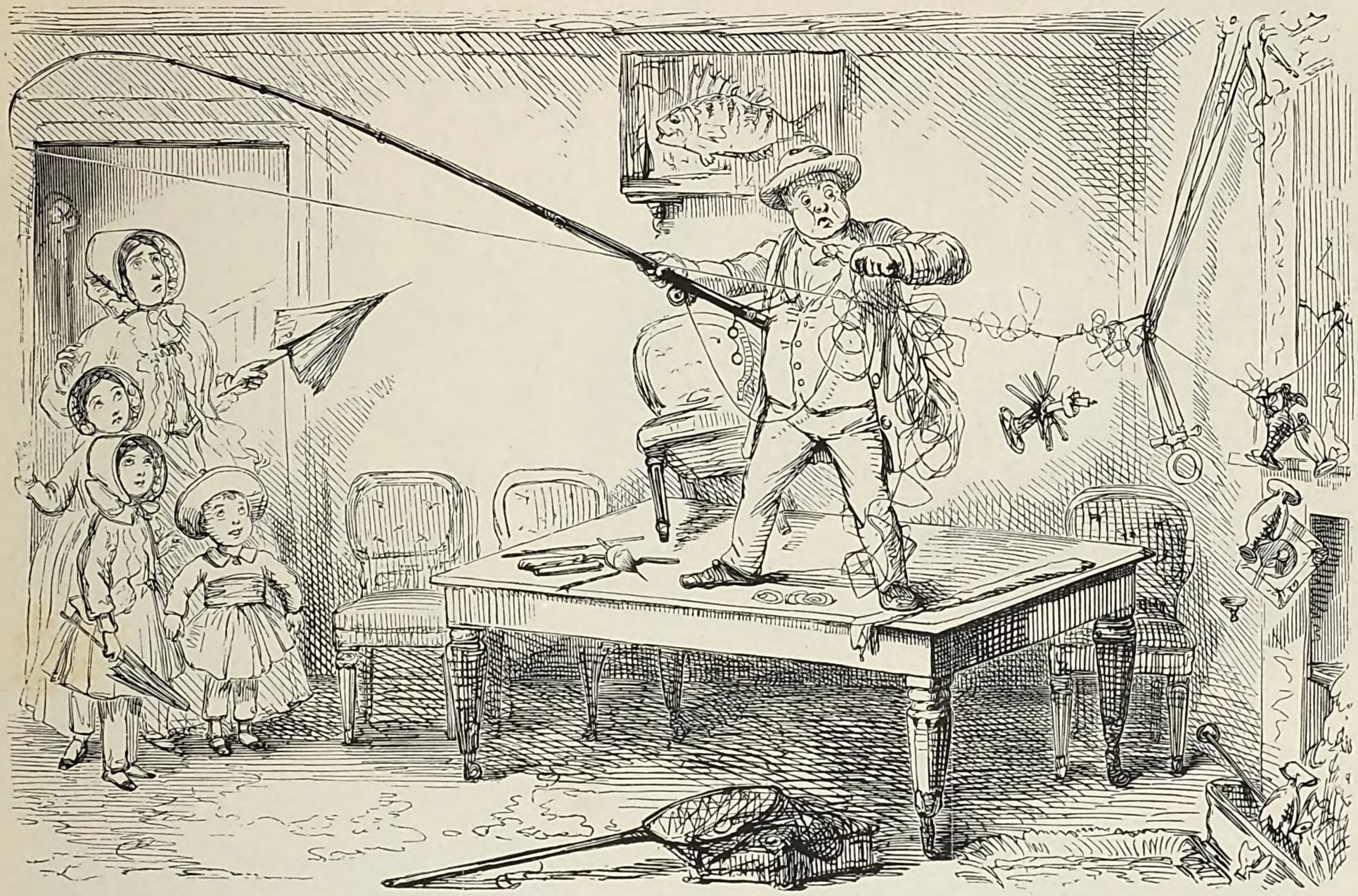
A PERSONAL OPINION.

Elderly Spinster. "SO, YOU'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED, DEAR, ARE YOU? WELL, FOR MY PART, I THINK NINE-HUNDRED-AND-NINETY-NINE MARRIAGES OUT OF A THOUSAND TURN OUT MISERABLY; BUT OF COURSE EVERY ONE IS THE BEST JUDGE OF THEIR OWN FEELINGS."

LITTLE WOMEN.

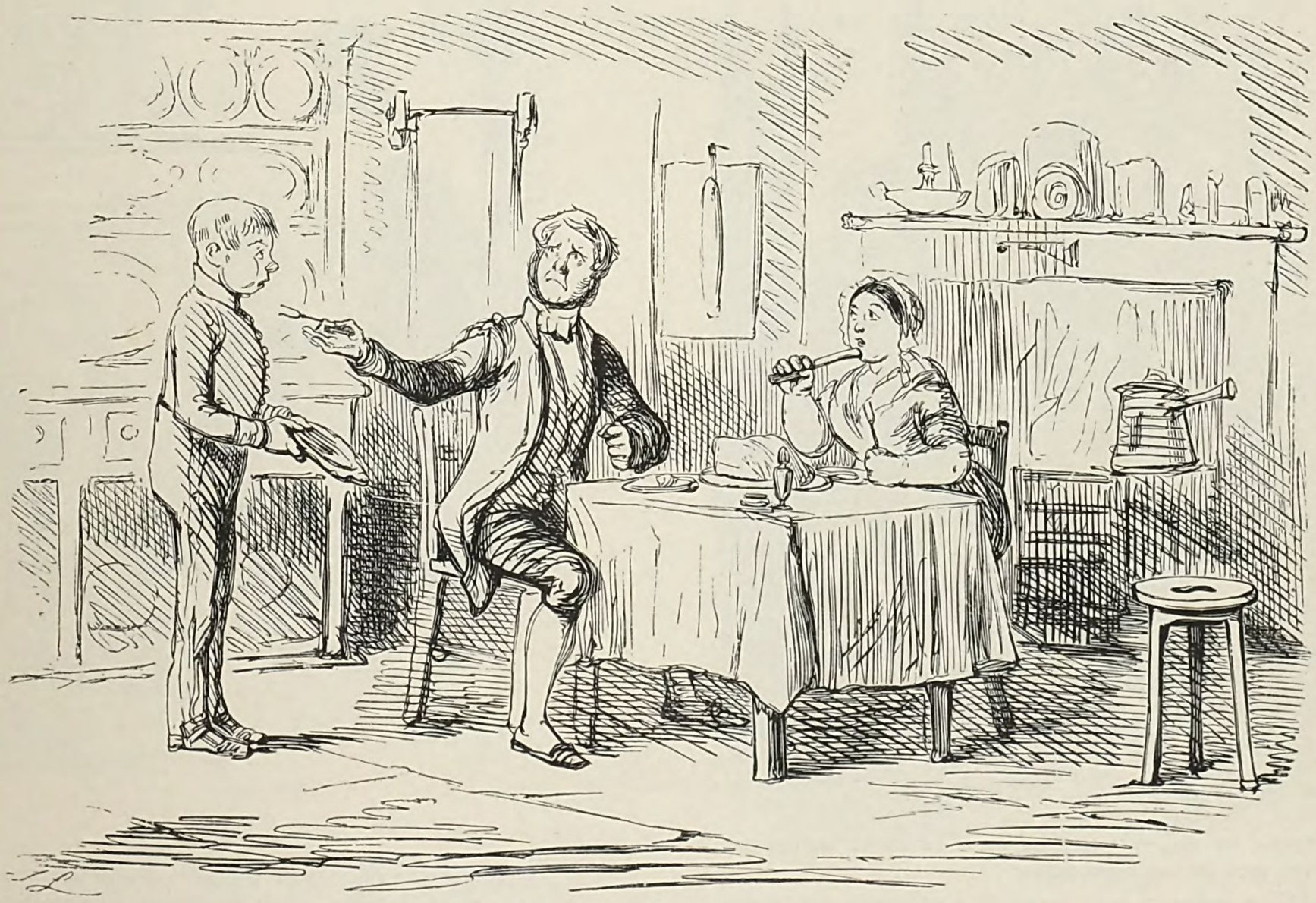
First Matron. "HAS YOUR DOLL HAD THE MEASLES, AMELIA? MINE HAS—"
Second Matron. "NO, DEAR. BUT IT'S BEEN VERY FRACTIOUS ABOUT ITS TEETH, AND I'M GOING TO GIVE IT A LITTLE GREY POWDER."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.



No. I.

OUR FRIEND BRIGGS CONTEMPLATES A DAY'S FISHING.



A GROSS OFFENCE.

Flunkey. "HOW DARE YOU BRING ME A STEEL FORK, SIR!"

Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München

CAUGHT.

Domestic (soliloquising). "WELL! I'M SURE MISSUS HAD BETTER GIVE THIS NEW BONNET TO ME, INSTEAD OF STICKING SUCH A YOUNG-LOOKING THING UPON HER OLD SHOULDERS."

(The impudent minx has immediate warning.)

STREET DIALOGUE.

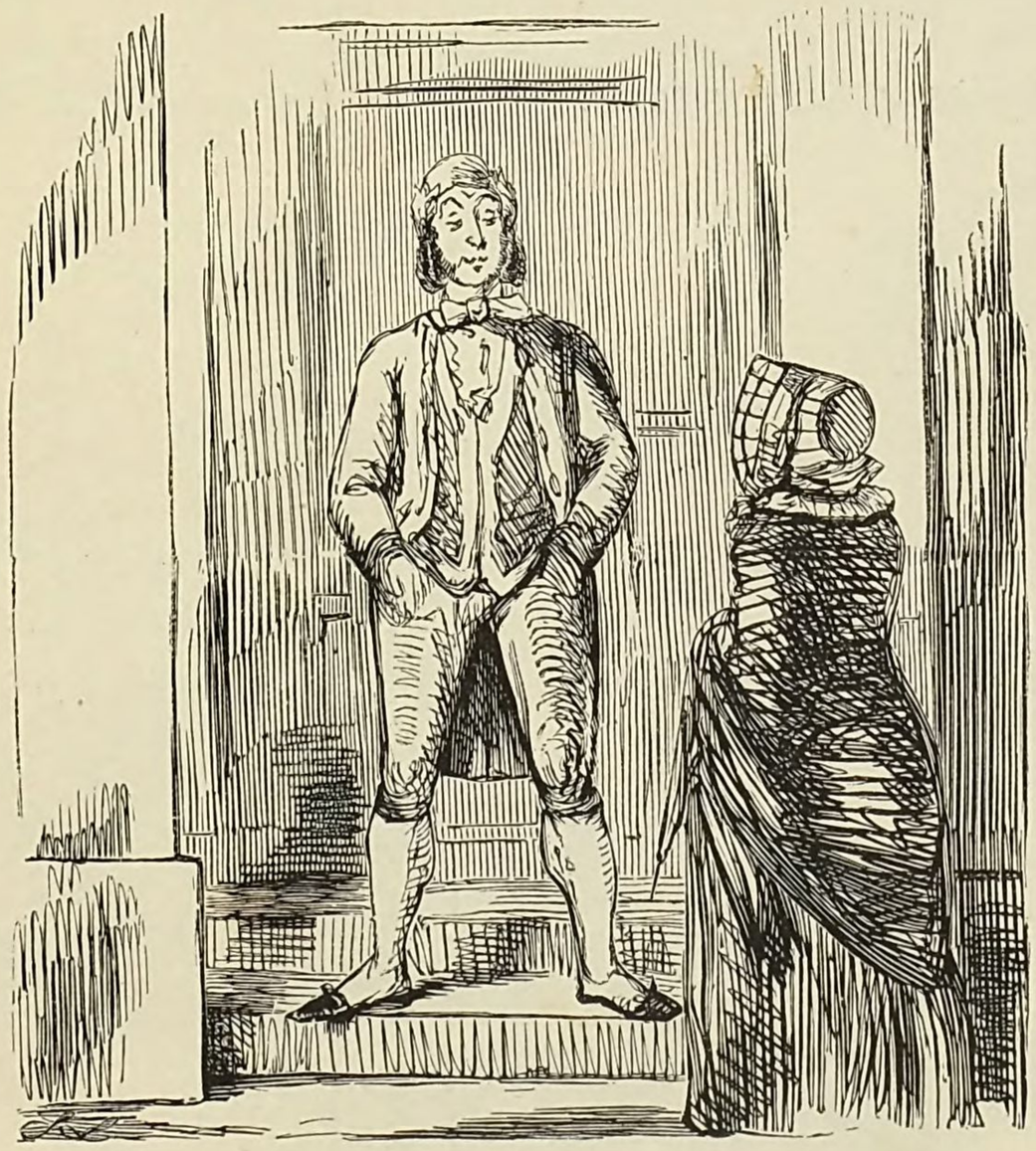
First Boy. "I'LL PUNCH YER ED, IF YER SAY MUCH."

Second Boy. "WHO'LL PUNCH MY ED?"—*First Boy.* "I WILL."

Second Boy. "*YOU* WILL?"—*First Boy.* "YES, *I* WILL."

Second Boy. "WELL!—DO IT."—*First Boy.* "AH!"

Second Boy. "YES!"—*First Boy.* "OH!" [*Boys evaporate.*



A PRUDENT RESOLVE.

'Ousemaid. "WELL, MR. ROBERT, I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE OFF TO THE DIGGINGS ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE GENTLEMEN?"

Flunkey. "NOT IF I KNOWS IT, MARY, MY DEAR. I AIN'T BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO FIZZICAL EXERTION; AND I DON'T INTEND TO BEGIN HARD WORK AT MY TIME OF LIFE."

USED UP.

Grandmamma. "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY PET?"

Child. "WHY, GRANDMA, AFTER GIVING THE SUBJECT EVERY CONSIDERATION, I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT—THE WORLD IS HOLLOW, AND MY DOLL IS STUFFED WITH SAWDUST, SO—I—SHOULD—LIKE—IF YOU PLEASE, TO BE A NUN!"

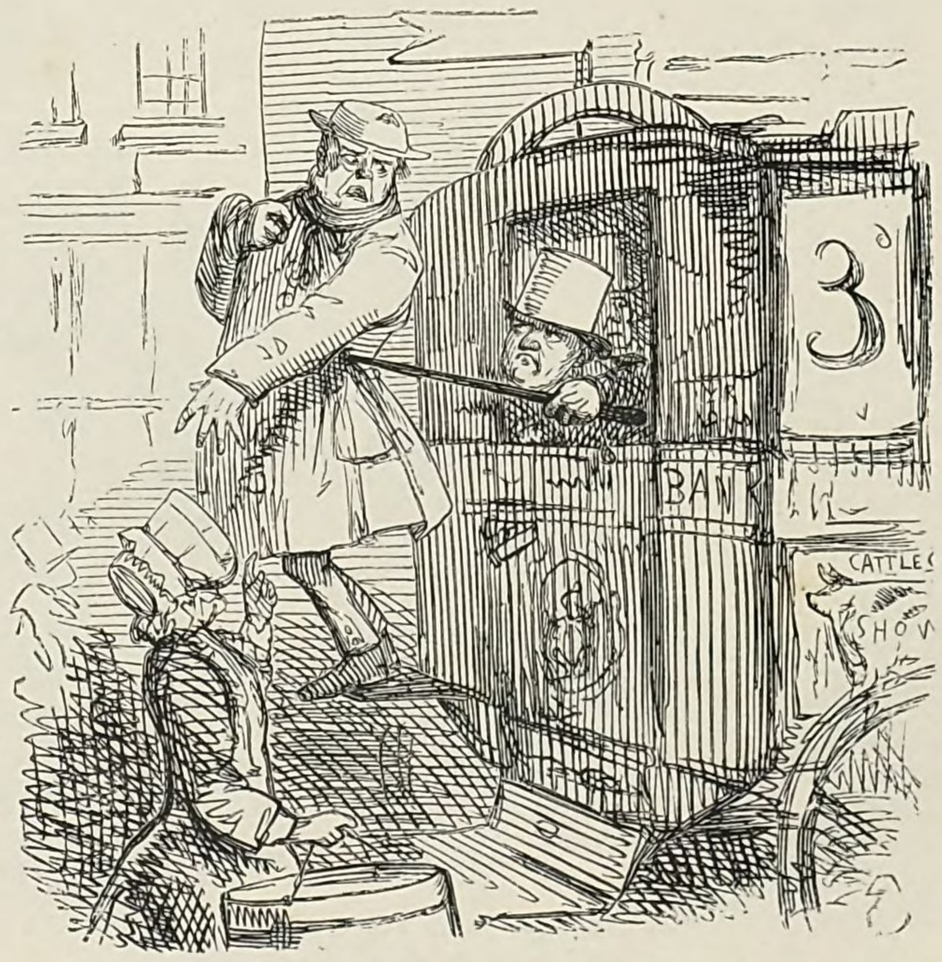
MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.

No. II.

MR. BRIGGS STARTS ON HIS FISHING EXCURSION.

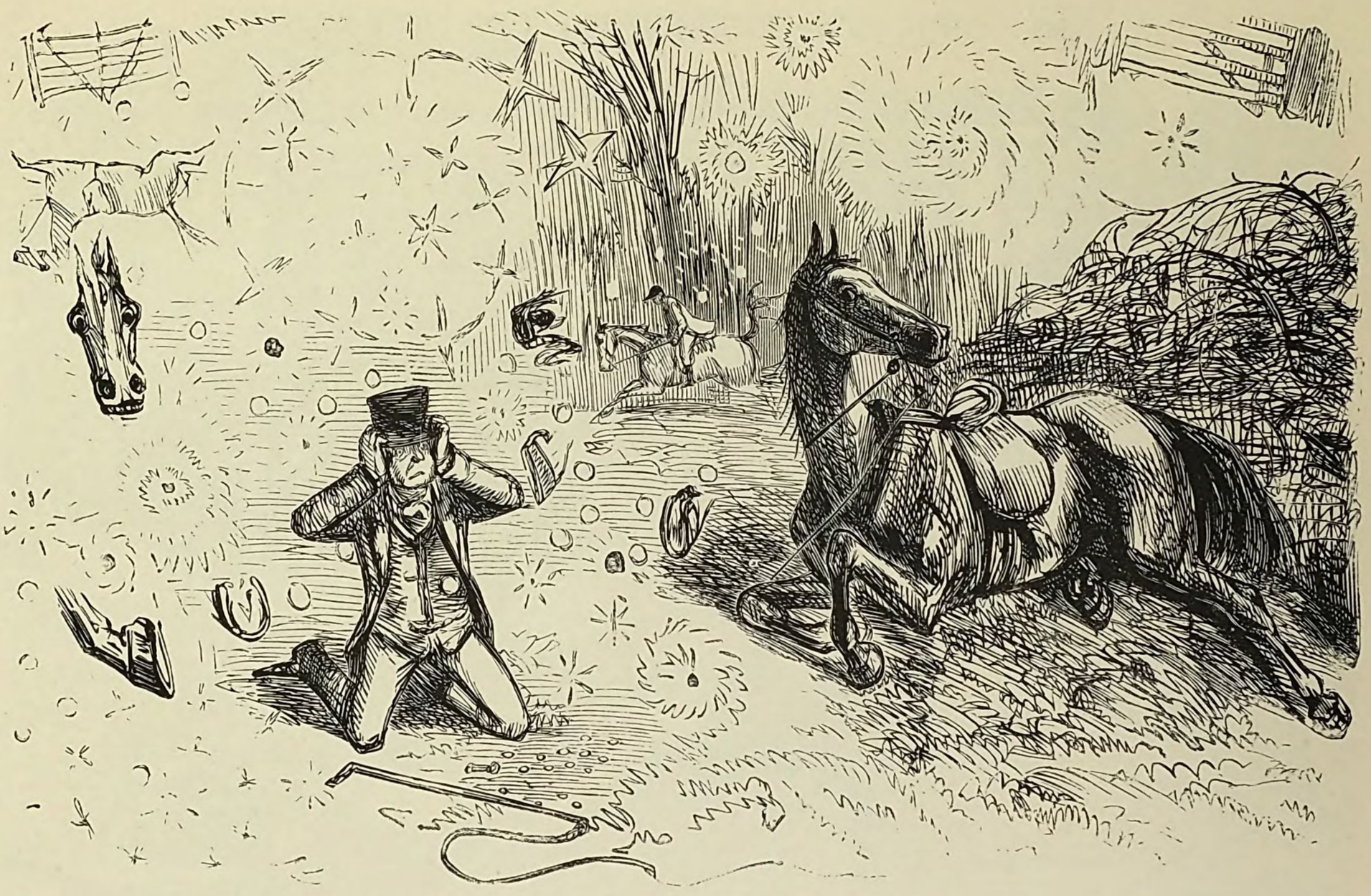
No. III.

MR. B. WON'T HAVE A MAN WITH HIM, AS HE THINKS HE CAN MANAGE A PUNT BY HIMSELF; AND THE CONSEQUENCE IS, HE IS OBLIGED TO GO TO BED WHILE HIS THINGS ARE DRIED, HAVING UPSET HIMSELF, AS A MATTER OF COURSE.



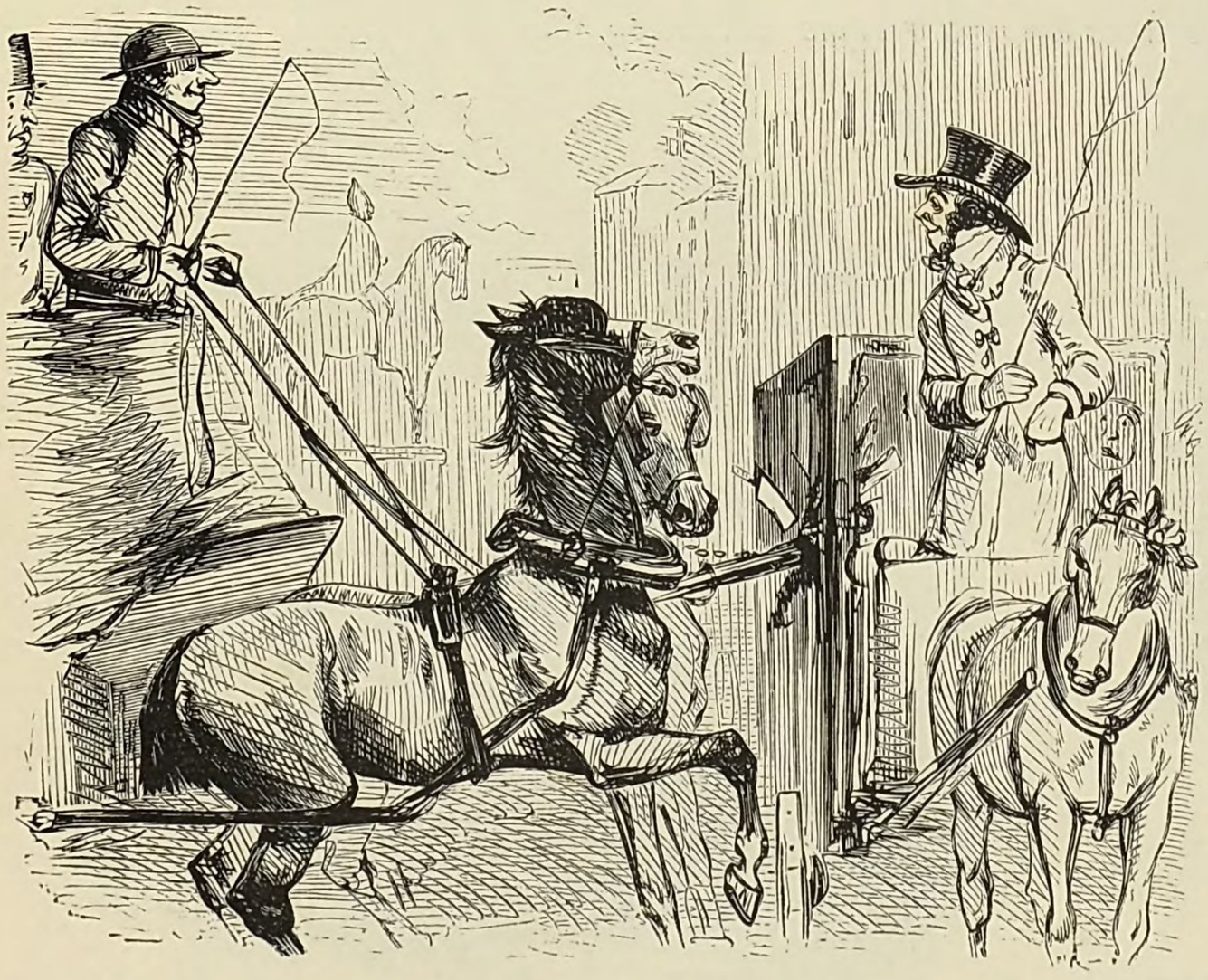
ENERGETIC.

"HJJ—THERE!—STOP!"



HUNTING MEMORANDUM—APPEARANCE OF THINGS IN GENERAL TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST TURNED A COMPLETE SOMERSAULT!!

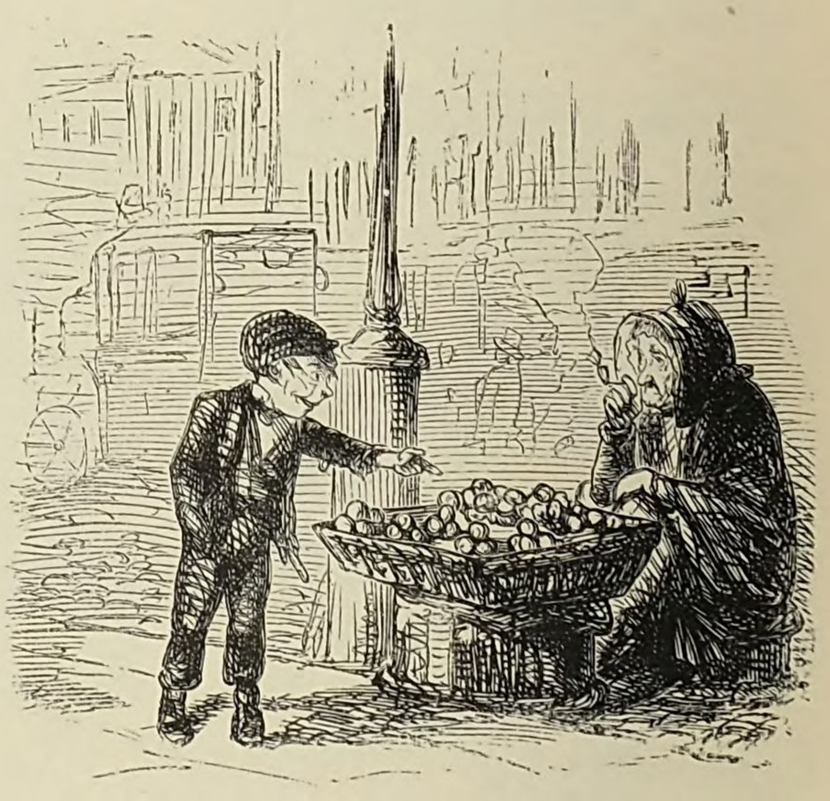
* &C. &C. REPRESENT SPARKS OF DIVERS BEAUTIFUL COLOURS.



MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.

Omnibus Driver. "I BEG YOU A THOUSAND PARDONS, I AM SURE."

Cabman. "OH, PRAY DON'T MENTION IT. IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE, BELIEVE ME!"



MUCH TOO CLEVER.

Sharp (but vulgar Little Boy). "HALLO, MISSUS, WOT ARE THOSE?"

Old Woman. "TWOPENCE."

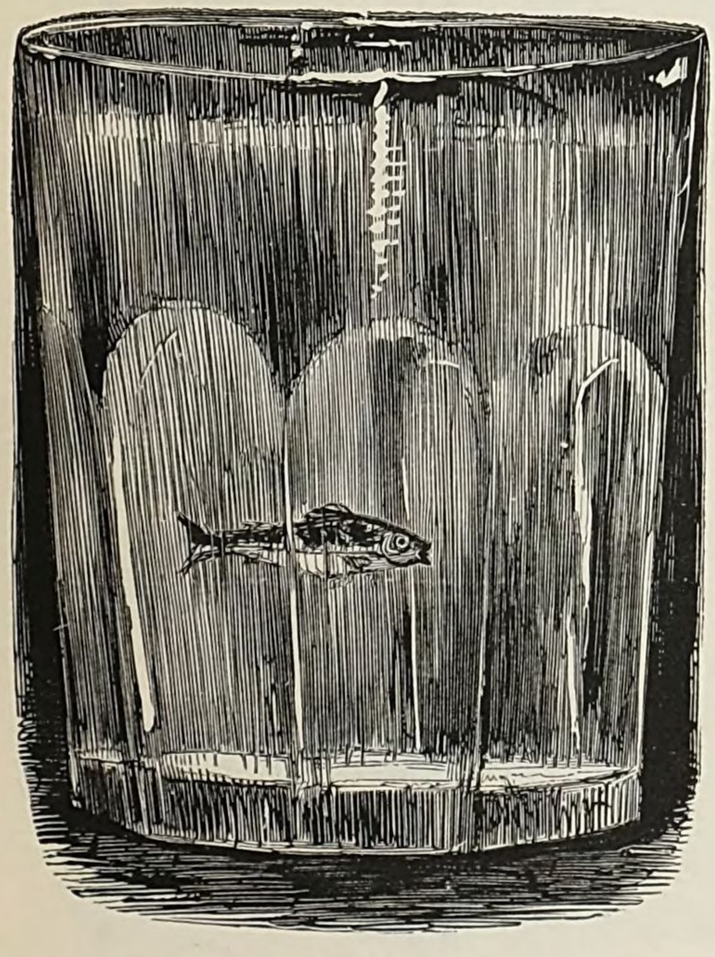
Boy. "WHAT A LIE! THEY'RE APPLES."

[*Exit, whistling popular air.*

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.

No. IV.

MR. BRIGGS TRIES (FOR MANY HOURS) A LIKELY PLACE FOR A PERCH; BUT UPON THIS OCCASION THE WIND IS NOT IN A FAVOURABLE QUARTER.

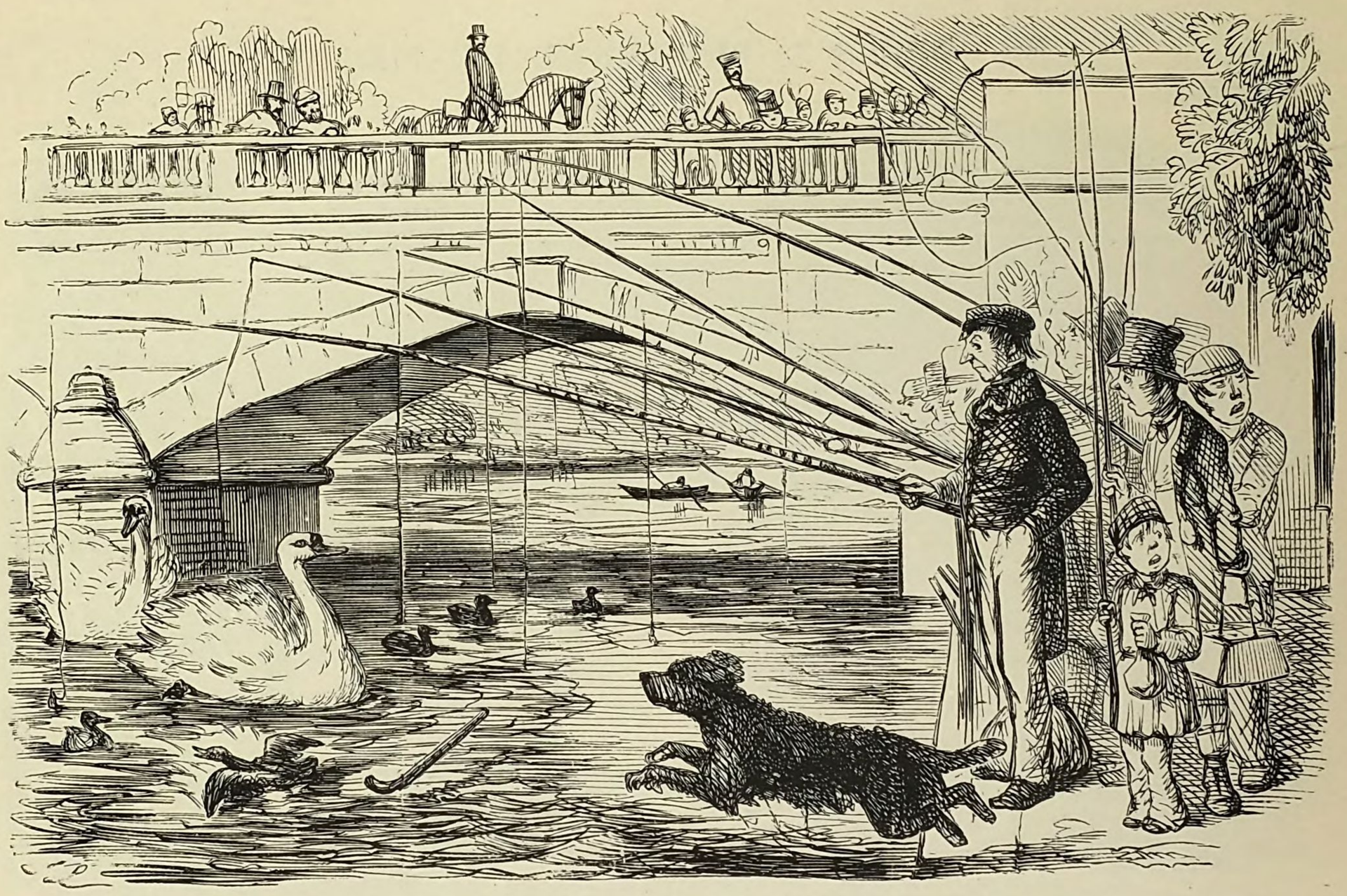


No. V.

MINNOW CAUGHT BY MR. BRIGGS; EXACT SIZE OF LIFE.

RETURNING FROM THE SEA-SIDE.—A LITTLE COMMISSION.

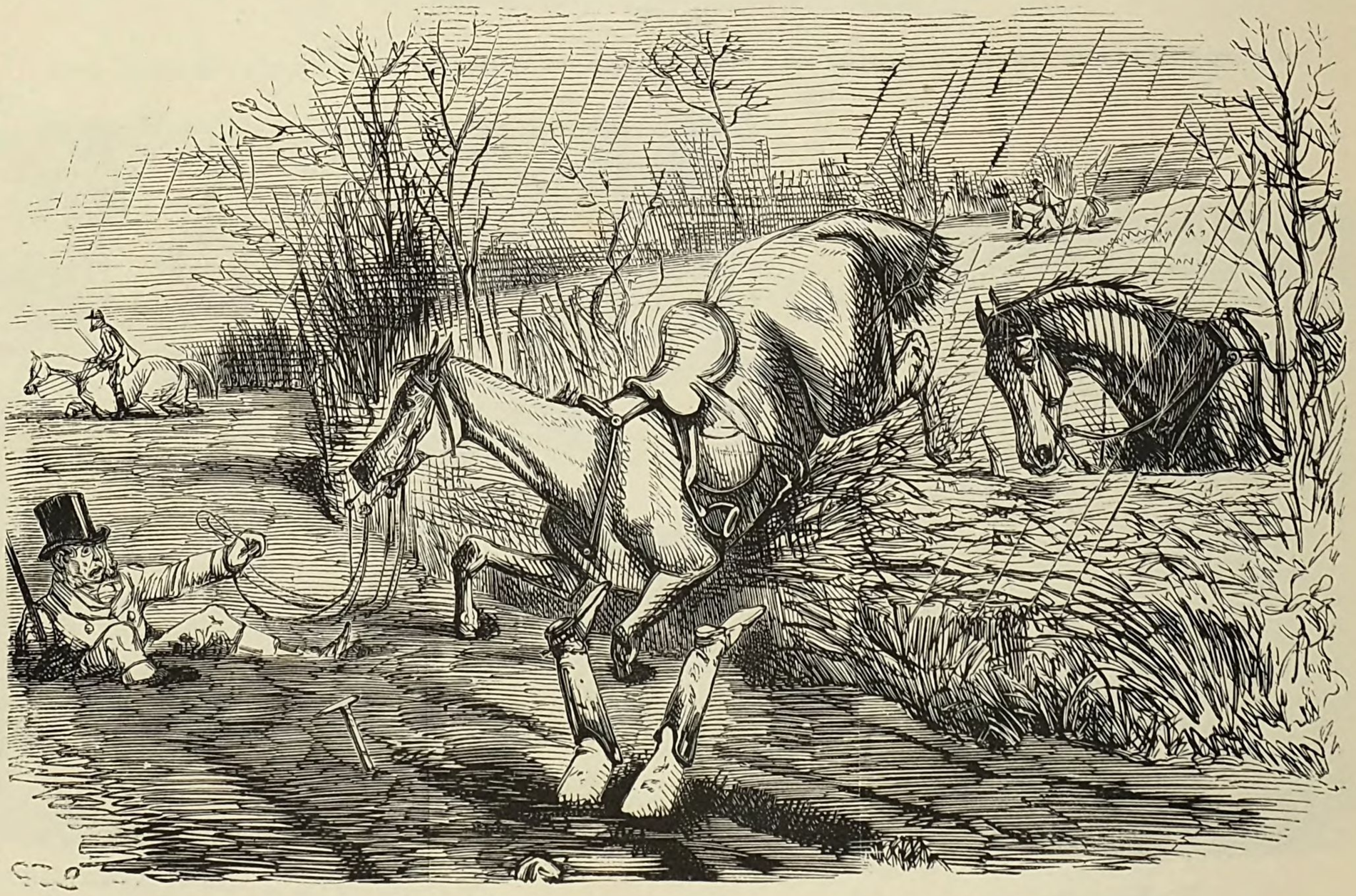
"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR,—MRS. GENERAL SLOWCOACH'S COMPLIMENTS, AND SHE SAYS IF YOU'RE GOING BY THE TRAIN THIS MORNING, SHE WOULD FEEL PERTICKLER OBLIGED BY YOUR TAKING CHARGE OF THIS LITTLE CASK OF SEA-WATER AS FAR AS HER 'OUSE."



ANGLING IN THE SERPENTINE.—SATURDAY, P.M.

Piscator No. 1. "HAD EVER A BITE, JIM?"

Piscator No. 2. "NOT YET—I ONLY COME HERE LAST WEDNESDAY!"



SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

"THE COUNTRY IS AWFULLY DEEP, BUT THE FALLING IS DELIGHTFULLY SOFT AND SAFE."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.

No. VI.

MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY'S FISHING.

HE IS SO FORTUNATE AS TO CATCH A LARGE EEL.

AN UNDESIGNED INCIDENT.

"HOW COOL AND NICE THE FRENCH-POLISHED FLOORS ARE;—BUT—UGH!—OH DEAR!—HOW HARD!"

From the Collection of "Mr. Punch," 1842—1864.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

PATERFAMILIAS PREFERS HIS OWN BEDROOM (WHICH THE WHITEWASHERS HAVE JUST LEFT) TO THE DISCOMFORT OF AN HOTEL.

THE GENTLE CRAFT.

Contemplative Man (in punt). "I DON'T SO MUCH CARE ABOUT THE SPORT, IT'S THE DELICIOUS REPOSE I ENJOY SO."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.

No. VII.

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF MR. BRIGGS.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER (ASSISTED BY HIS LITTLE BOY WALTER), HE CATCHES A JACK, WHICH, TO USE MR. B.'S OWN WORDS, FLIES AT HIM, AND BARKS LIKE A DOG

SPLENDID DAY WITH THE "QUEEN'S."

First Sporting Snob. "WELL, BILL, WHAT SORT OF A DAY HAVE YER HAD?"

Second Ditto. "OH, MAGNIFICENT, MY BOY! I SEE THE 'OUNDS SEVERAL TIMES; AND NONE OF YER NASTY 'EDGES AN' DITCHES, EITHER; BUT A PRIME TURNPIKE ROAD ALL THE WAY."

DREADFUL CRISIS.

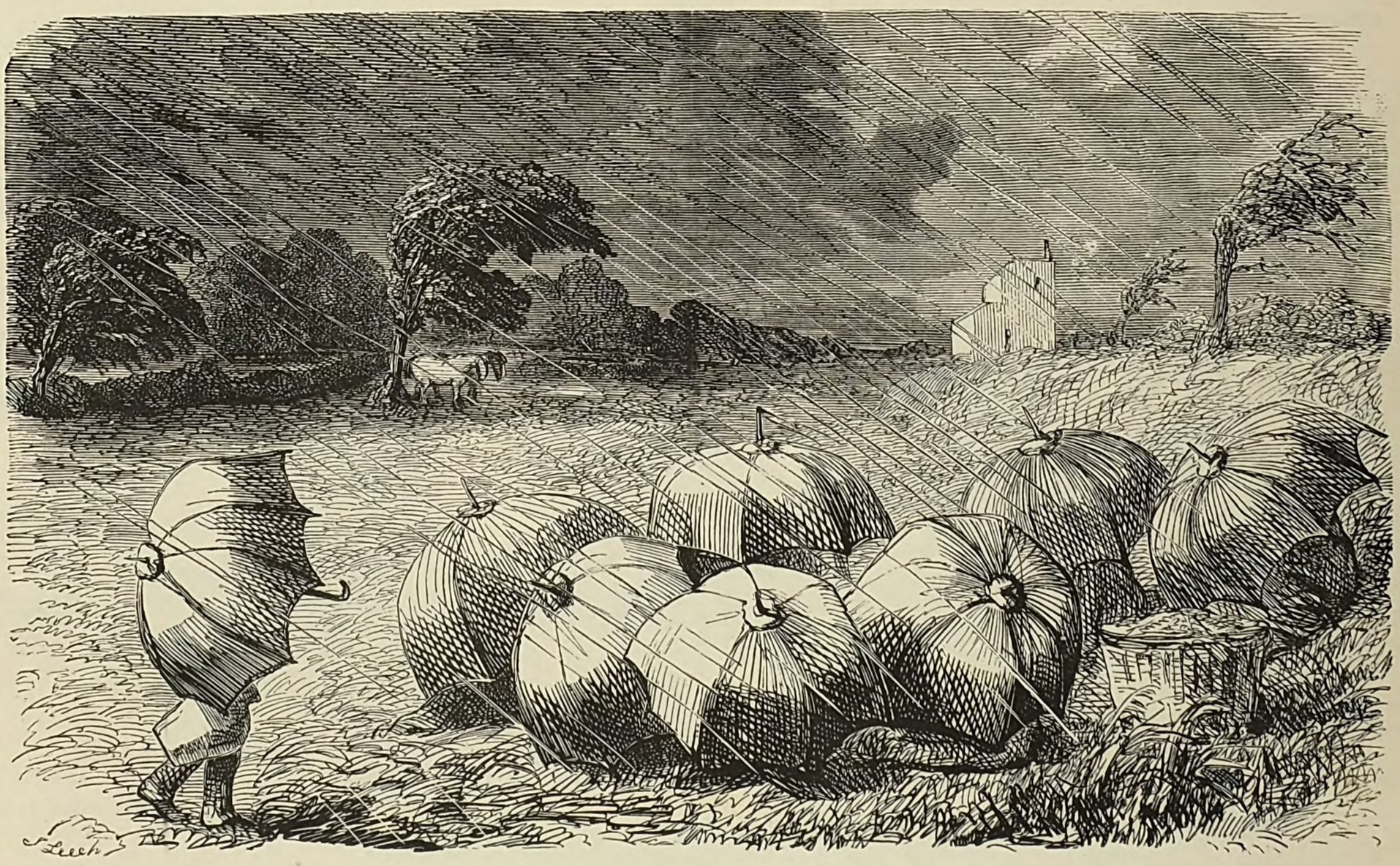
Victim. "HOPE YOU WILL NOT BE OFFENDED, SIR; BUT I SHOULD BE VERY GLAD IF YOU COULD SETTLE MY LITTLE BILL UP TO CHRISTMAS."

Mr. Dunup. "OFFENDED, MY DEAR BOY! NOT IN THE LEAST! BUT THE FACT IS, I HAVE 'SUSPENDED CASH PAYMENTS' FOR SOME TIME."

FOX STEALS AWAY FROM THE COVER; BEARDED FOREIGNER OF DISTINCTION IMMEDIATELY GIVES CHASE.

Whipper-in (with excitement, loquitur). "'OLD 'ARD, THERE! 'OLD 'ARD! WHERE ARE YOU A-GALLOPING TO? DO YOU THINK *YOU* CAN CATCH A FOX?"

Foreigner of Distinction (with great glee). "I DO NOT KNOW, MON AMI; BUT I WILL TRAI—I WILL TRAI!"



THE PIC-NIC.

Contented Man (loq.). "WHAT A NICE DAMP PLACE WE HAVE SECURED; AND HOW VERY FORTUNATE WE ARE IN THE WEATHER; IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SO PROVOKING FOR US ALL TO HAVE BROUGHT OUR UMBRELLAS AND THEN TO HAVE HAD A FINE DAY!! GLASS OF WINE, BRIGGS, EH?"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF FISHING.

No. VIII.

MR. BRIGGS, ANXIOUS TO BECOME A "COMPLETE ANGLER," STUDIES THE "GENTLE ART" OF FLY-FISHING.

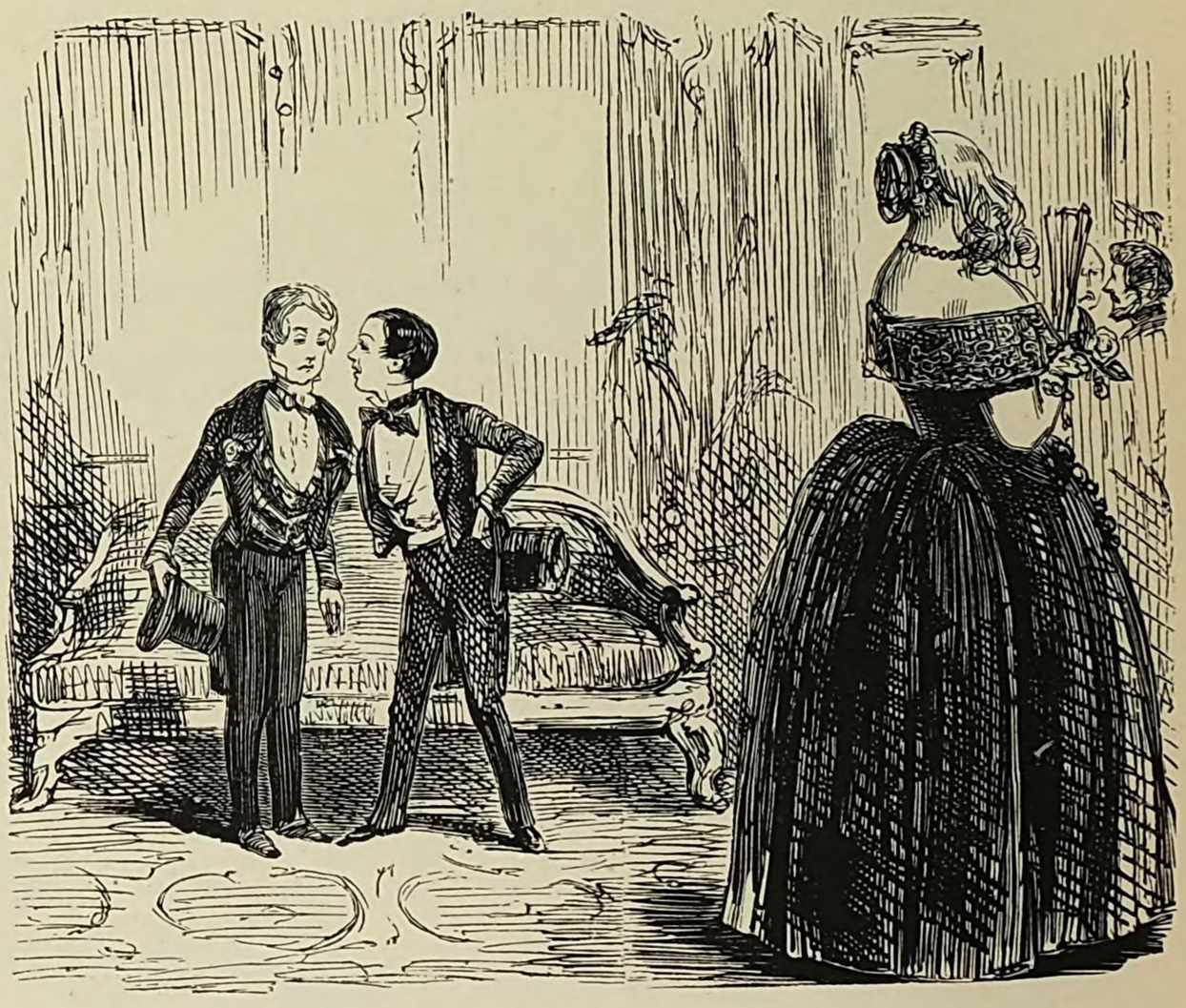
No. IX.

MR. B. GOES OUT. HIS CHIEF DIFFICULTY IS, THAT EVERY TIME HE THROWS HIS LINE—THE HOOKS (OF WHICH THERE ARE FIVE) WILL STICK BEHIND IN HIS JACKET AND TR-WS-RS.

MEN OF EXPERIENCE.

Tom. "AH, BILL! I'M QUITE TIRED OF THE DISSIPATION OF THE GAY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD. I THINK I SHALL MARRY AND SETTLE."

Bill. "WELL, I'M DEVILISH SICK OF A BACHELOR'S LIFE MYSELF, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF THROWING MYSELF AWAY IN A HURRY."



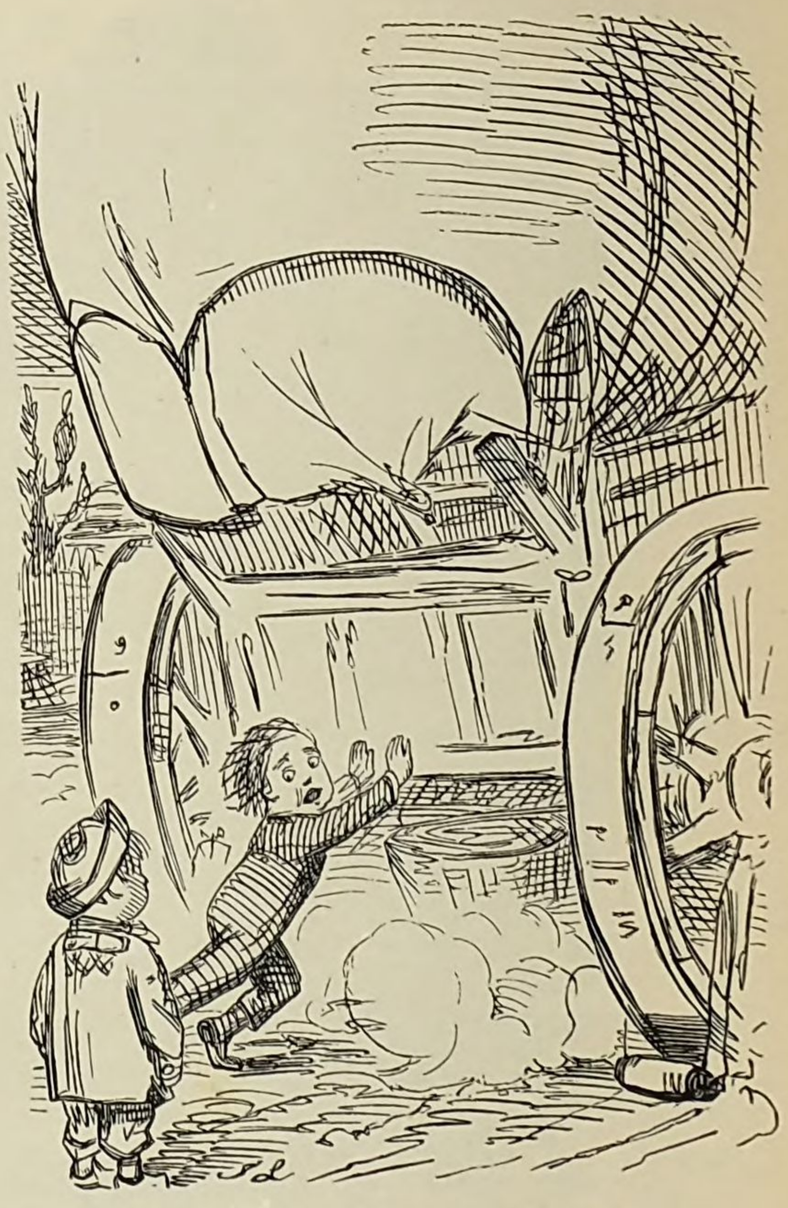
QUITE UNNECESSARY.

Juvenile. "OH, CHARLEY. IF YOU HEAR A REPORT THAT I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED TO THAT GIRL IN BLACK, YOU CAN CONTRADICT IT. THERE'S NOTHING IN IT."

NOT VERY LIKELY.

Mistress. "WELL, I'M SURE! AND PRAY WHO IS THAT?"

Cook. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE'M, IT'S ONLY MY COUSIN WHO HAS CALLED JUST TO SHOW ME HOW TO BOIL A POTATO."



EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

I SAY, TOMMY, COME AND SHOVE. HERE'S THE POOR 'ORSE CAN'T GET THE WAGGIN UP!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.

No. I.

MR. BRIGGS THINKS OF RUNNING DOWN THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW TO HIS FRIEND HAYCOCK FOR A DAY'S SHOOTING, AND HAS BORROWED A DOG TO GO WITH HIM. FOR THE NINTH TIME DURING THE NIGHT HE HAS BEEN DISTURBED BY THE HOWLING OF THE ANIMAL

No. II.

MR. BRIGGS NO SOONER RETURNS TO HIS BED, THAN MRS. BRIGGS SAYS, "MY DEAR! THERE'S THAT NASTY, TIRESOME DOG AGAIN!!"

THE RISING GENERATION.

Eton Boy (loq.). "COME, GOVERNOR! JUST ONE TOAST, 'THE LADIES!'"

WHEN IT IS DELIGHTFUL TO LOSE A BET.

Grace. "*TEDDINGTON* FIRST?—THEN THAT WILL MAKE FOUR DOZEN AND A HALF. REMEMBER, SIXES! TWO DOZEN WHITE, AND THE REST PALE DRAB AND LAVENDER."

REWARD OF MERIT.

Ragged Urchin. "PLEASE, GIVE DAD A SHORT PIPE."

Barman. "CAN'T DO IT. DON'T KNOW HIM."

Ragged Urchin. "WHY, HE GETS DRUNK HERE EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT."

Barman. "OH! DOES HE, MY LITTLE DEAR? THEN 'ERE'S A NICE LONG 'UN, WITH A BIT OF WAX AT THE END."

CRUEL.

"REMEMBER THE STEWARD, SIR, IF YOU PLEASE."

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.

No. III.

9 A.M., HIS ARRIVAL ON THE MOOR. MR. BRIGGS SAYS THAT THE FINE BRACING AIR MAKES HIM SO VIGOROUS THAT HE SHALL NEVER BE BEAT. HE ALSO FACETIOUSLY REMARKS THAT HE IS ON "HIS NATIVE HEATH," AND THAT HIS "NAME IS MACGREGOR!"

THE STARVED-OUT ALDERMAN.

DREADFUL CASE OF DESTITUTION.

No. IV.

11 A.M. MR. BRIGGS BEGINS TO SHOW SYMPTOMS OF DISTRESS. HE FINDS HIS "NATIVE HEATH" A VERY DIFFERENT THING TO HIS "NATIVE FLAGSTONES."

AN OCEAN SWELL.

THE DELIGHTFUL PROCESS OF DRESSING IN A BATHING-MACHINE.

AN EXCLUSIVE.

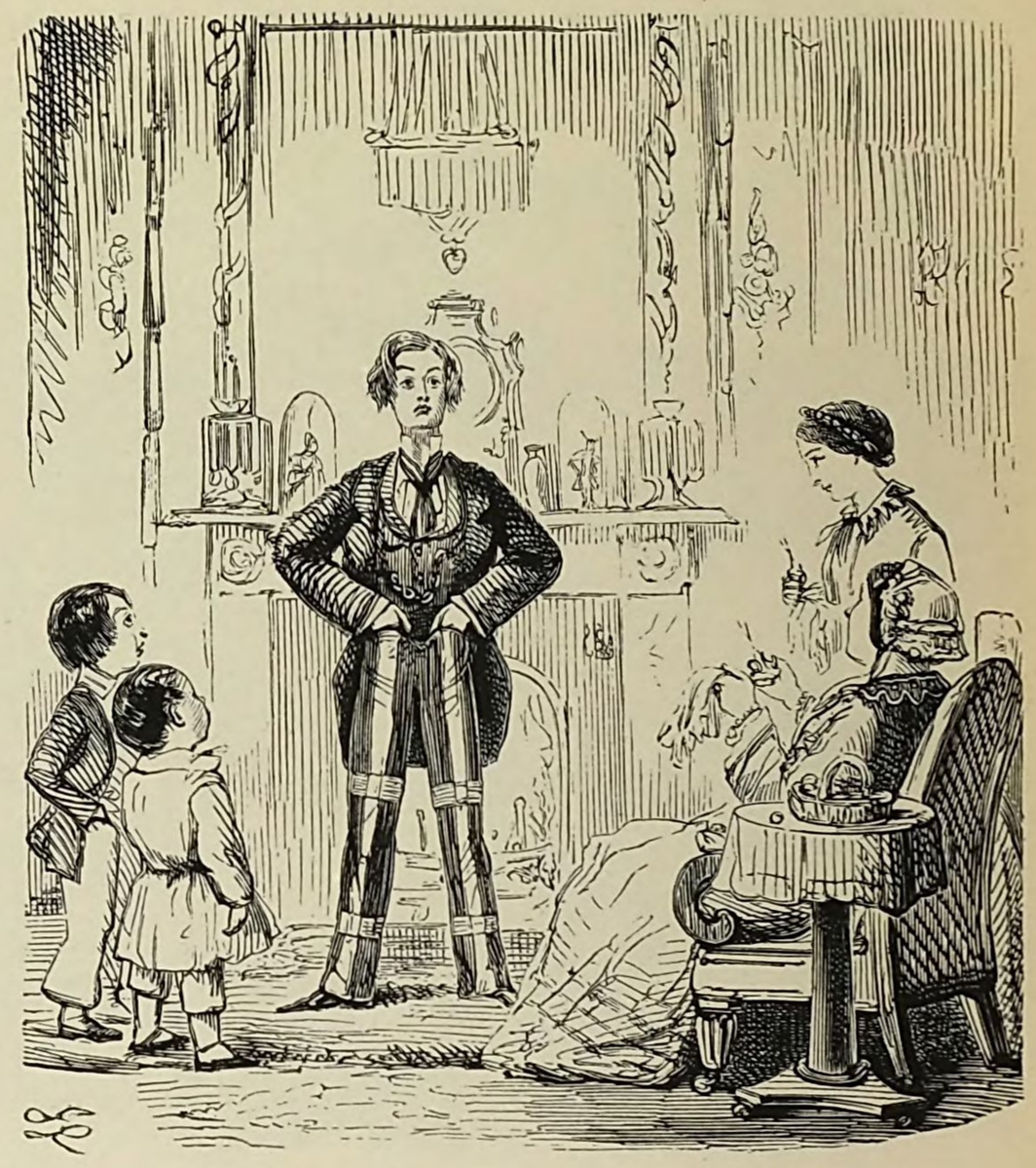
Enter Small Swell (who drawls as follows). "A—BROWN, A—WANT SOME MORE COATS!"

Snip. "YES, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR. HOW MANY WOULD YOU PLEASE TO WANT?"

Small Swell. "A—LET ME SEE; A'LL HAVE EIGHT. A—NO, A'LL HAVE NINE; LOOK HERE! A—SHALL WANT SOME TROWSERS."

Snip. "YES, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR. HOW MANY WOULD YOU LIKE?"

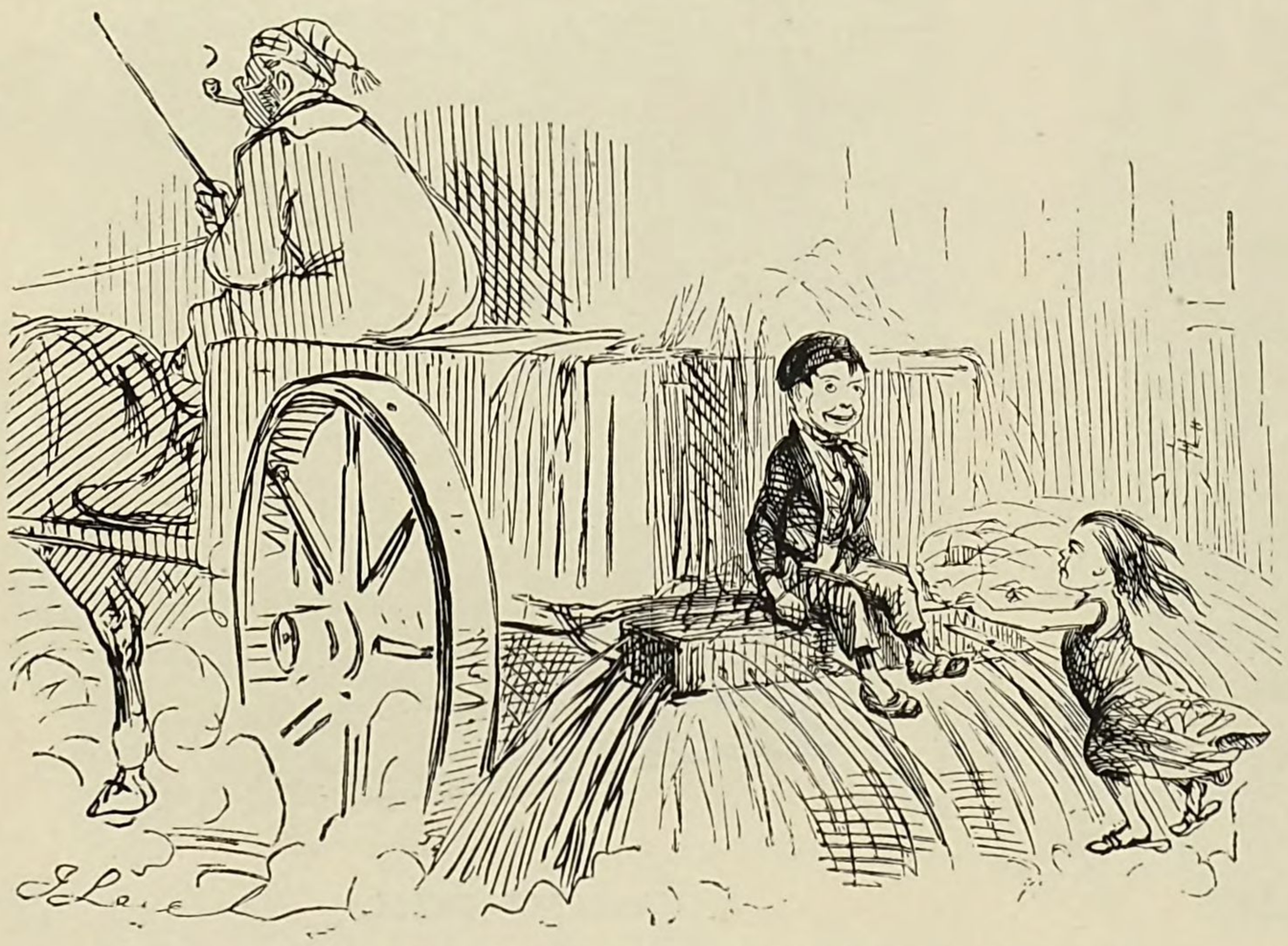
Small Swell. "A—I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY. S'POSE WE SAY TWENTY-FOUR PAIRS; AND LOOK HERE! SHOW ME SOME PATTERNS THAT WON'T BE WORN BY ANY SNOBS!"



ELEGANT HABIT.

Mamma. "MY DEAR FREDERICK, DO PRAY TAKE YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS!"

Frederick. "COULDN'T DO IT, MAMMA, DEAR; ALL OUR MEN AT CAMBRIDGE WEAR THEIR HANDS IN THEIR POCKETS, AND I COULDN'T DISGRACE MY COLLEGE BY TAKING MINE OUT!!"



PITY IS AKIN TO LOVE.

Boy (loq.). "O DON'T I PITY THEM POOR NOBS IN *CARRIDGES* THIS HOT WEATHER!"

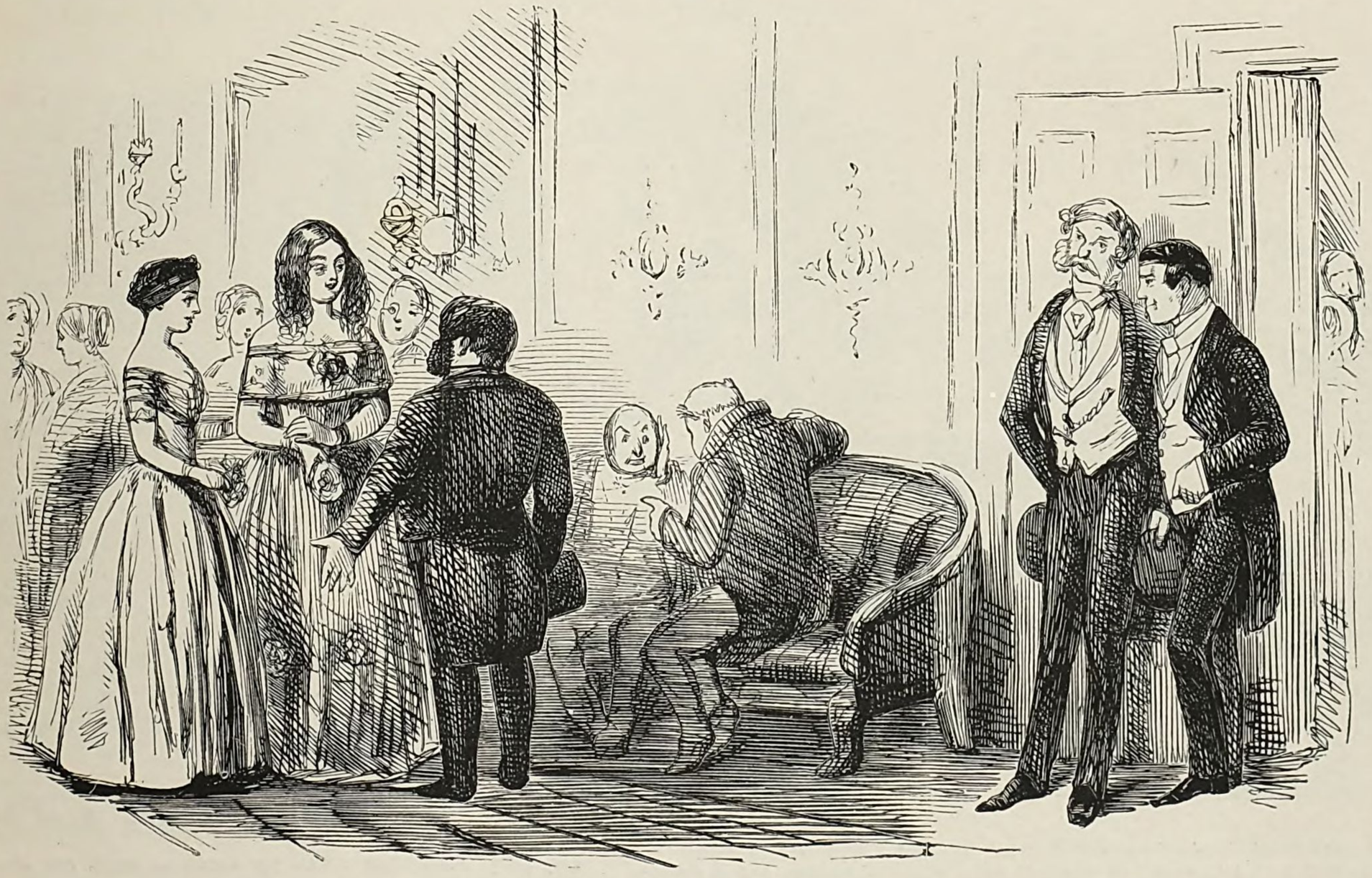
AN OMNIBUS INCIDENT.

Man (thrusting his hand into the window). "WILL YOU BUY A PENKNIFE WITH A HUNDRED BLADES, SIR?"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.

No. V.

12 A.M. TOTAL PROSTRATION OF MR. BRIGGS.



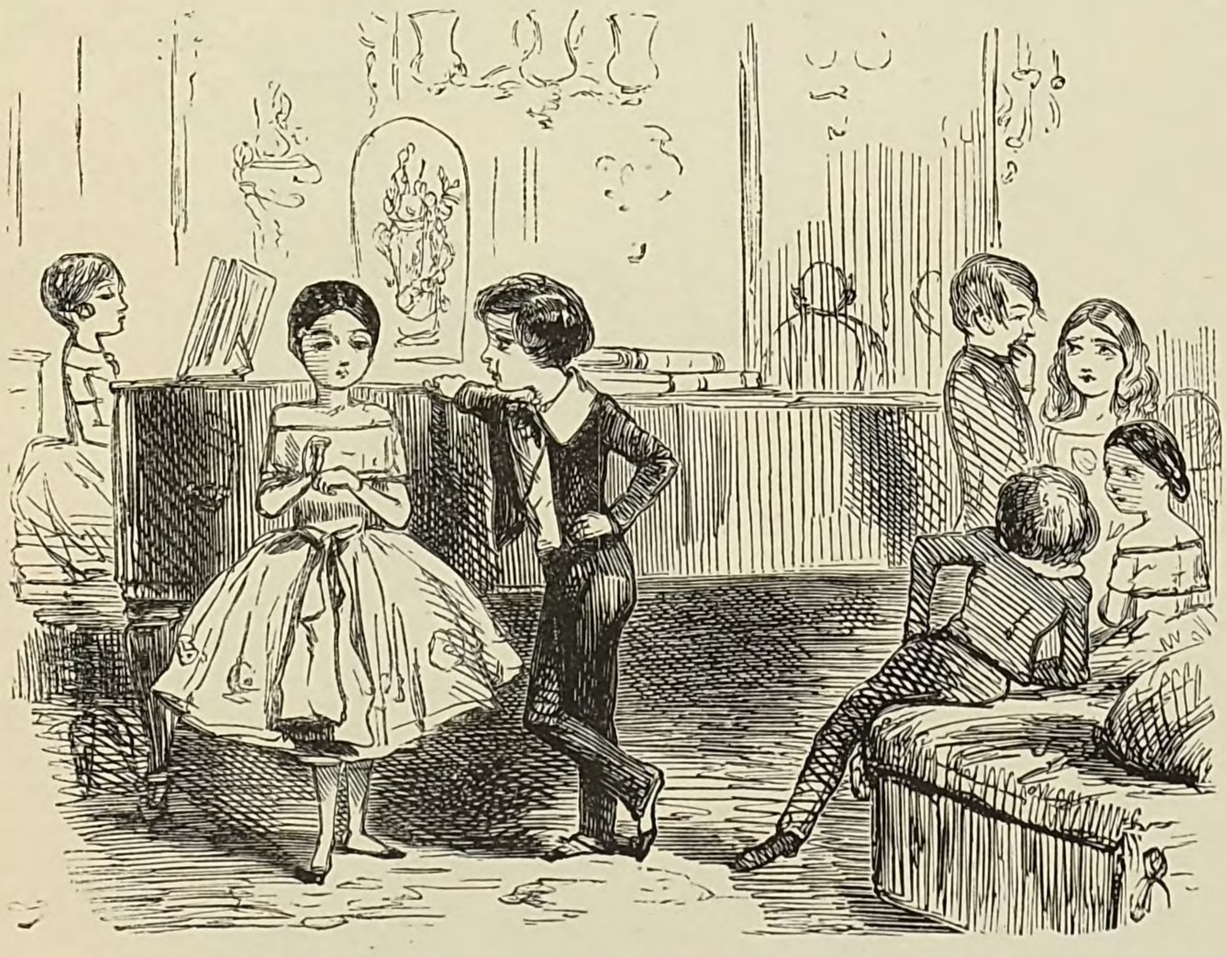
ANALOGY.

Sporting Man (loquitur). "I SAY, CHARLES—THAT'S A PROMISING LITTLE FILLY ALONG O' THAT BAY-HAIRED WOMAN WHO'S TALKING TO THE BLACK-COB-LOOKING MAN!"

JOHN THOMAS MISPLACED.

Lady. "YOU WISH TO LEAVE—REALLY IT'S VERY INCONVENIENT. PRAY—HAVE YOU ANY REASON TO BE DISSATISFIED WITH YOUR PLACE?"

Flunkey. "OH, DEAR NO, MA'AM—NOT DISSATISFIED EXACTLY; BUT—A—THE FACT IS, MA'AM, YOU DON'T KEEP NO WEHICLE, AND I FIND I MISS MY CARRIAGE EXERCISE."



NOTHING LIKE PRUDENCE.

Maria (log.). "MY DEAR CHARLES, BEFORE WE THINK OF MARRYING, I MUST ASK YOU WHAT YOU HAVE?"

Charles. "MY DEAR MARIA, I WILL TELL YOU FRANKLY THAT ALL I HAVE IN THE WORLD IS A DRUM AND A CRICKET BAT; BUT PAPA HAS PROMISED ME A BOW AND ARROWS, AND A PONY, IF I'M A GOOD BOY."

Maria. "OH! MY DEAR CHARLES, WE COULD NEVER LIVE AND KEEP HOUSE UPON THAT!"

HOUSEMAIDS REFUSING SERVICE IN BELGRAVIA.

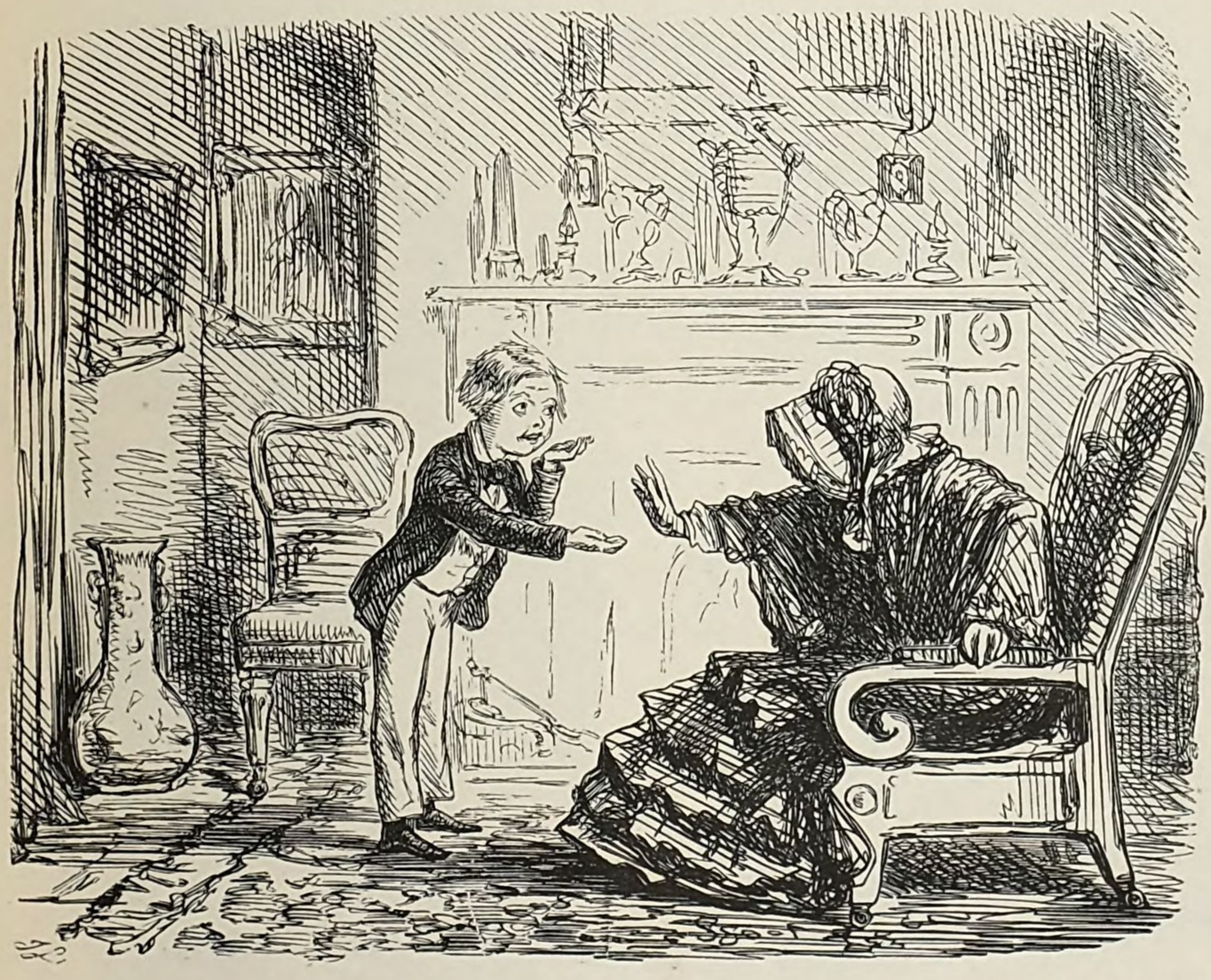
Lady Emily. "NOW DEAR, I WISH YOU WOULD BE QUICK, AND LIGHT THE FIRES, AND HELP ME TO MAKE THE BEDS."

[*The Barracks being removed from Knightsbridge. Young Ladies do the Housework.*

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.

No. VI.

MR. BRIGGS IS OFF AGAIN SHOOTING.



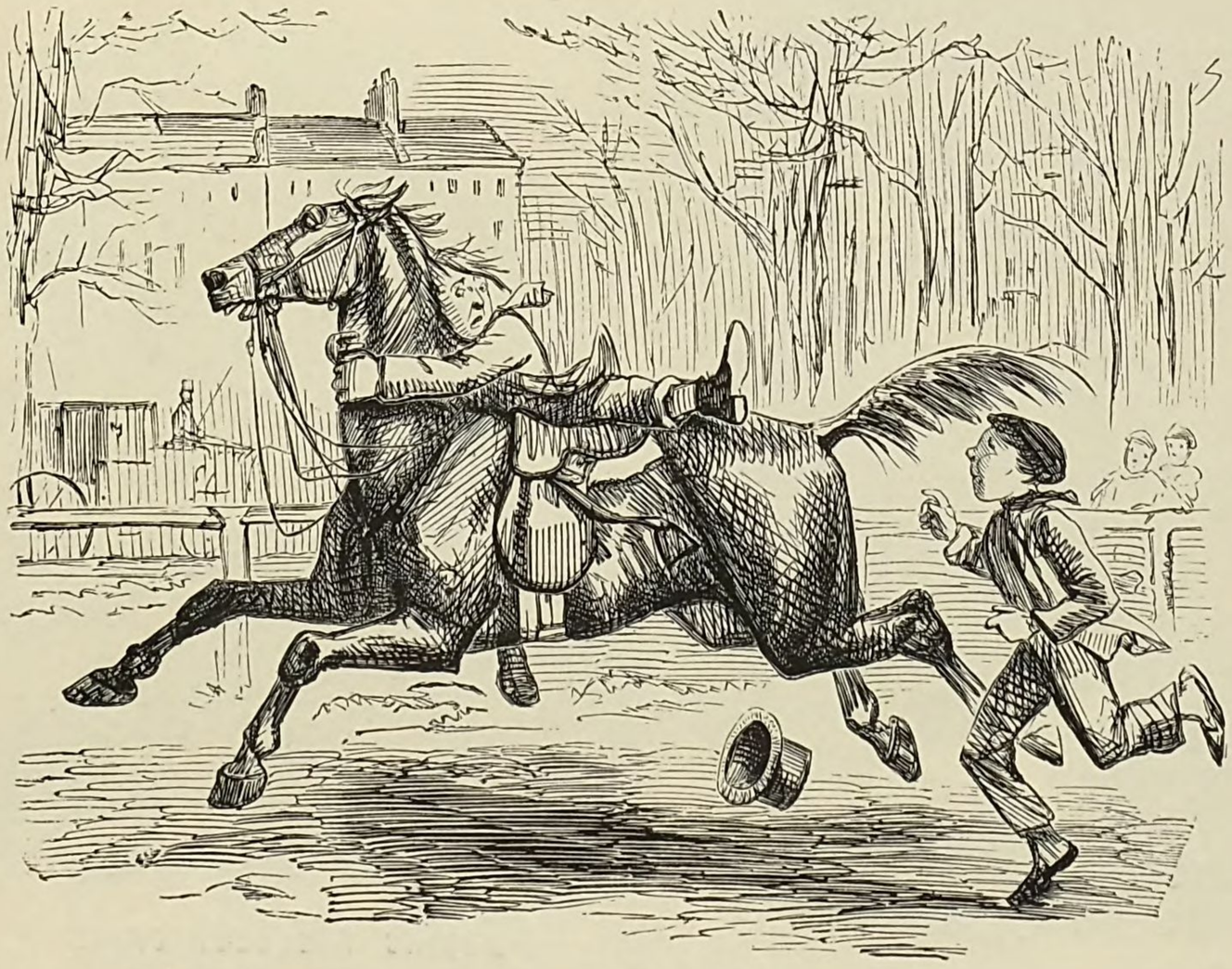
GRANDMAMMA IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE GIVEN MASTER TOM SOME PLUMS.

Master Tom. "NOW, THEN, GRANNY, I'VE EATEN THE PLUMS, AND IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME SIXPENCE, I'LL SWALLOW THE STONES!"

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

HORRIBLE INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

AS THE SERVANTS ARE GONE TO BED, THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE ENDEAVOURS TO GET A LITTLE BIT OF SUPPER FOR HIMSELF. HE CAN'T CONCEIVE WHERE THE DEUCE THE THINGS ARE ALL KEPT; AND HE IS ALMOST TORN TO PIECES BY THE BLACK NATIVES OF THE KITCHEN.



RATHER SEVERE.

"SHALL I 'OLD YOUR 'ORSE, SIR?"

A FAULTY MIRROR.

"LOR! WHAT A MOST ABOMINABLE GLASS.—
I DECLARE IT MAKES ONE LOOK A
PERFECT FRIGHT!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.

No. VII.

FORTUNATELY FOR MR. BRIGGS (WHO *WILL* LOAD HIS OWN GUN BECAUSE *THEN* HE KNOWS WHAT HE IS ABOUT) THE KEEPER DISCOVERS THAT HE HAS PUT ABOUT THREE-QUARTERS OF A POUND OF SHOT INTO HIS RIGHT-HAND BARREL.

GRAND SHOW OF PRIZE VEGETARIANS.

CONSOLATION.

"NOT KITCHED NONE! AH' SIR, YOU SHOULD HA' BIN HERE LAST TOOSDAY; THERE WAS TOO GENTS KILLED A UNCOMMON SIGHT A' FISH TO BE SURE, THEN."

BOTTOM FISHING.

Piscator No 1 (miserably). "NOW, TOM, *DO* LEAVE OFF. IT ISN'T OF ANY USE; AND IT'S GETTING QUITE DARK."

Piscator No. 2. "LEAVE OFF!! WHAT A PRECIOUS DISAGREEABLE CHAP YOU ARE. YOU COME OUT FOR A DAY'S PLEASURE AND YOU'RE ALWAYS A-WANTING TO GO HOME!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.

No. VIII.

FEW THINGS ARE MORE ANNOYING THAN TO BE SHORT OF POWDER WHEN THERE IS A CHANCE OF GOOD SPORT. MR. BRIGGS FEELING THIS, ORDERS A GOOD SUPPLY, TO BANG AWAY AT THE PHEASANTS TO-MORROW. HE SUGGESTS TO MRS. BRIGGS, THAT IT SHOULD BE KEPT UNDER THEIR BED, TO BE OUT OF THE WAY OF THE CHILDREN!!

A CAUTION TO LITTLE BOYS AT A FESTIVE SEASON.

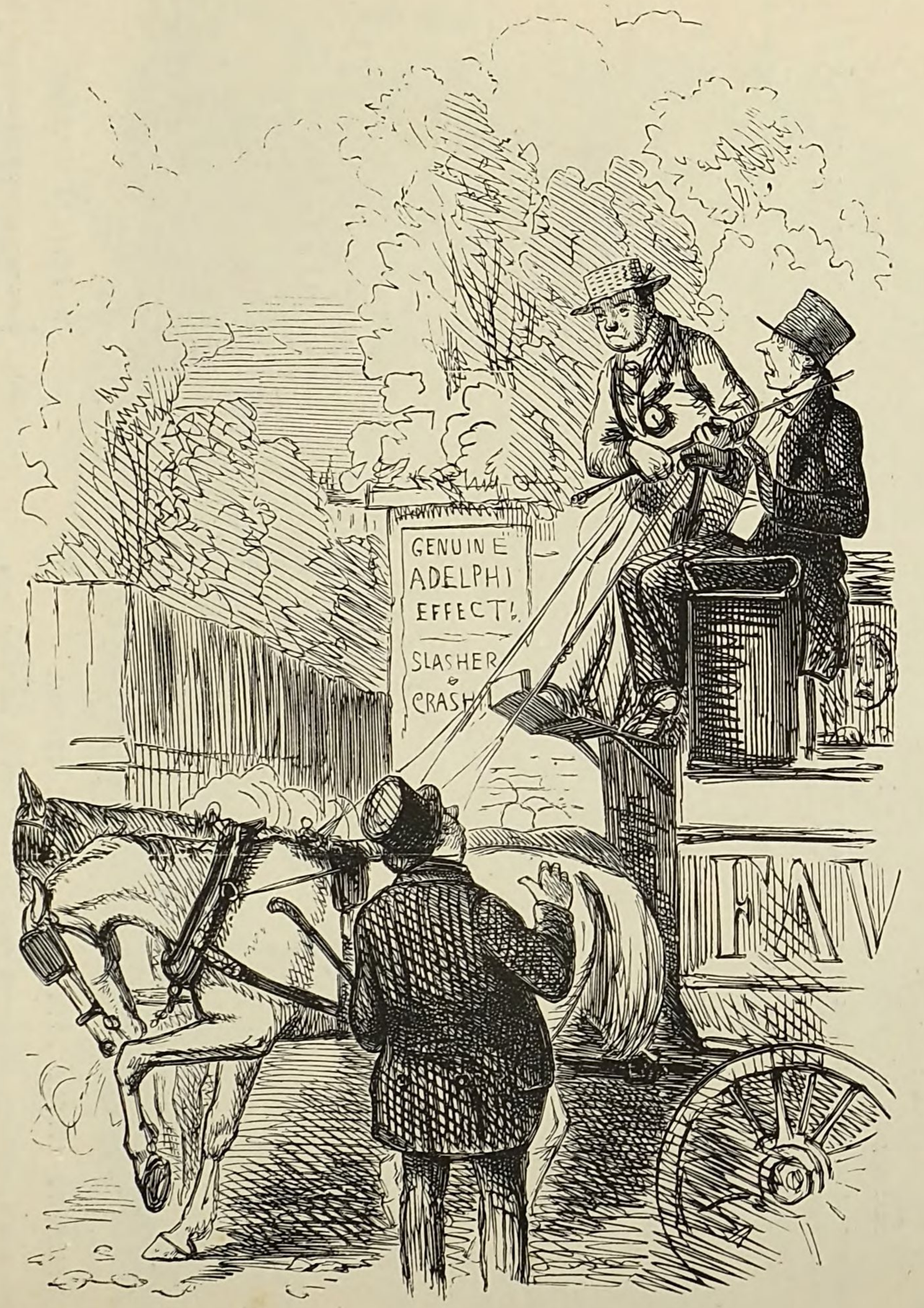
Mamma. "WHY, MY DEAREST ALBERT, WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR?—SO GOOD, TOO, AS YOU HAVE BEEN ALL DAY!"

Spoiled Little Boy. "BOO-HOO! I'VE EATEN SO—MUCH BE-EF AND T-TURKEY, THAT I CAN'T EAT ANY P-PLUM P-P-PUDDING!"

[*Oh, what a very greedy little fellow!*

A PRIVATE OPINION.

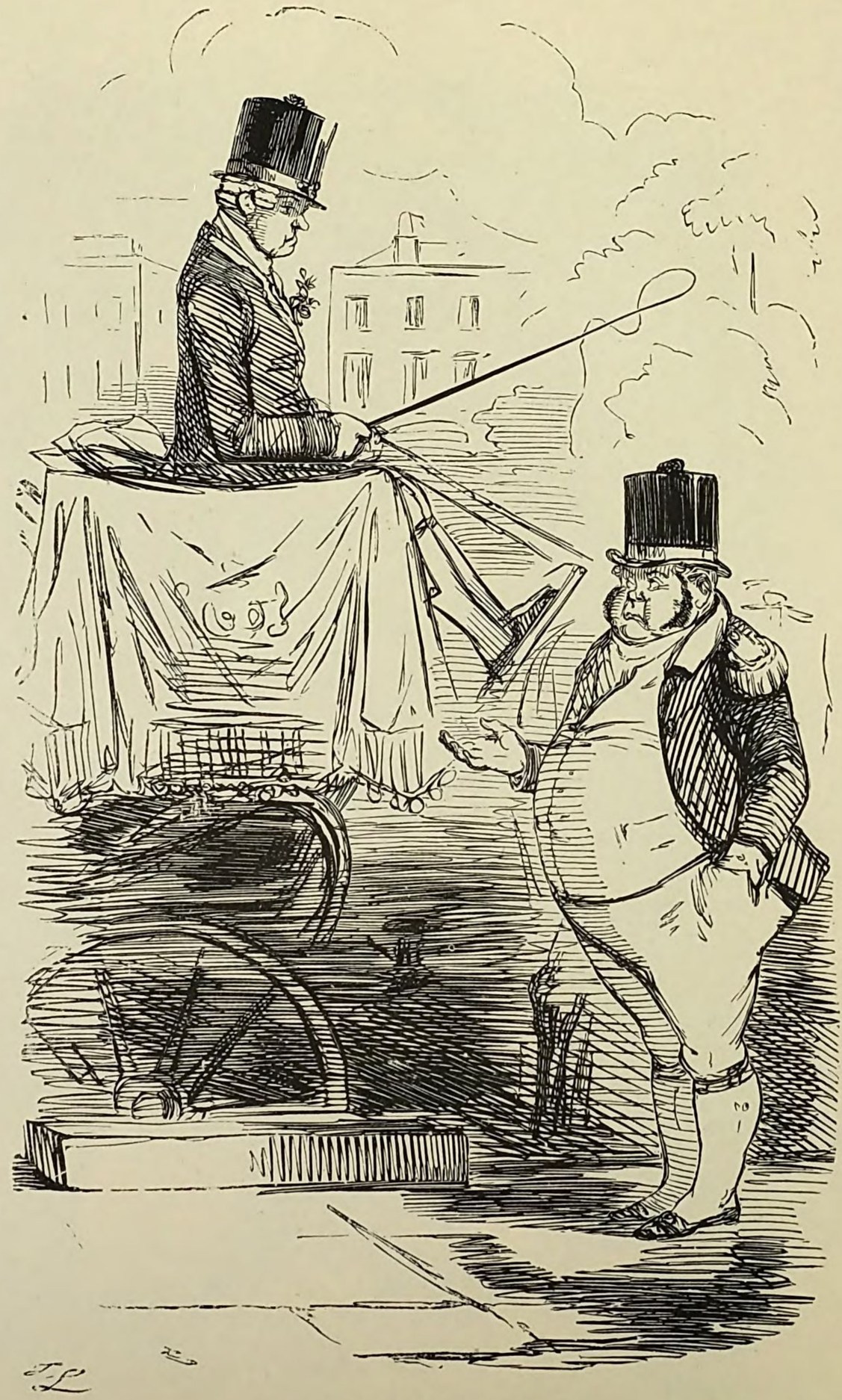
"WELL, I THINK THIS IS THE NEATEST THING I HAVE SEEN FOR A LONG TIME."



PLEASANT.

Old Acquaintance. "AVE A DRAIN, BILL?"

Bus Driver. "WHY, YER SEE, JIM, THIS 'ERE YOUNG HOSS HAS ON'Y BIN IN 'ARNES ONCE AFORE, AND HE'S SUCH A BEGGAR TO BOLT, TEN TO ONE IF I LEAVE 'IM HE'LL BE A-RUNNIN' HOFF AND A-SMASHIN' INTO SUTHUN. HOWSEVER—HERE *(handing reins to timid passenger)*, LAY HOLD, SIR, *I'LL CHANCE IT!*"



A REAL DIFFICULTY.

Coachman. "WHY—WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOHN THOMAS?"

Footman. "MATTER ENUFF! HERE'S THE MARCHIONESS BIN AN GIV ME NOTICE BECAUSE I DON'T MATCH JOSEPH,—AND I MUST GO, UNLESS I CAN GET MY FAT DOWN IN A WEEK!"

BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

First. "WU'T TAK THY QUOAT OFF, THEN! OI TELL THEE OI'M AS GOOD A MON AS THEE!"

Second. "THEE A MON! WHOY THEE BE'EST ONLY WALKING ABOUT TO SAVE THY FUNERAL EXPENSES!"

ANOTHER BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

First Polite Native. "WHO'S 'IM, BILL?"

Second Ditto. "A STRANGER!"

First Ditto. "'EAVE 'ARF A BRICK AT 'IM."

UP TO WEIGHT.

Stout Party. "AHEM! I WANT TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE HOUNDS TO-MORROW! DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE GOT ANYTHING THAT WOULD CARRY ME?"

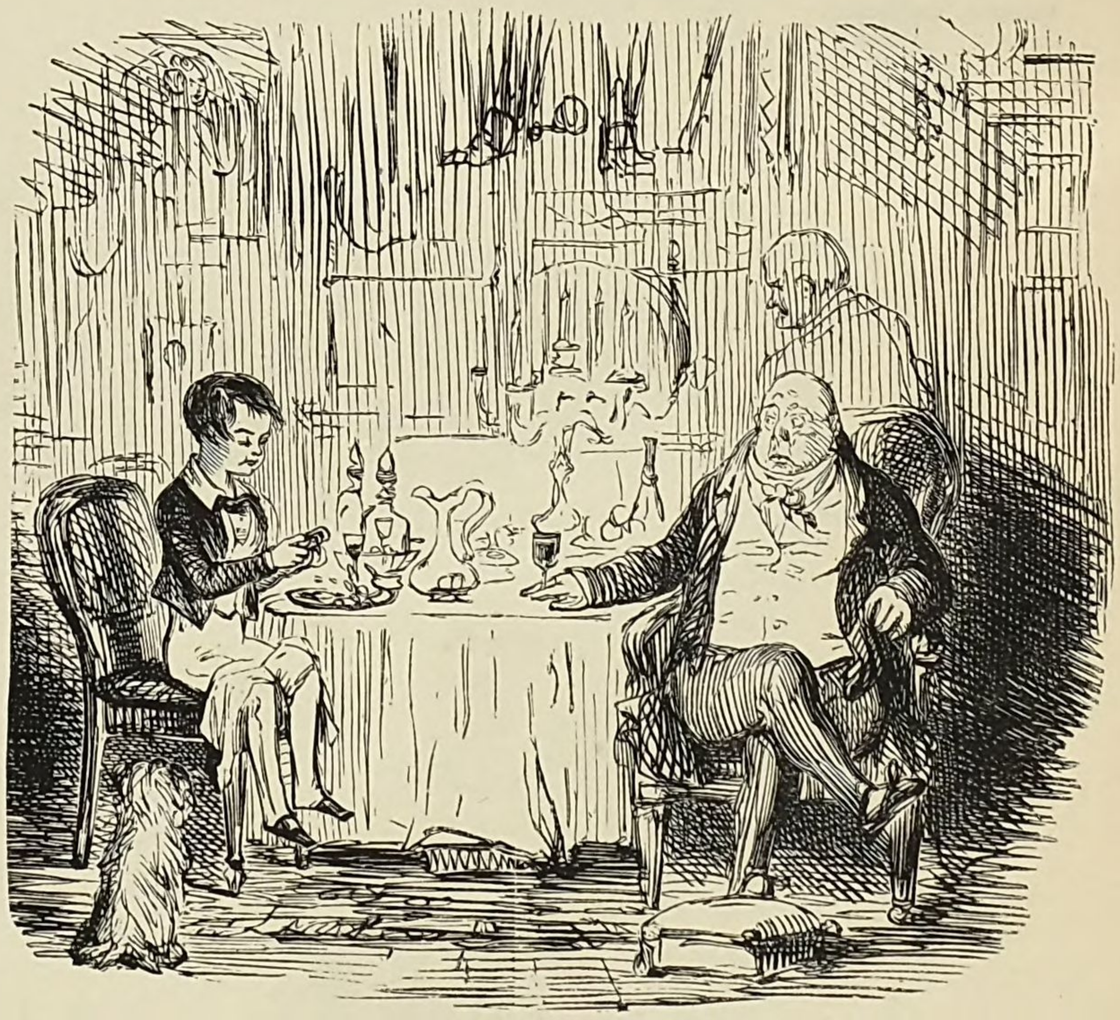
Stable Keeper. 'WELL, SIR! I THINK I HAVE TWO BROWN 'OSSES—*AND A OMNIBUS,* AS PERHAPS MIGHT DO IT!"

WHY, INDEED?

Perceptive Child. "MAMMA, DEAR! WHY DO THOSE GENTLEMEN DRESS THEMSELVES LIKE THE FUNNY LITTLE MEN IN MY NOAH'S ARK?"

VERY CONSIDERATE.

Affable Little Gentleman. "DEAR, OH DEAR! HOW IT RAINS! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL GET VERY WET—CAN I OFFER YOU A GREAT COAT OR ANYTHING?"



CHANGING THE SUBJECT.

Old Gentleman. "WELL, WALTER, I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE GOT INTO LATIN AND GREEK AT SCHOOL BY THIS TIME, EH?"

Juvenile. "OH, YES, SIR. I HAVE JUST FINISHED XENOPHON AND THUCYDIDES, AND AM NOW IN EURIPIDES. BY THE WAY, SIR, HOW WOULD YOU RENDER THE PASSAGE BEGINNING *κακῶς πέπρακται πανταχῆ*?"

Old Gentleman. "AHEM! HEY?—WHAT?—AHEM! HERE, RUGGLES, BRING ANOTHER BOTTLE OF CLARET, AND—EH? WHAT? WALTER, I THINK YOU HAD BETTER JOIN THE LADIES."

MEETING HIM HALF WAY.

Young Hopeful. "WELL, IT'S OF NO USE, GOVERNOR; I CAN'T STICK TO BUSINESS. I WAN'T TO BE A SOLDIER, AND YOU MUST BUY ME A COMMISSION."

Governor. "NO, MY BOY, I CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY YOU A COMMISSION, BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I *WILL* DO; IF YOU WILL GO DOWN TO CHATHAM AND ENLIST, I WILL GIVE YOU MY WORD OF HONOUR I WON'T BUY YOU OFF!"

MEN OF THE WORLD.

First Man of the World. "HEARD OF MISS F——'S MARRIAGE, CHARLEY?"

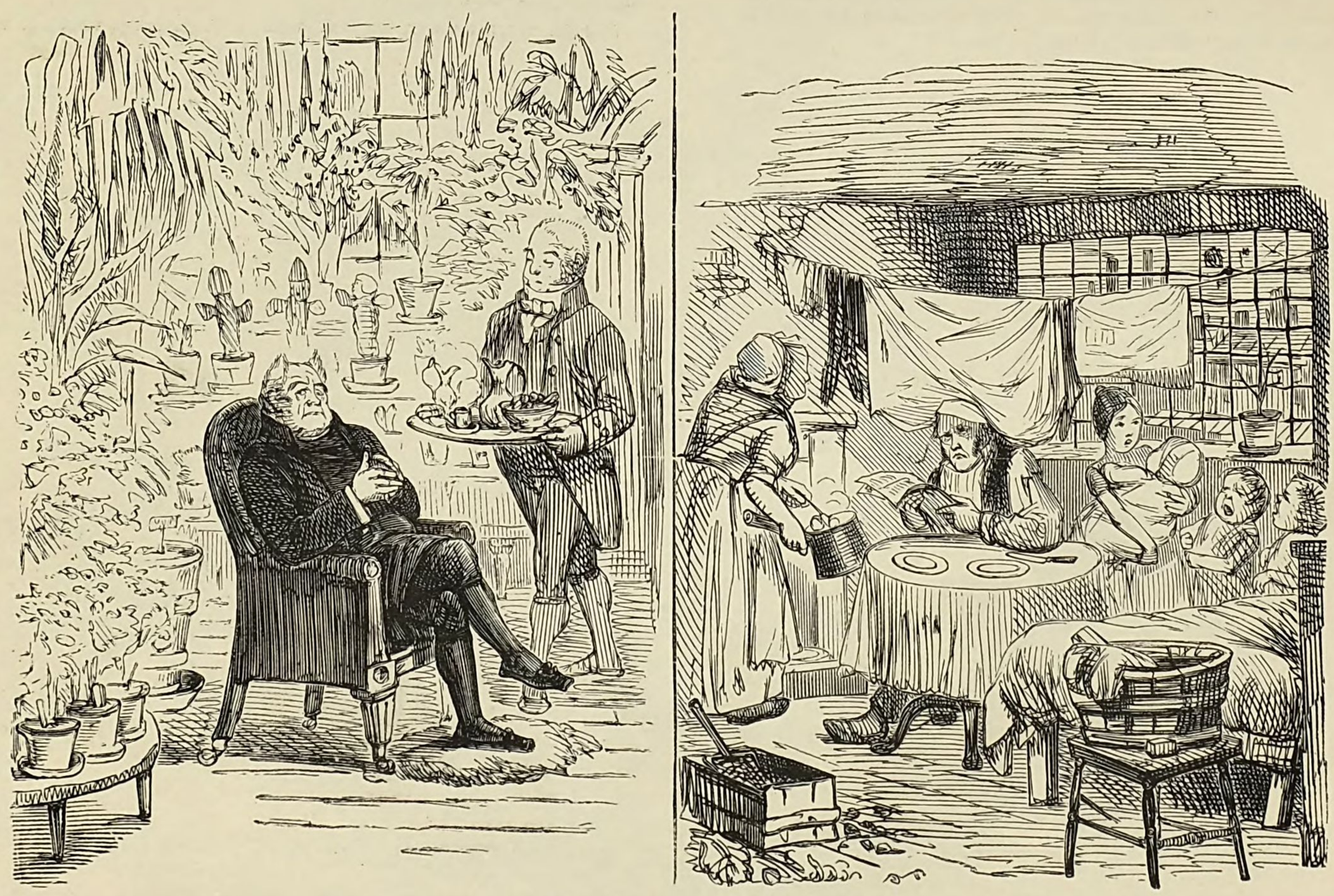
Second Do. "AH! I HEARD IT SPOKEN OF. I BELIEVE IT WAS A MARRIAGE OF INCLINATION ON BOTH SIDES?"

First Do. "YES! IT WAS A BAD JOB. THOSE MATCHES NEVER TURN OUT WELL!"

PATERFAMILIAS MAKES HIMSELF INDEPENDENT OF HOTELS.

THE BRITON ABROAD.

DID YOU EVER SEE TWO STRANGE ENGLISHMEN BREAKFASTING AT A TABLE D'HOTE ABROAD? WELL! ISN'T IT A CHEERFUL THING?



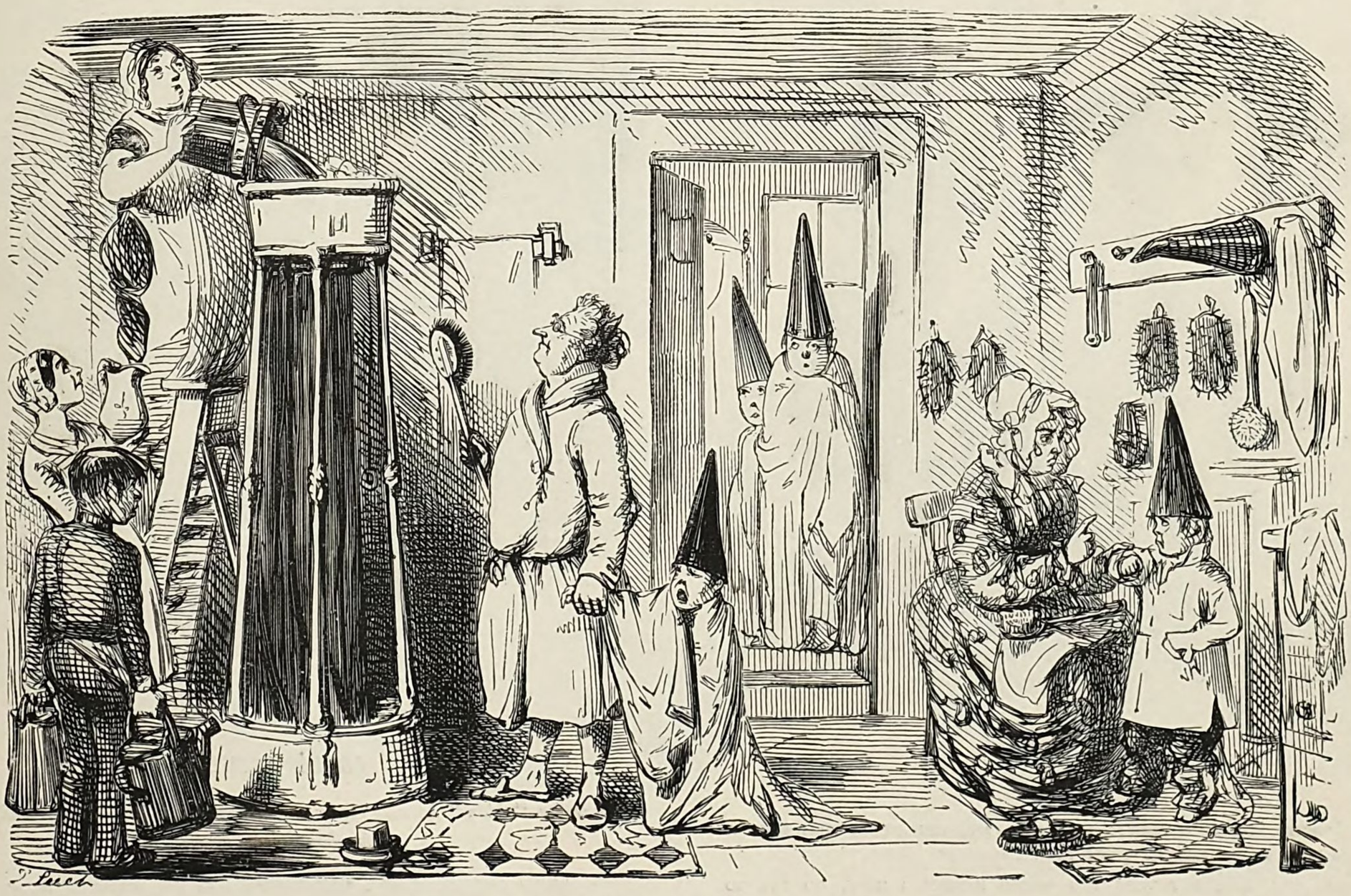
THE GARRET AND THE CONSERVATORY.

Genteel Pluralist. "WHAT THE PEOPLE CAN WANT WITH A CRYSTAL PALACE ON SUNDAYS, I CAN'T THINK! SURELY THEY OUGHT TO BE CONTENTED WITH THEIR CHURCH AND THEIR HOME AFTERWARDS."

A THOROUGH GOOD COOK

Lady. "THEN, WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST PLACE, PRAY?"

Cook. "WELL, MA'AM, AFTER I'M DONE WORK, I AM VERY FOND OF SINGING AND PLAYING ON THE ACCORDIUM, AND MISSUS HADN'T USED TO LIKE IT—AND SO I GIVE NOTICE!"



DOMESTIC SANITARY REGULATIONS.

A MOST ALARMING SWELLING!

INFORMATION.

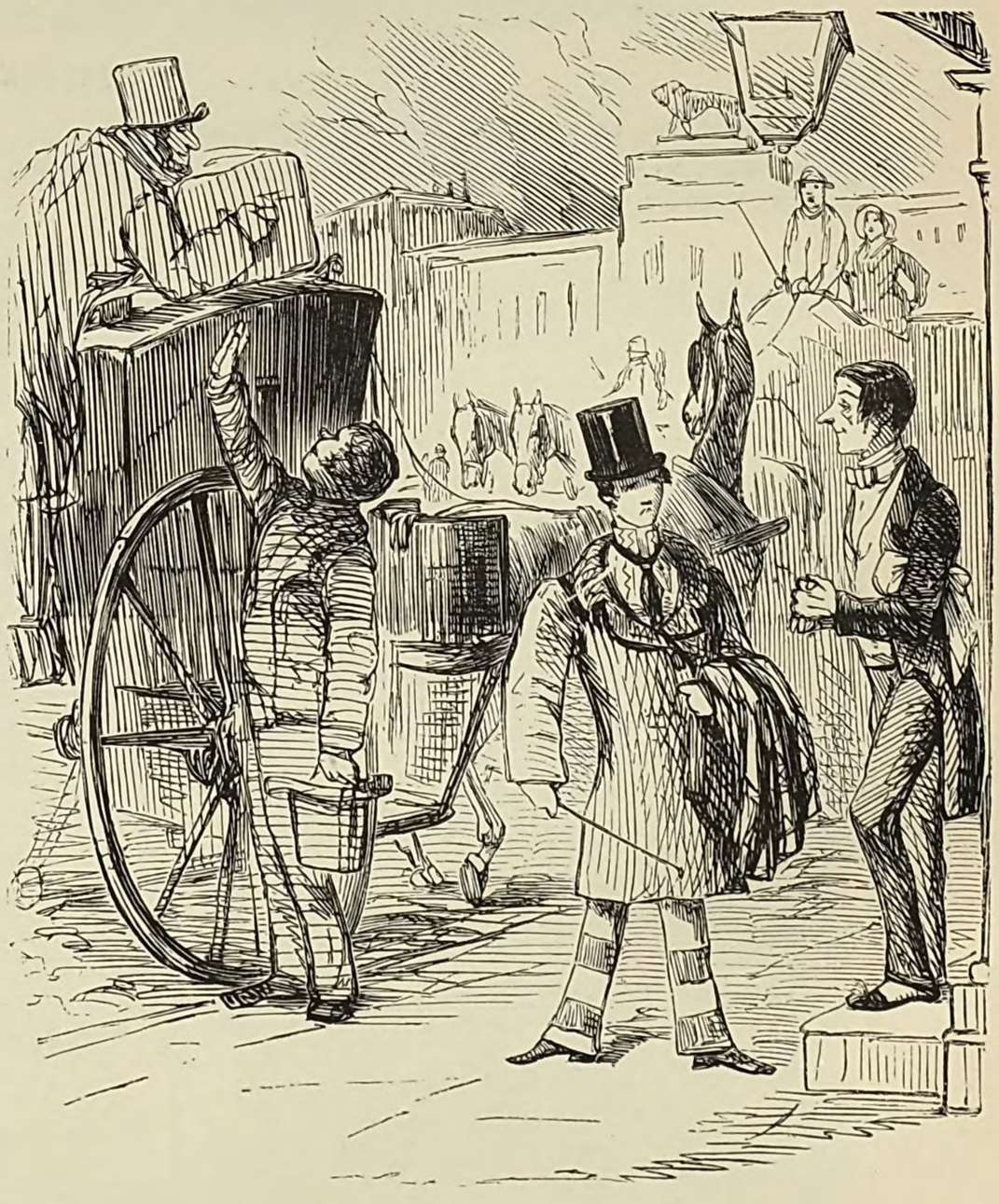
"JEMMY! WHAT'S A STALL AT THE HOPERA?"

"WELL, I CAN'T SAY, NOT FOR CERTAIN; BUT I SUPPOSE IT'S WHERE THEY SELLS THE HAPPLES, HORANGES, GINGER BEER AND BISKITS."

SELF-ESTEEM.

Gentleman. "SIXTY POUNDS A YEAR!! WHY, MAN, ARE YOU AWARE THAT SUCH A SUM IS MORE THAN IS FREQUENTLY GIVEN TO A CURATE?"

Flunkey. "OH, YES, SIR; BUT THEN YOU WOULD HARDLY, I HOPE, GO FOR TO COMPARE ME WITH THE HINFERIOR ORDER OF CLERGY."



GROSS INSULT.

University "Man" having spent a few days in Town, at the end of Term is about to go Home.

Waiter (condescendingly). "GOING HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS, SIR?"
University MAN *(hurling himself into Hansom).* "EUSTON SQUA-A-A-RE!"

CANDID.

Old Gent. "THOMAS, I HAVE ALWAYS PLACED THE GREATEST CONFIDENCE IN YOU. NOW TELL ME, THOMAS, HOW IS IT THAT MY BUTCHER'S BILLS ARE SO LARGE, AND THAT I ALWAYS HAVE SUCH BAD DINNERS?"

Thomas. "REALLY, SIR, I DON'T KNOW, FOR I'M SURE WE NEVER HAVE ANYTHING NICE IN THE KITCHEN THAT WE DON'T ALWAYS SEND *SOME* OF IT UP INTO THE PARLOUR!"

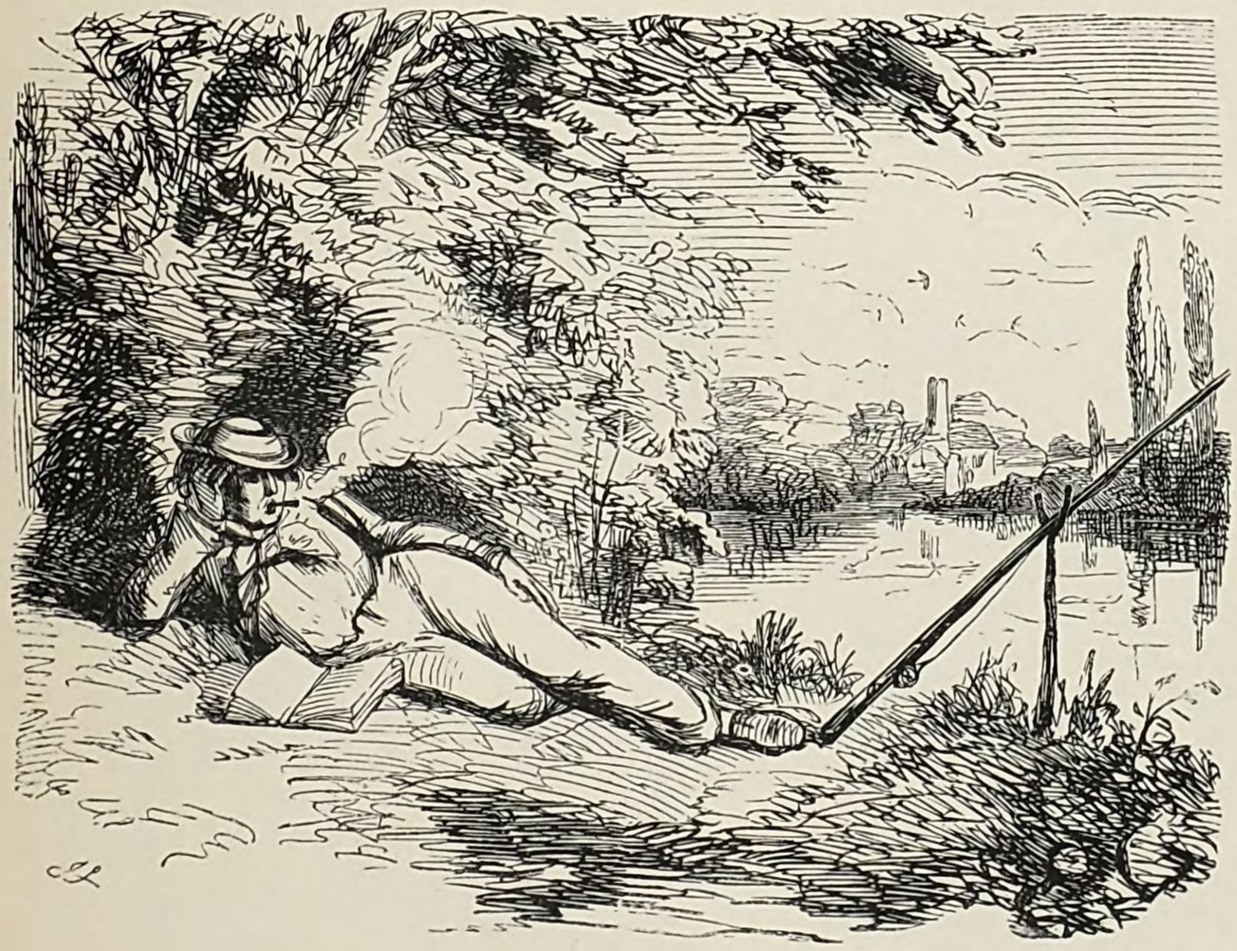
DE GUS-TIBUS.

Uncle. "SO, YOU'VE BEEN TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE—HAVE YOU, CUS?"

Gus. "YES, UNCLE."

Uncle. "WELL. NOW, I'LL GIVE YOU SIXPENCE IF YOU WILL TELL ME WHAT YOU ADMIRED MOST IN THAT TEMPLE OF INDUSTRY?"

Gus. (unhesitatingly). "VEAL AND 'AM PIES, AND THE GINGER BEER. GIVE US THE SIXPENCE."



AN ENTHUSIASTIC FISHERMAN.

"WHAT A BORE! JUST LIKE MY LUCK. NO SOONER HAVE I GOT MY TACKLE READY, AND SETTLED DOWN TO A BOOK, THAN THERE COMES A CONFOUNDED BITE!"

MELANCHOLY REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

"POOR SWEEPER, LADIES! RAILWAY DIRECTOR ONCE, LADIES!"

A COUNTRY BALL.

First Amiable Lady (very loud). "WHAT A REMARKABLY ODD SET OF PEOPLE ONE MEETS AT A PUBLIC BALL!"

Second Do. "OH, VERY DROLL!"

Poor Little Swell. "YETH; AND SO THWANGELY DRETHED!"

A FACT.

Flunkey (out of place). "THERE'S JUST ONE QUESTION I SHOULD LIKE TO ASK YOUR LADYSHIP—HAM I ENGAGED FOR WORK, OR HAM I ENGAGED FOR ORNAMENT?"

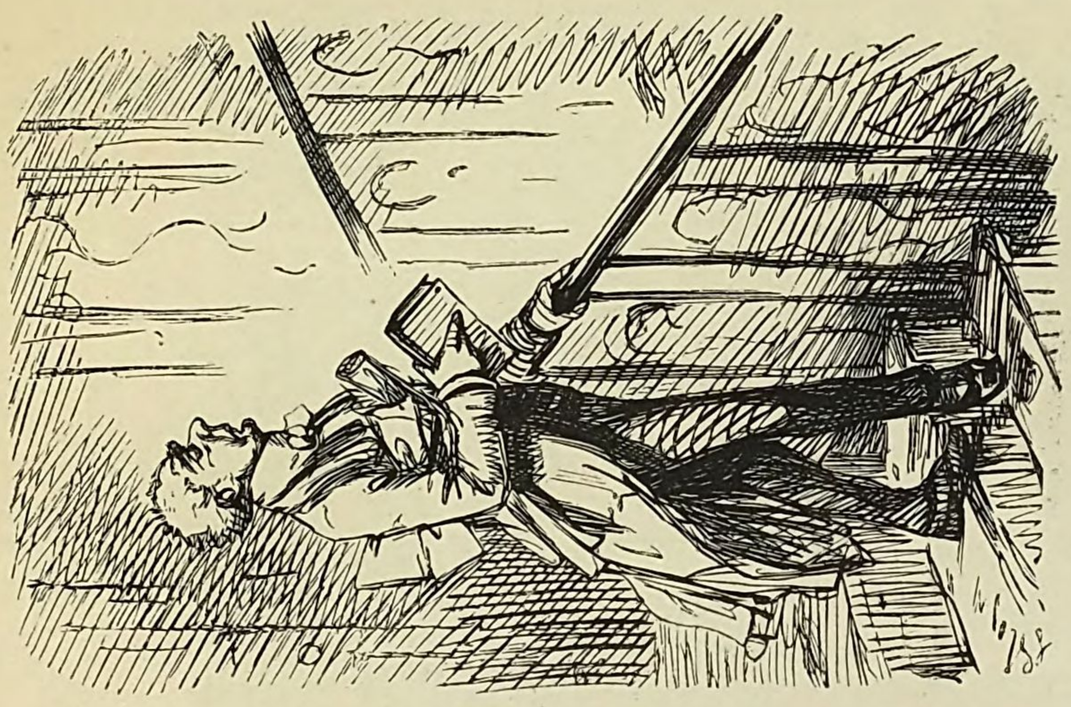
RATHER AWKWARD FOR TOMKINS.

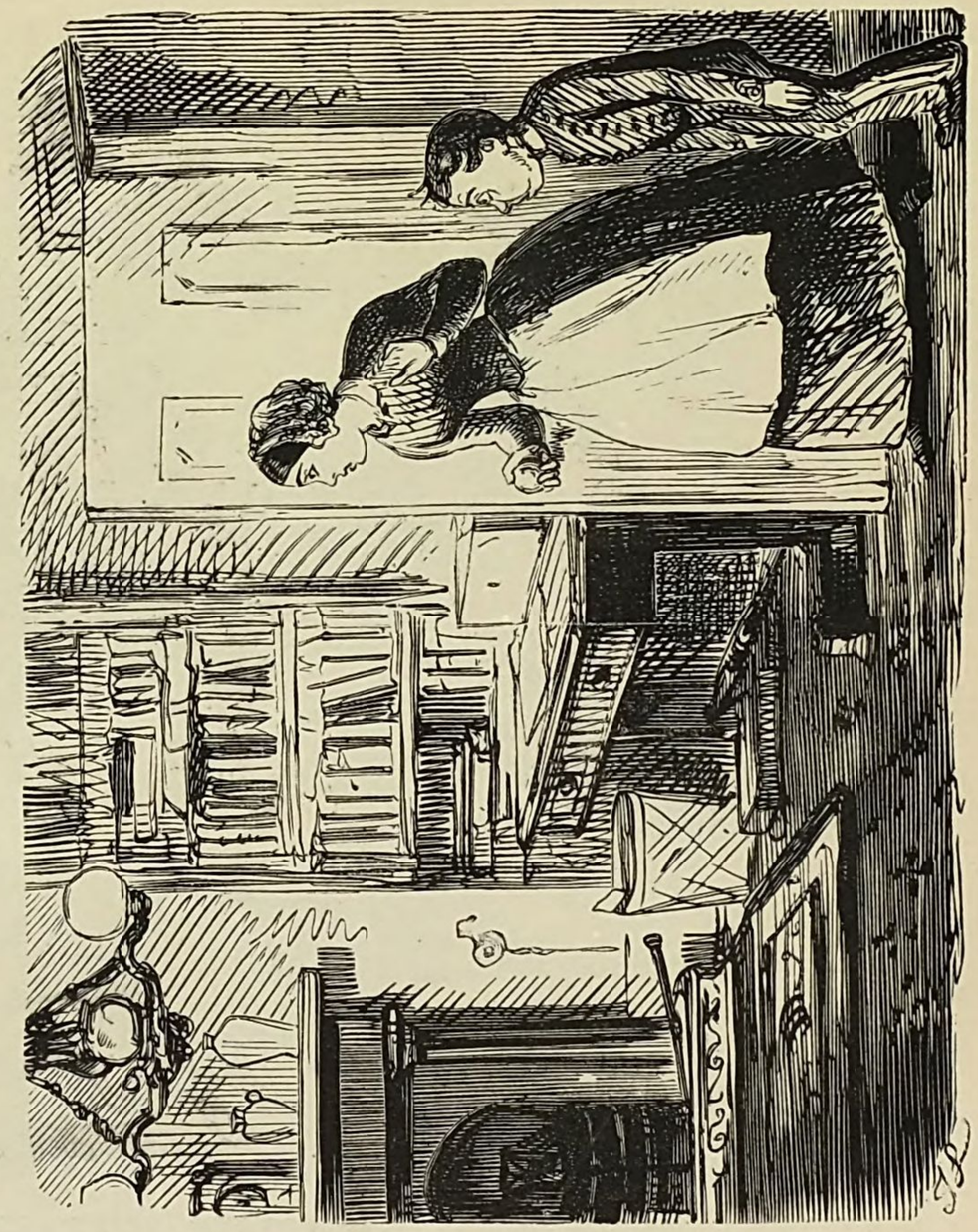
Young Diana. "I THINK, SIR, IF YOU WOULD BE SO GOOD AS TO GO FIRST, AND BREAK THE TOP RAIL, MY PONY WOULD GET OVER."

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

Whip. "HOLD HARD, GENTLEMEN! WARE WHEAT! WARE WHEAT!!"

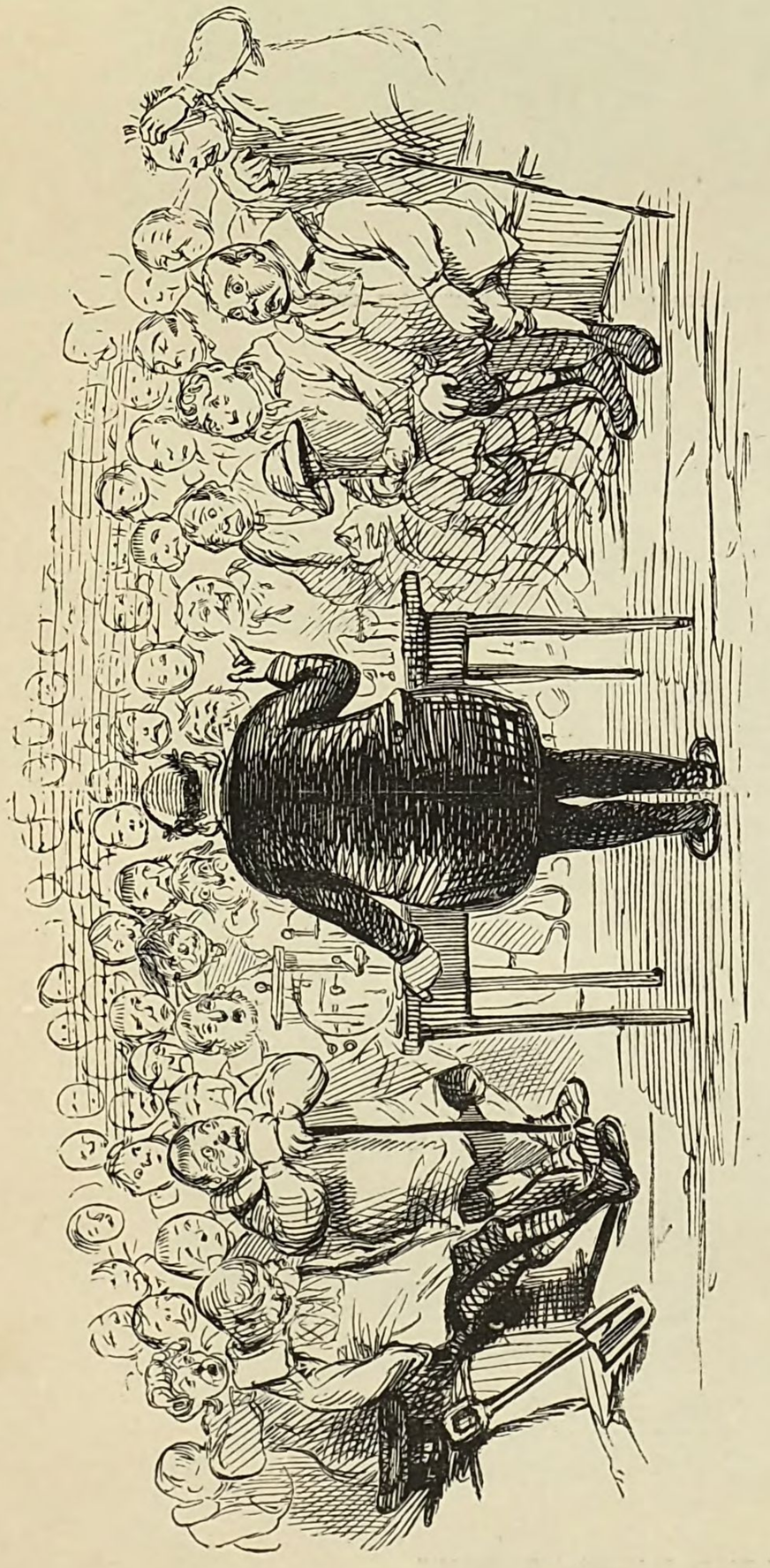
Young Farmer. "COME ON, GENTLEMEN. NEVER MIND THE WHEAT—IT'S ONLY THIRTY SHILLINGS A QUARTER!!"



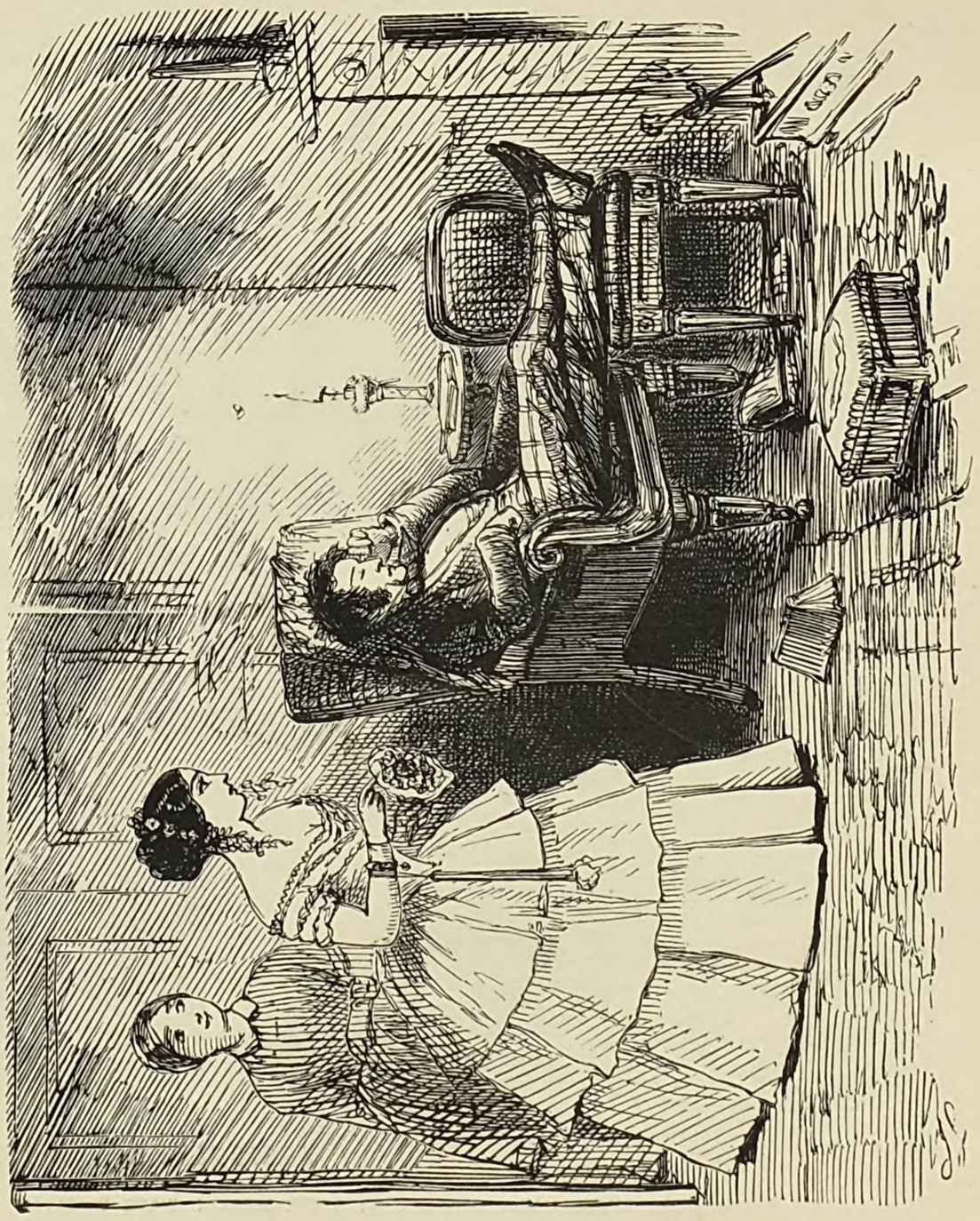


TERRIBLE DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

"LAWK, JOHN! IF YOU HAVEN'T BIN AND LET MASTER'S LIBERY FIRE OUT AGAIN."



PROFESSOR BUCKWHEAT IMPRESSING THE AGRICULTURAL MIND.



GOING "OUT" TO AN "AT HOME."

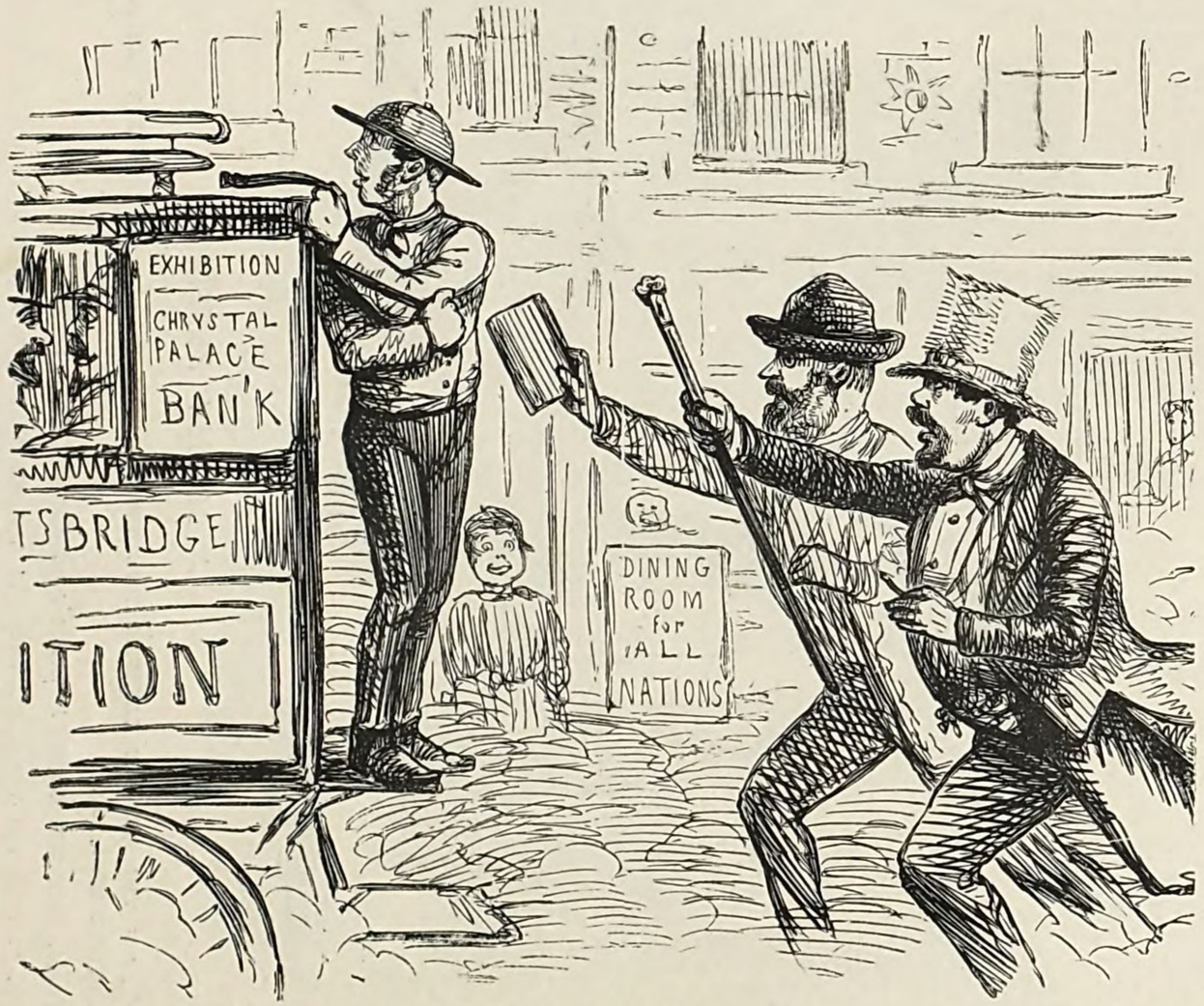
Lovely Woman (to brute of a Husband). "GOOD GRACIOUS, WILLIAM—FAST ASLEEP! AND NOT DRESSED, I DECLARE! WHY IT'S NEARLY TWELVE O'CLOCK, AND THE BROUGHAM HAS BEEN WAITING THIS HALF-HOUR. GO AND GET READY THIS MOMENT, SIR!"

FILLING UP THE CENSUS PAPER.

Wife of his Bosom. "UPON MY WORD, MR PEEWITT! IS THIS THE WAY YOU FILL UP YOUR CENSUS? SO YOU CALL YOURSELF THE 'HEAD OF THE FAMILY'—DO YOU—AND ME A FEMALE!"

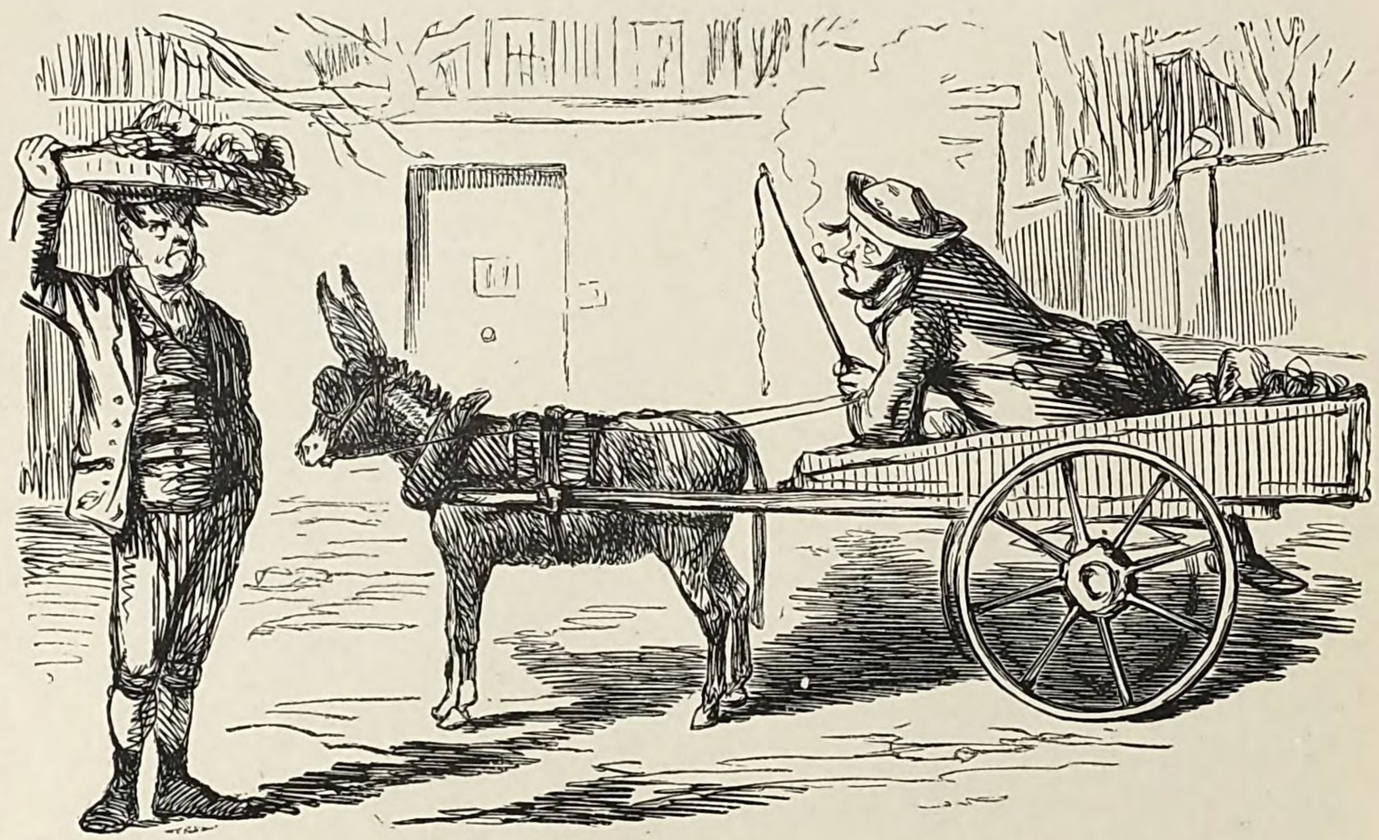
A SPORTING CHARACTER.

"ARE YOU GOING TO HASCOT, BILL?"
"WHY, YES; I'M GOING TO CHAPERONG THIS YOUNG FEMALE DOWN BY THE RAIL."



'OUR FOREIGN VISITORS.

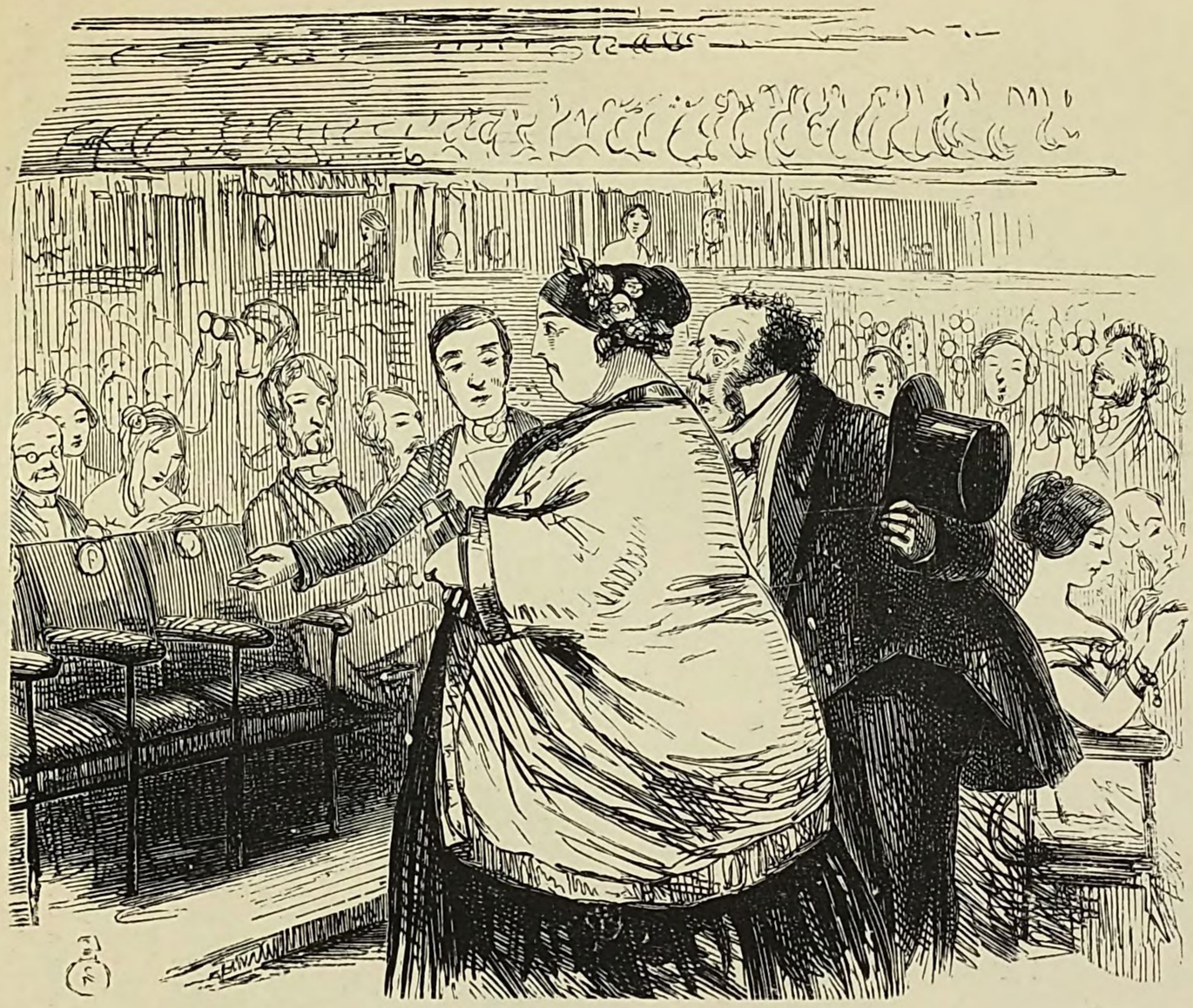
Conductor. "HOLD HARD, BILL! HERE'S A COUPLE MORE LEICESTER SQUARES A-COMIN'."



TRUE RESPECTABILITY.

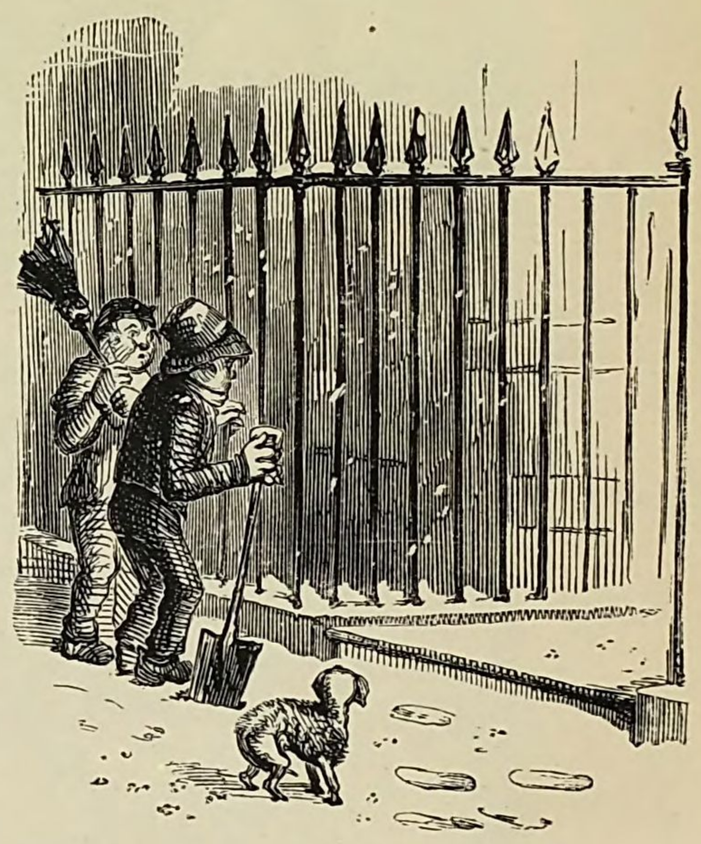
First Costermonger. "I WONDER A RESPECTABLE COVE LIKE YOU, BILL, CARRIES YOUR OWN COLLYFLOWERS; WHY DON'T YER KEEP A CARRIDGE LIKE MINE?"

Second Costermonger. "WHY DON'T I KEEP A CARRIDGE? WHY, BECAUSE I DON'T CHOOSE TO WASTE MY HINCUM IN MERE SHOW AND FASHIONABLE DISPLAY!"



THE OPERA.

Box-Keeper. "STALLS 216 AND 17. THIS WAY, MA'AM; LAST ROW, MA'AM. WON'T YOU LIKE A BOOK, MA'AM?"



SEASONABLE QUESTION.

"DID YOU WANT YER DOOR SWEPT, MARM?"

A BRITISH RUFFIAN.

Lady. "IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WITH WHAT I HAVE GIVEN YOU, THERE'S A GENTLEMAN HERE WHO WILL SETTLE WITH YOU."

Cabman. "NO, THERE *AIN'T I*. THERE AIN'T *NO GENTLEMAN* HERE!"

Lady. "I TELL YOU THERE IS. THERE IS A GENTLEMAN IN THIS HOUSE."

Cabman. "OH, NO, THERE AIN'T, *NOT IF HE BELONGS TO YOU!*"

TURFITES.

"I SAY, OLD FELLOW, HOW DO YOU GO TO THE DERBY THIS YEAR?"

"OH, THE OLD WAY—HAMPER AND FOUR."

UNSEASONABLE SPORT.

Wife (much startled). "GOOD GRACIOUS, REGINALD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT GUN?"

Reginald (who is very fond of shooting). "HUSH! HUSH! MY DEAR—I'VE KILLED TWO!"

Wife. "MY GOODNESS! TWO WHAT?—THIEVES?"

Reginald. "NO, DEAR. TWO OF THOSE CONFOUNDED RABBITS THAT ARE ALWAYS EATING THE VERBENA! THERE, GO TO SLEEP, DARLING—I'LL HAVE ANOTHER DIRECTLY."

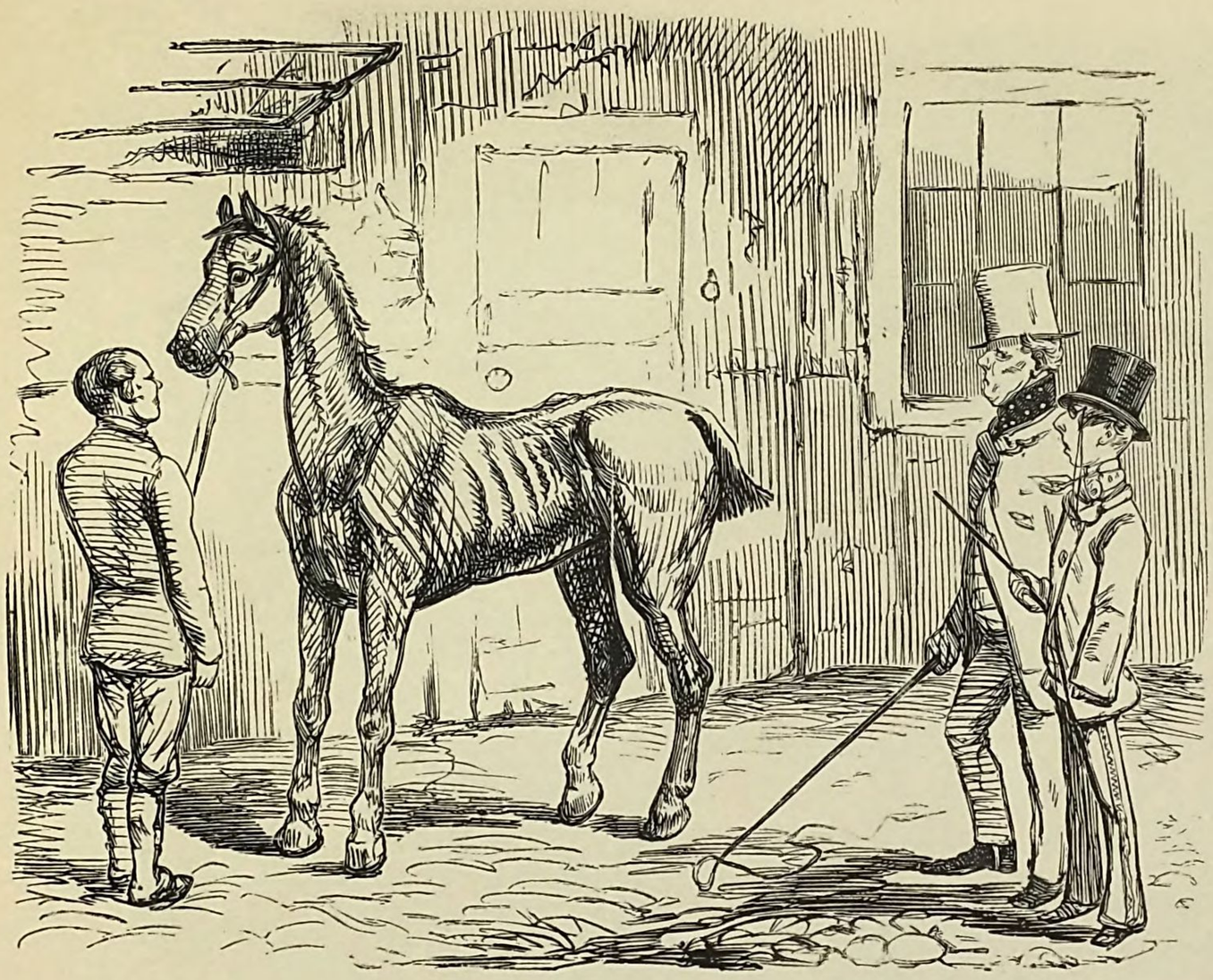
A YOUNG GENTLEMAN AND SCHOLAR.

Fond Mother. "WHY, HE DOESN'T WRITE VERY WELL YET, BUT HE GETS ON NICELY WITH HIS SPELLING. COME, ALEXANDER, WHAT DOES D. O. G. SPELL?"

Infant Prodigy (with extraordinary quickness). "CAT!"

"THAT IS THE QUESTION."

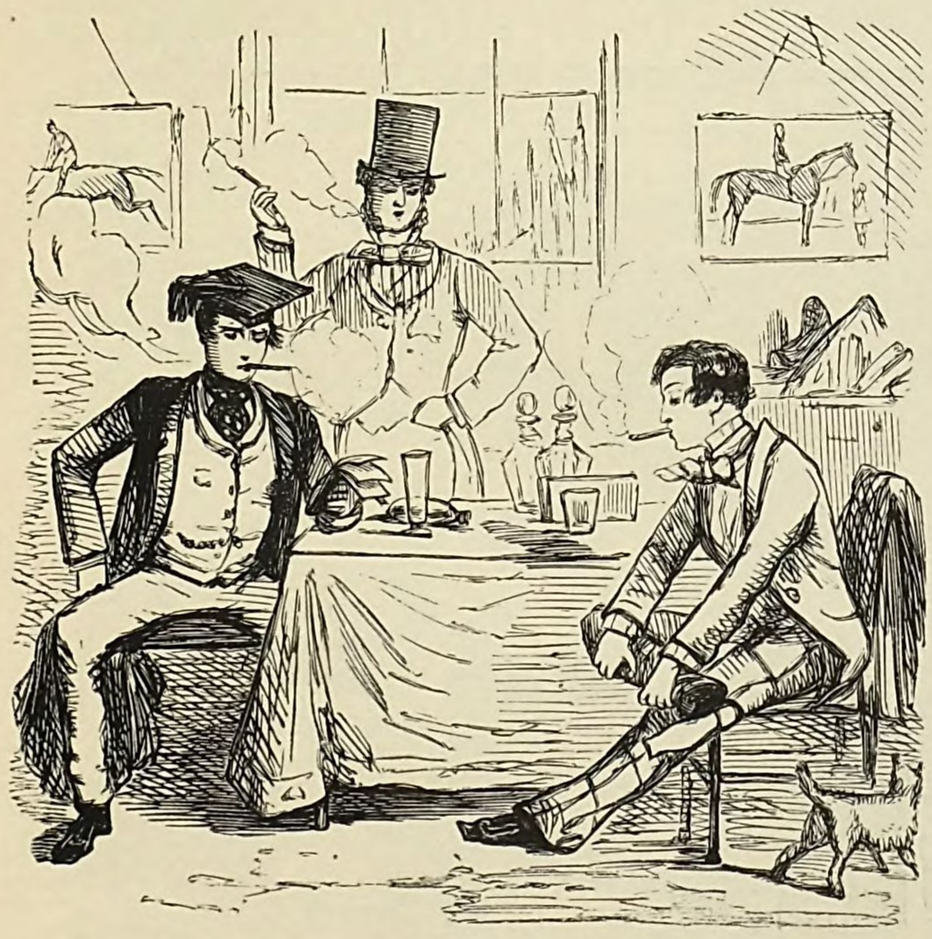
IS WESKETS TO BE GENERALLY WORE THIS SUMMER?



ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

Dealer. "THERE! HE AIN'T A 'ORSE MADE UP FOR SALE. HE'LL GO ON IMPROVIN' EVERY DAY YOU KEEP HIM—HE WILL."

EASY SHAVING.



ARITHMETIC IN THE UNIVERSITY.

"I SAY, FRANK, MY BOY—IF TROUNCER'S AT 5 TO 2, AND NUTSHELL AT 3 TO 1, WHAT'S THE BETTING AGAINST THE PAIR OF THEM!"

"I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW—TAKE YOU 6 TO 1."

STARTLING EFFECT OF THE "GOLD DIGGINS."

Reduced Goldsmith (loq.). "NOW THEN, HERE YOU ARE!—A HANDSOME GOLD SNUFF-BOX AND A HA'PORTH OF SNUFF FOR A PENNY!"

A TEST OF STRENGTH.

First Languid Party. "DON'T YOU FIND SEA-AIR VERY STRENGTHENING, JACK?"

Second Ditto, Ditto. "AH, VEWY! I COULD THROW STONES IN THE WATER ALL DAY!"

ELEGANT AND RATIONAL DINNER COSTUME FOR CLOSE WEATHER.

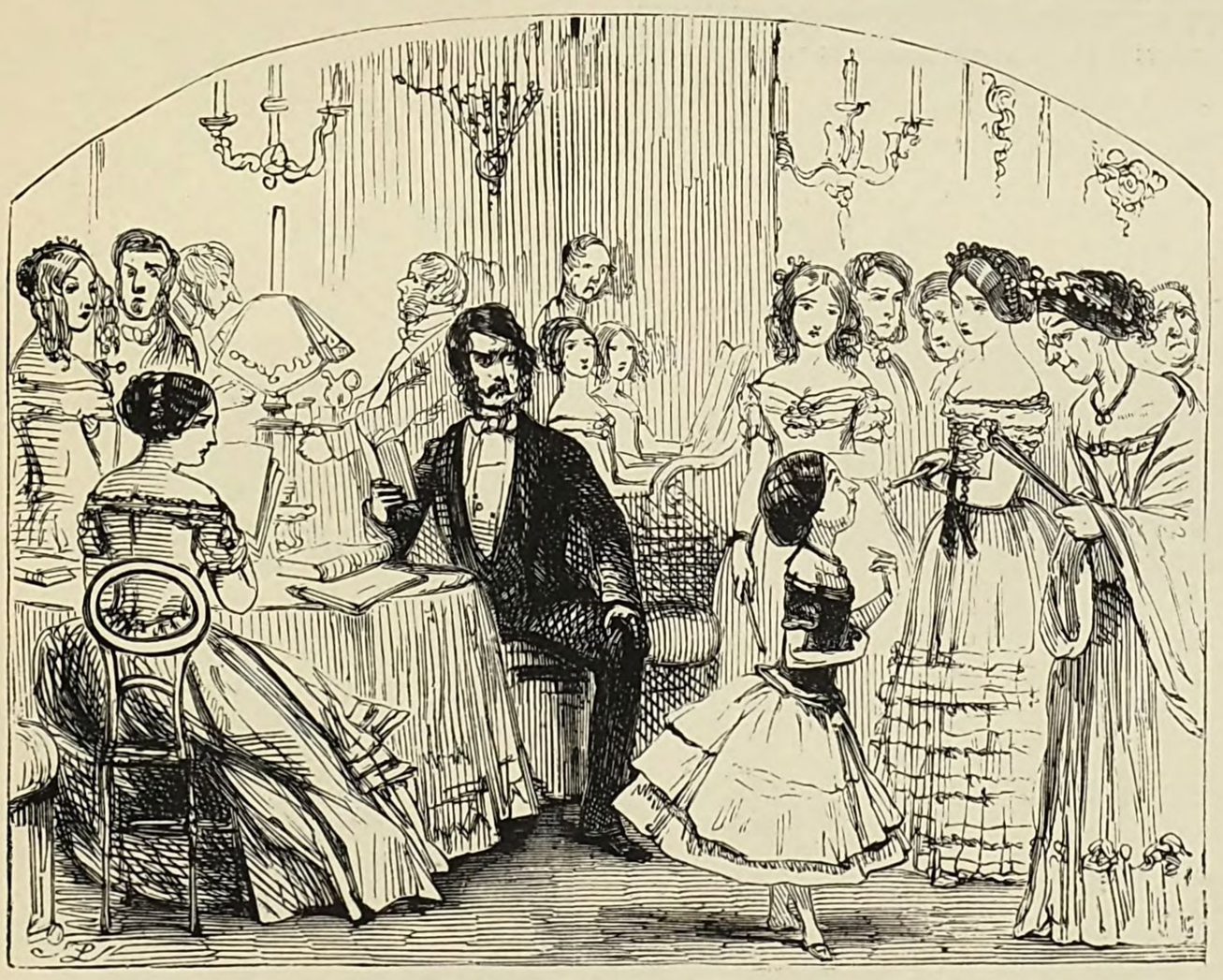
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

A HEAVY BLOW.

Alderman Gobble. "WHAW-T; PULL DOWN TEMPLE BAR? OH DEAR! RING FOR THE SHERRY. THEY'LL BE FOR DESTROYING GOG AND MAGOG NEXT."

OYSTERS IN JUNE—DELICIOUS!

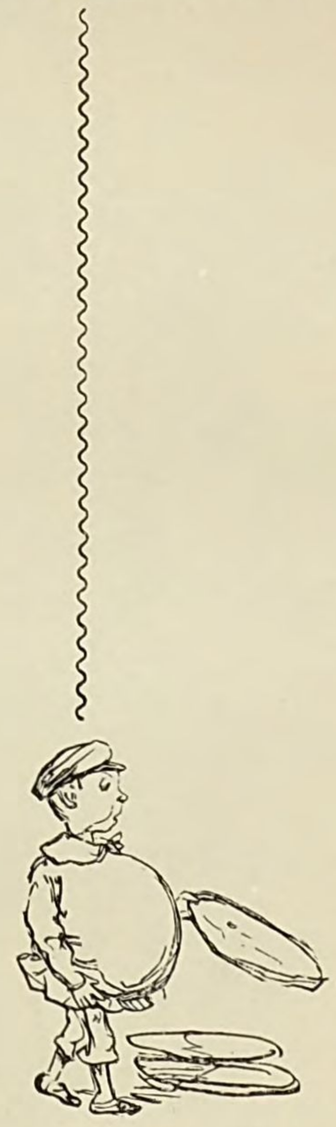
"NOW, MY LITTLE MAN—HERE'S YOUR FINE NATIVES! ONLY A PENNY A LOT."



A PRODIGIOUS NUISANCE.

Learned (but otherwise highly objectionable) Child (loq.). "OH, MAMMA, DEAR! WHAT DO YOU THINK? I ASKED MR. —— AND MISS —— TO NAME SOME OF THE REMARKABLE EVENTS FROM THE YEAR 700 TO THE YEAR 600 B.C., AND THEY COULDN'T. BUT *I* CAN—AND—THE SECOND MESSINIAN WAR COMMENCED; AND—THE POET TYRTÆUS FLOURISHED; BYZANTIUM WAS FOUNDED BY THE INHABITANTS OF MEGARA; DRACO GAVE LAWS TO ATHENS; TERPANDER OF LESBOS, THE MUSICIAN AND POET; THALES OF MILETUS, THE PHILOSOPHER; ALCÆUS AND SAPPHO, THE POETS, FLOURISHED; AND NEBUCHADNEZ——"

[*Sensation from right and left, during which the voice of Child is happily drowned.*



LITTLE BOY HAS A PENN'ORTH—

ALARMING RESULT!

HOW TO MAKE CULPRITS COMFORTABLE; OR, HINTS FOR PRISON DISCIPLINE.

SAILORS ON SHORE CAROUSING—AS IT WILL BE WHEN THE GROG IS STOPPED.

SUBURBAN FELICITY. GRATIFYING DOMESTIC (POULTRY) INCIDENT.

Buttons. "OH! PLEASE'M! BE QUICK'M! HERE'S THE COACHING CHINA A CLUCKING LIKE ANYTHINK. HE'VE BEEN AND LAID A HEGG!!!"

DURING THE FROST A CERTAIN FOX-HUNTER INCREASES IN WEIGHT, AND GETS TOO BIG FOR HIS CLOTHES.

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.

No. IX.

TABLEAU—REPRESENTING MR. BRIGGS OUT FOR A DAY'S RABBIT-SHOOTING.

COLD COMFORT.

Country Friend to Sporting Gent from Town. "WELL, JACK, I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD HAVE A CAPITAL DAY. YOU SEE THE FROST IS QUITE GONE."

THE BEARD AND MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Railway Guard. "NOW, MA'AM, IS THIS YOUR LUGGAGE?"

Old Lady (who concludes she is attacked by Brigands). "OH, YES! GENTLEMEN, IT'S MINE. TAKE IT—TAKE ALL I HAVE—BUT SPARE, OH SPARE OUR LIVES!!"

TRUE POLITENESS.

Alderman Gobble. "NOW, THEN, GALS! I'VE QUITE DONE. CAN I GET YOU ANY GRUB?"

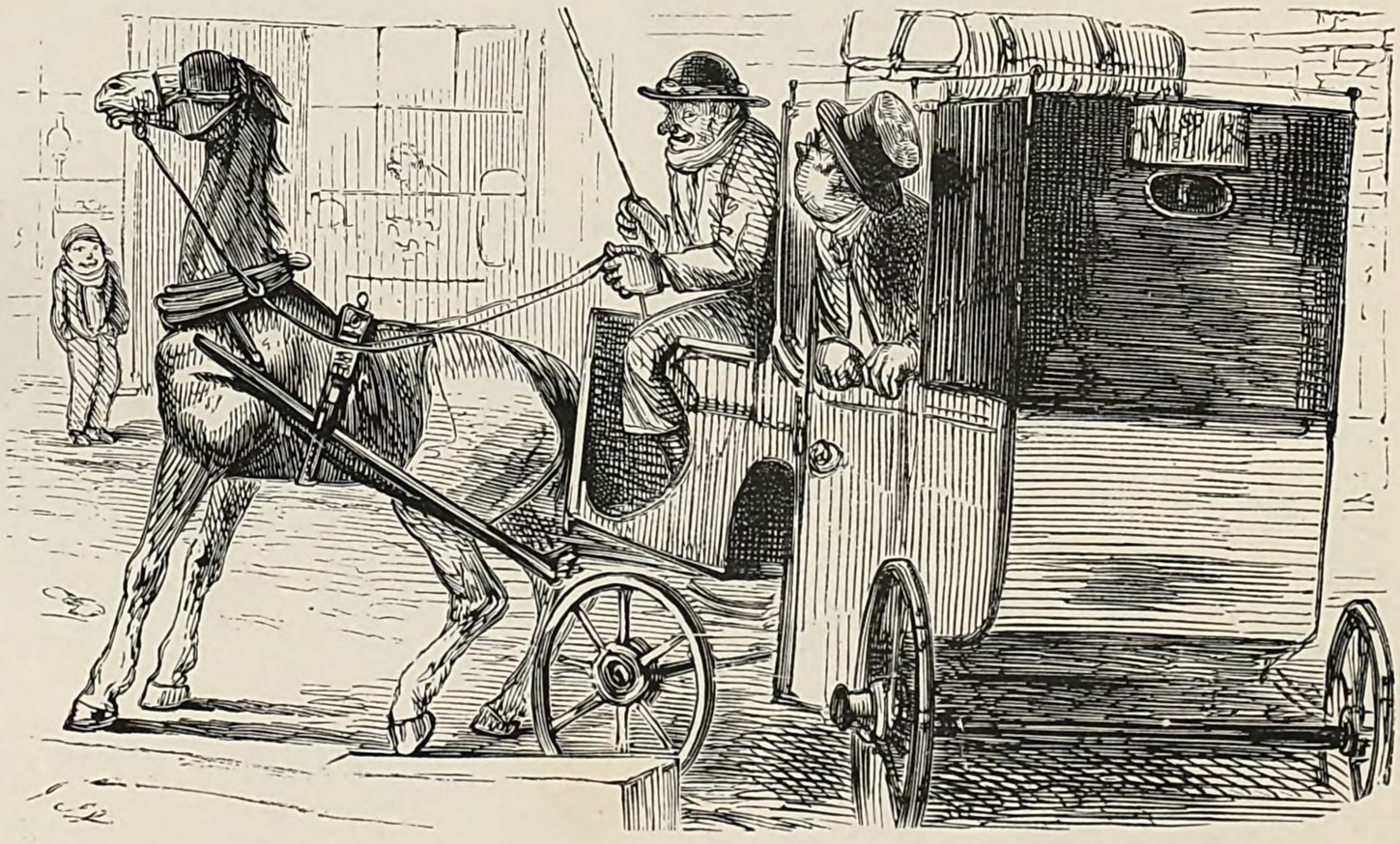
MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.

No. X.

A FRIEND HAS GIVEN MR. BRIGGS A DAY'S SHOOTING.

A COCK PHEASANT GETS UP, AND MR. BRIGGS'S IMPRESSION IS, THAT A VERY LARGE FIREWORK HAS BEEN LET OFF CLOSE TO TO HIM. HE IS ALMOST FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

FISHING—WITH FLIES.



THE OLD GENTLEMAN IS IN A HURRY TO GET TO THE STATION—CAB-HORSE JIBS MOST RESOLUTELY.

Old Gent. "NOW, THEN, DRIVER. WHAT'S THE MATTER?"
Cabman. "OH, IT'S NOTHIN', SIR, HE'S ONLY A LEETLE TOO FRESH, SIR!"

HOW No. 4 ENJOYED HIMSELF,

AND

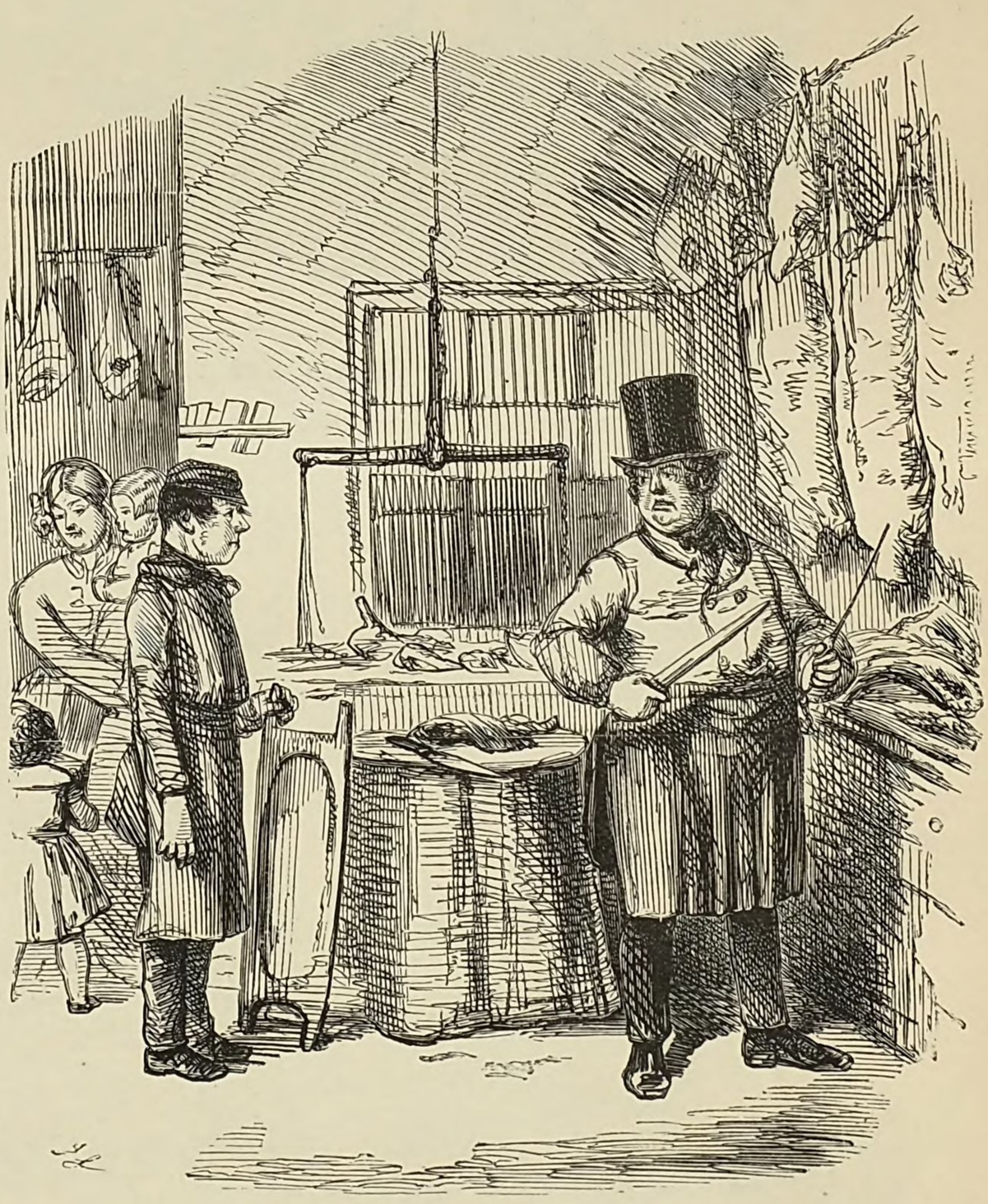
HOW No. 8 SUFFERED IN CONSEQUENCE.

SPEAK AS YOU THINK.

"ARE YOU GOING?"

"WHY, YE-ES. THE FACT IS, THAT YOUR PARTY IS SO SLOW, AND I AM WEALLY SO INFERNALLY BORED, THAT I SHALL GO SOMEWHERE AND SMOKE A QUIET CIGAR."

"WELL, GOOD NIGHT. AS YOU ARE BY NO MEANS HANDSOME, A GREAT PUPPY, AND NOT IN THE LEAST AMUSING, I THINK IT'S THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO."



A HORRIBLE BUSINESS.

Master Butcher. "DID YOU TAKE OLD MAJOR DUMBLEDORE'S RIBS TO NO. 12?"

Boy. "YES, SIR."

Master Butcher. "THEN CUT MISS WIGGLES'S SHOULDER AND NECK, AND HANG MR. FOODLE'S LEGS TILL THEY'RE QUITE TENDER!"

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF RACING.

No. I.

MR. BRIGGS HAS BACKED HIMSELF TO RIDE A STEEPLE CHASE AGAINST HIS FRIEND MUFFINS, OF THE ST—K EXCH—NGE. HE IS GOING ROUND THE COURSE JUST TO LOOK AT THE JUMPS.

Spectator (to MR. B.). "OH NO, SIR!—THIS AIN'T THE BIG ONE. THE BIG ONE IS AFTER YOU GET OUT OF THE LANE, AND AFORE YOU COME TO THE BROOK!"

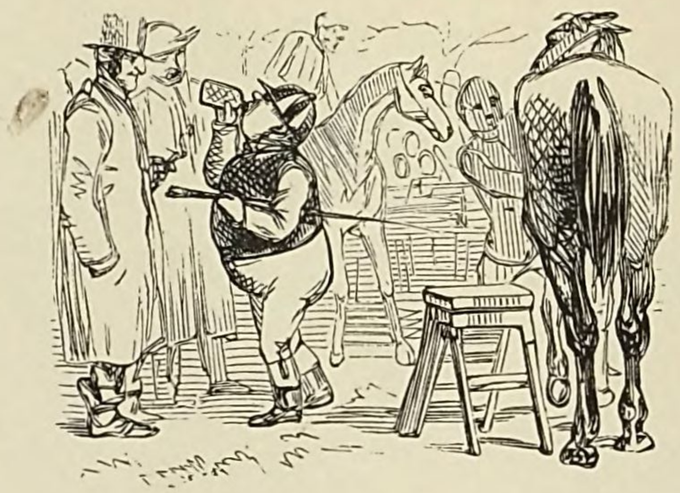
OUR ENGLISH CLIMATE.

MAY-DAY FOR THE SWEEPS.

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF RACING.

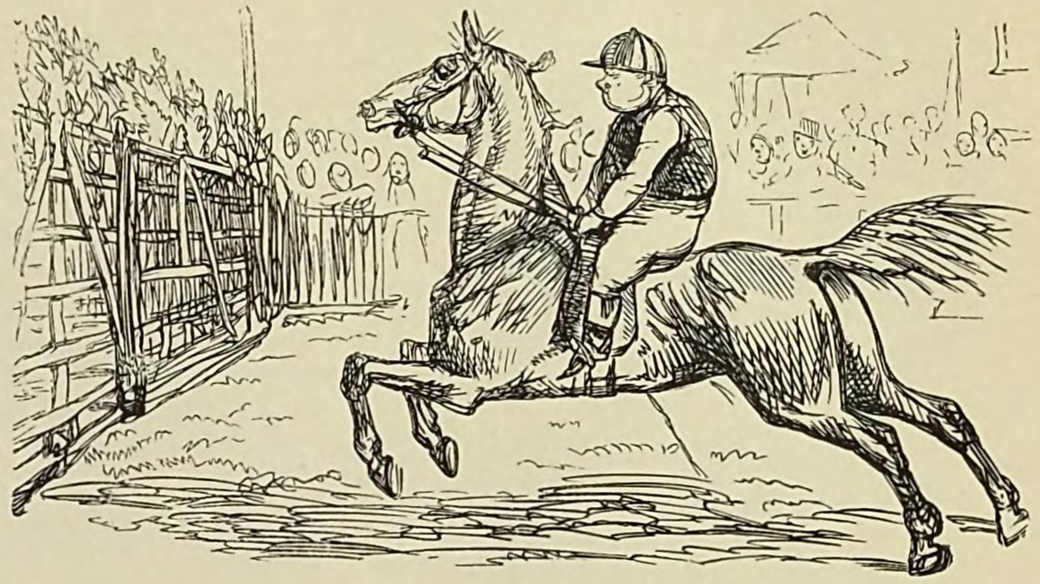
No. II.

MR. BRIGGS IS WEIGHED, OF COURSE.



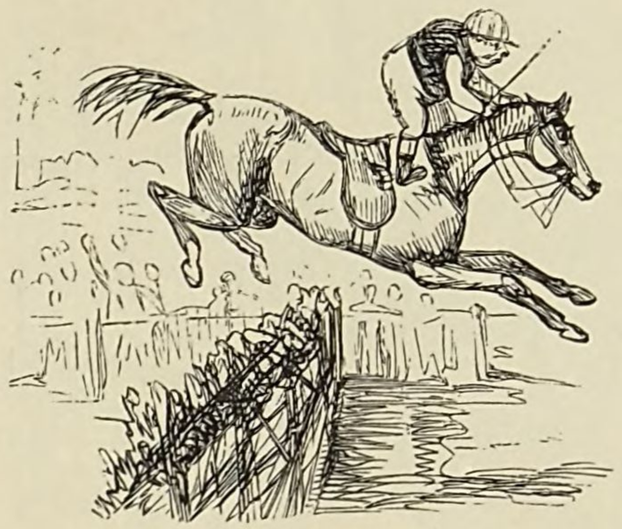
No. III.

HIS FRIENDS RECOMMEND HIM A LITTLE JUMPING POWDER.



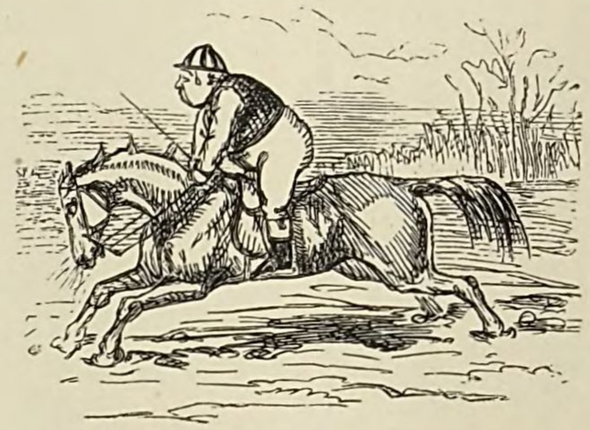
No. IV.

HERE HE TAKES A PRELIMINARY CANTER, AND PUTS HIS HORSE AT A FLIGHT OF HURDLES.



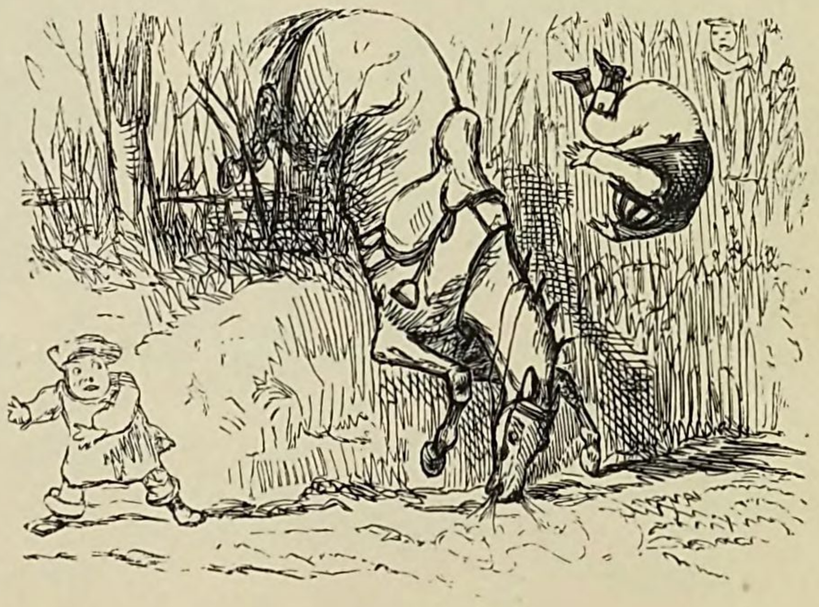
No. V.

AND GETS OVER VERY CLEVERLY.



No. VI.

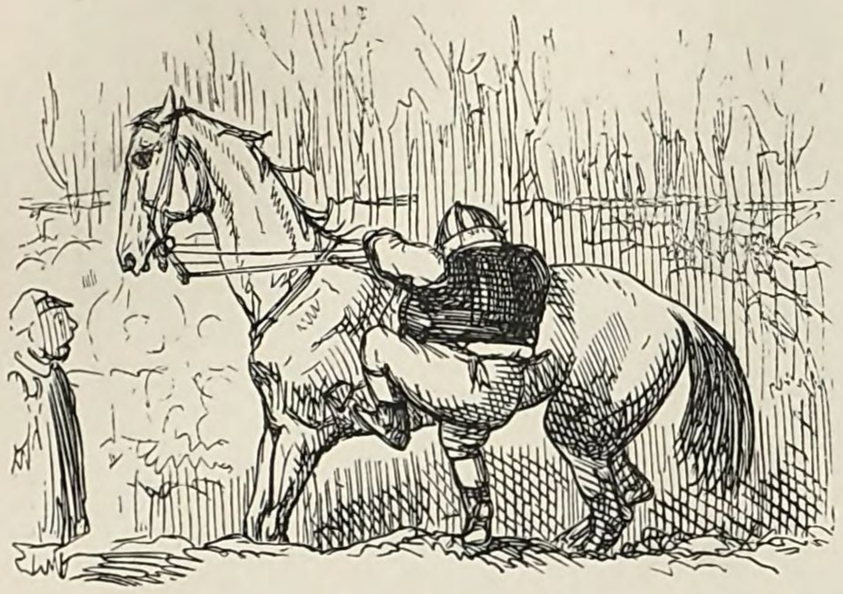
SOME TIME AFTER THE START, MR. BRIGGS GOES ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE FLAG, AND IS OBLIGED TO GO BACK, WHICH, AS THE GROUND IS RATHER HEAVY, "TAKES IT OUT OF OLD BLUNDERBUSS CONSIDERABLY."



No. VII.

WHO, IN CONSEQUENCE, MAKES A MISTAKE AT THE NEXT FENCE.

MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF RACING.



No. VIII.

HOWEVER, MR. BRIGGS IS NOT HURT; AND, AFTER SOME EXERTION, RE-MOUNTS.

No. IX.

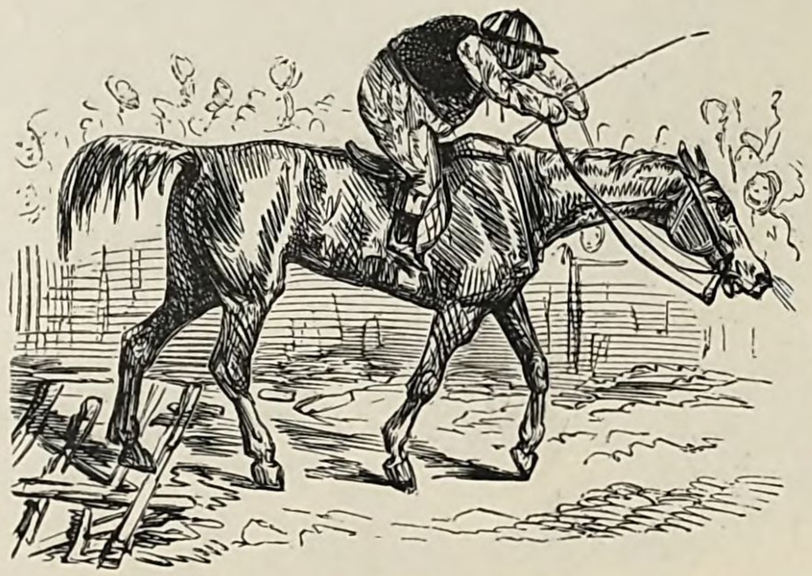
MR. BRIGGS, AS HE APPEARED COMING TO THE BROOK. IN THE DISTANCE MAY BE OBSERVED HIS OPPONENT, WHO HAS A NASTY FALL, BUT FORTUNATELY TUMBLES ON HIS HEAD.

No. X.

MR. BRIGGS AS HE APPEARED IN THE BROOK.

No. XI.

AS HE APPEARED WHEN HE CAME OUT OF THE BROOK.



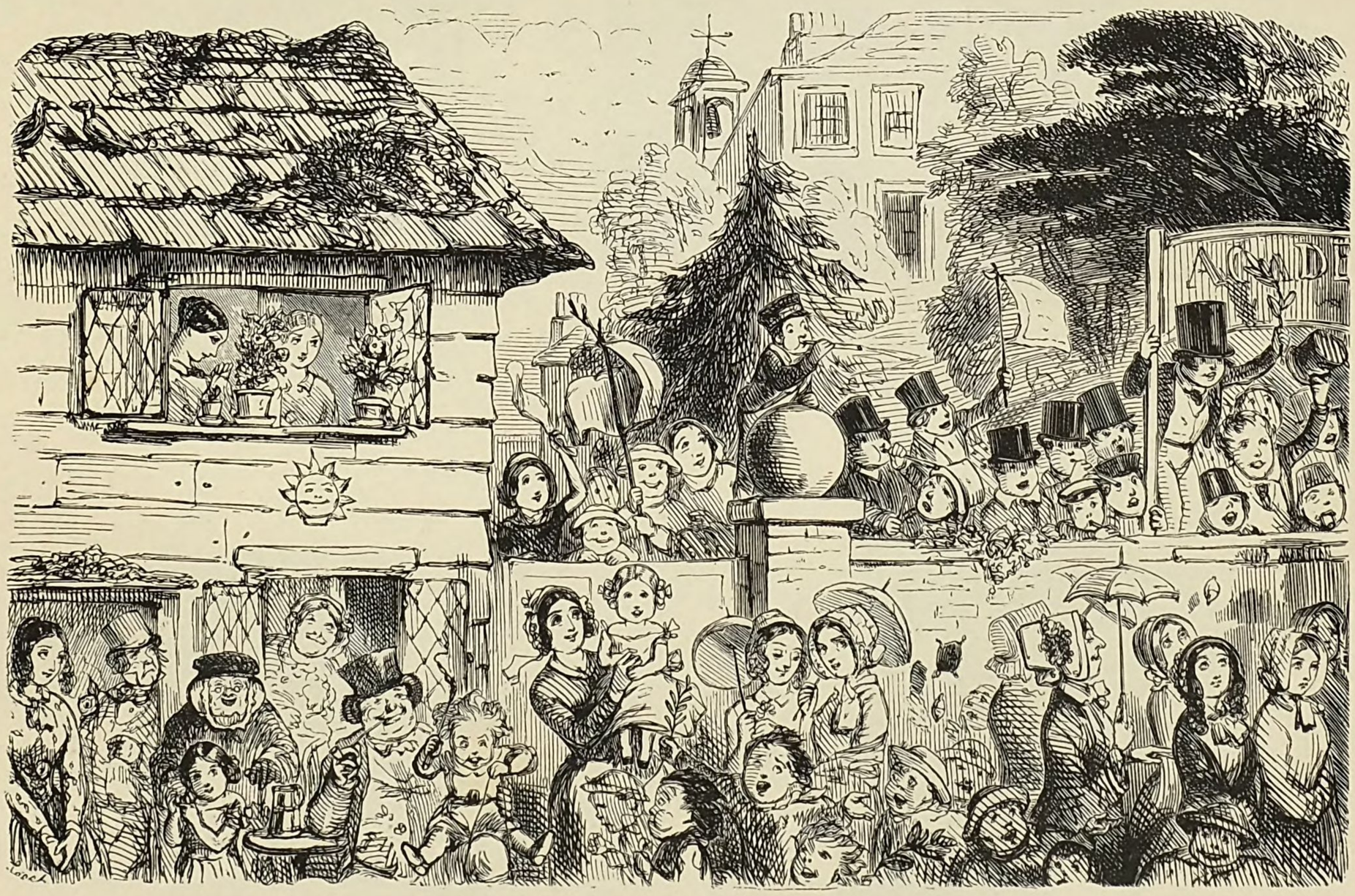
No. XII.

PORTRAIT OF MR. BRIGGS WINNING THE RACE. N.B. THE DENSE CROWD IS CHEERING HIM.

From the Collection of "Mr. Punch," 1842—1864.

DISTRESSING RESULT OF EMIGRATION.

Lady. "YES, MY DEAR. JOHN LEFT US WITHOUT ANY WARNING, AND WE CAN'T MATCH THE OTHER FOOTMAN, BECAUSE ALL THE TALL MEN ARE GONE TO AUSTRALIA."



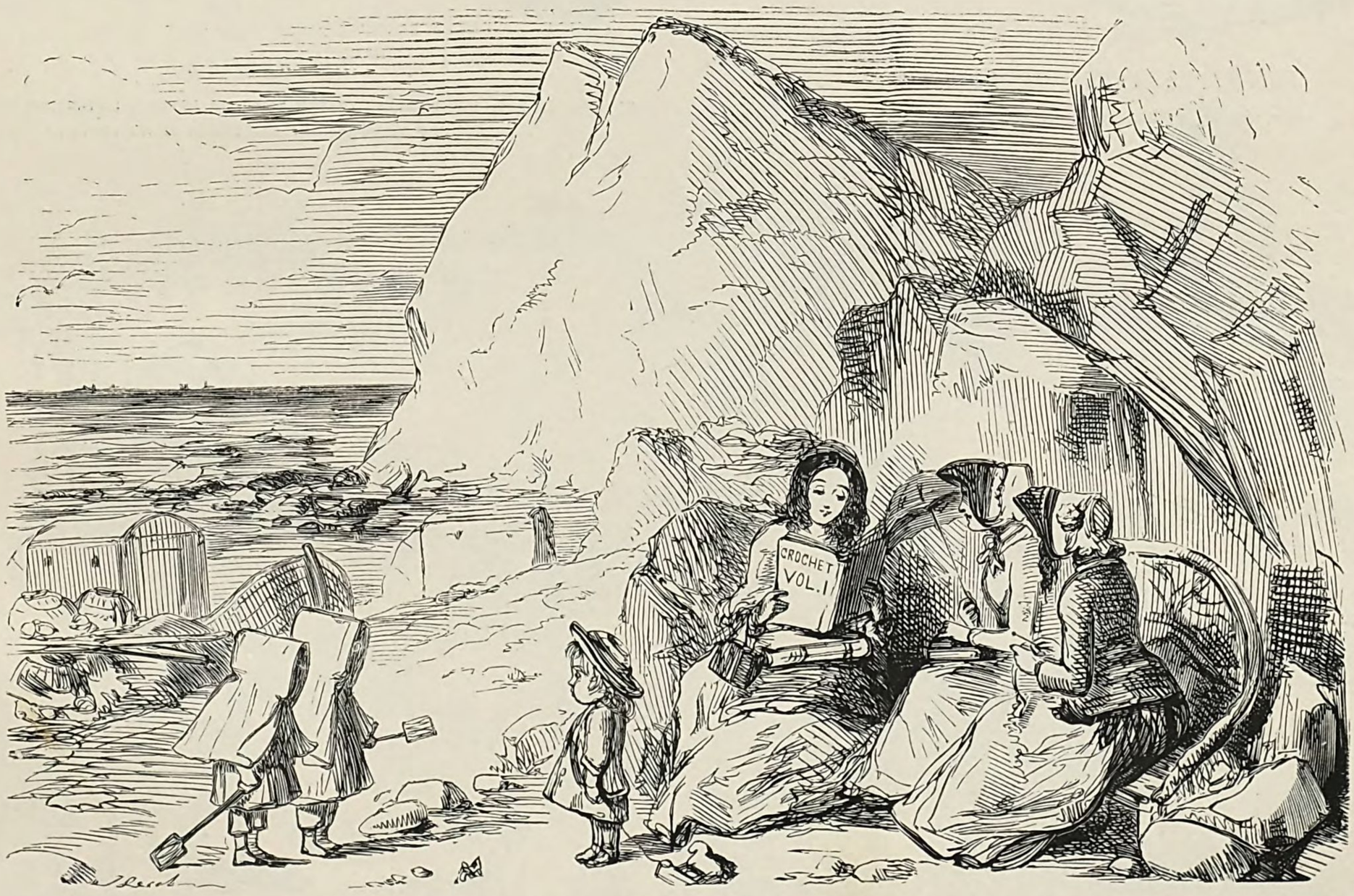
THE ROAD-SIDE ON THE DERBY DAY.

A "DRAG" FULL OF GUARDSMEN IS SUPPOSED TO BE PASSING.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Young Mother (joyously). "THE DEAR LITTLE CREATURE IS GETTING ON SO NICELY; IT'S BEGINNING QUITE TO TAKE NOTICE."——*First Mother of a Family (blandly).* "OH! MY DEAR! THAT IS NOT TAKING NOTICE; IT'S ONLY THE WIND."——*Second Ditto.* "YOU SHOULD GIVE IT A LITTLE DILL-WATER, DEAR. YOU WOULD FIND," &c. &c.——*Third Ditto.* "WELL, IF IT WAS MY CHILD, I SHOULD," &c. &c.——*Fourth Ditto.* "NOW, WHEN I WAS NURSING MY LITTLE GREGORY, I USED," &c. &c.——*Fifth Ditto.* "WELL, NOW, I WOULD NOT FOR THE WORLD THAT A BABY OF MINE," &c. &c.——*Sixth Ditto.* "INDEED, I HAVE KNOWN CHILDREN OBLIGED TO ENDURE THE MOST HORRIBLE AGONY," &c. &c.——*Seventh Ditto.* "DEPEND UPON IT, LOVE; AND YOU KNOW I HAVE HAD A LARGE FAMILY—AND IF YOU WILL BE ADVISED BY ME," &c. &c.

[Young Mother becomes quite bewildered, and gives herself up to despair.



SEA-SIDE LITERATURE FOR YOUNG LADIES; OR, DELIGHTS OF CROCHET.

First Young Lady (reads). "10TH ROW—3 LONG WITH THREE CHAIN AFTER EACH INTO THIRD SMALL SPACE, 1 LONG INTO SAME SPACE, 5 LONG WITH THREE CHAIN AFTER EACH INTO MIDDLE SPACE, 1 LONG INTO SAME SPACE, 3 LONG WITH 3 CHAIN AFTER EACH INTO NEXT SPACE, 1 LONG IN SAME SPACE, 5 CHAIN, DITTO IN MIDDLE OF LARGE SPACE, 5 CHAIN; REPEAT."

Second and Third Young Ladies (in ecstacies). "OH, HOW SWEETLY PRETTY!!!"

FRIGHTFUL UPSET OF DIGNITY.

Conductor. "NOW, MARM! WITE-CHAPEL, OR MILE-END?—ONLY A PENNY!"

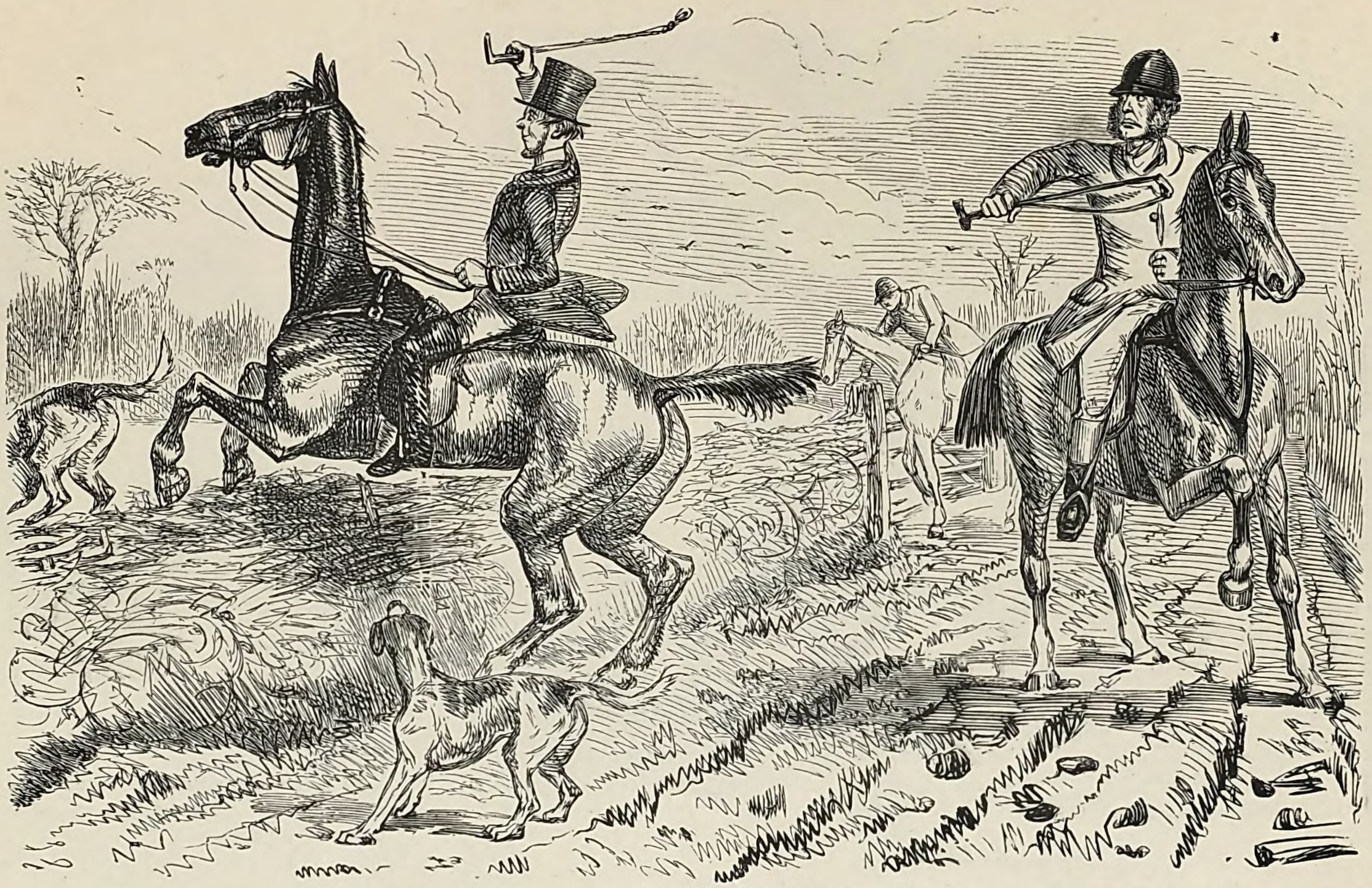
INTERESTING.

"I HAVE CALLED, MR. SQUILLS, TO SAY THAT MY DARLING LITTLE DOG (!) HAS TAKEN ALL HIS MIXTURE, BUT HIS COUGH IS NO BETTER."

SUMMER IN ELYSIUM.

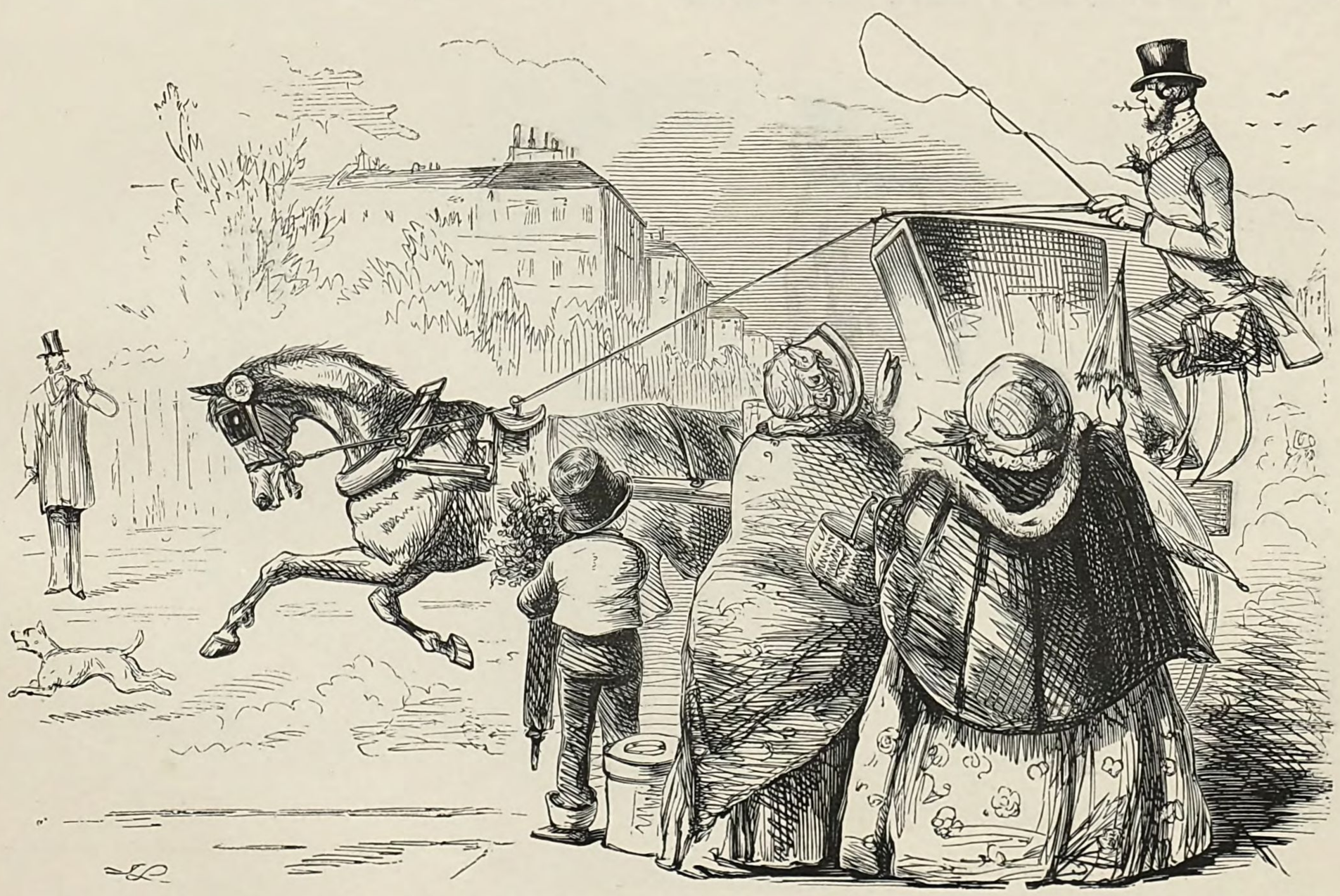
AND

THE LONG VACATION IN ARCADIA.



A SAVAGE REPROOF.

Indignant Master of Hounds. "NOW, YOU SIR! MIND THE HOUND! HE'S WORTH FORTY TIMES AS MUCH AS YOUR HORSE!"



WHAT A DREADFUL STORY!

Stout Party. "STOP! HERE! CABMAN! WE WANT TO GO AS FAR TER-WARDS WHITECHAPEL AS WE CAN FOR SIXPENCE!"

Cabman. "VERY SORRY, MUM! BUT THE OSS HAS BIN OUT ALL DAY—DEAD BEAT, MUM - GOING HOME, MUM."

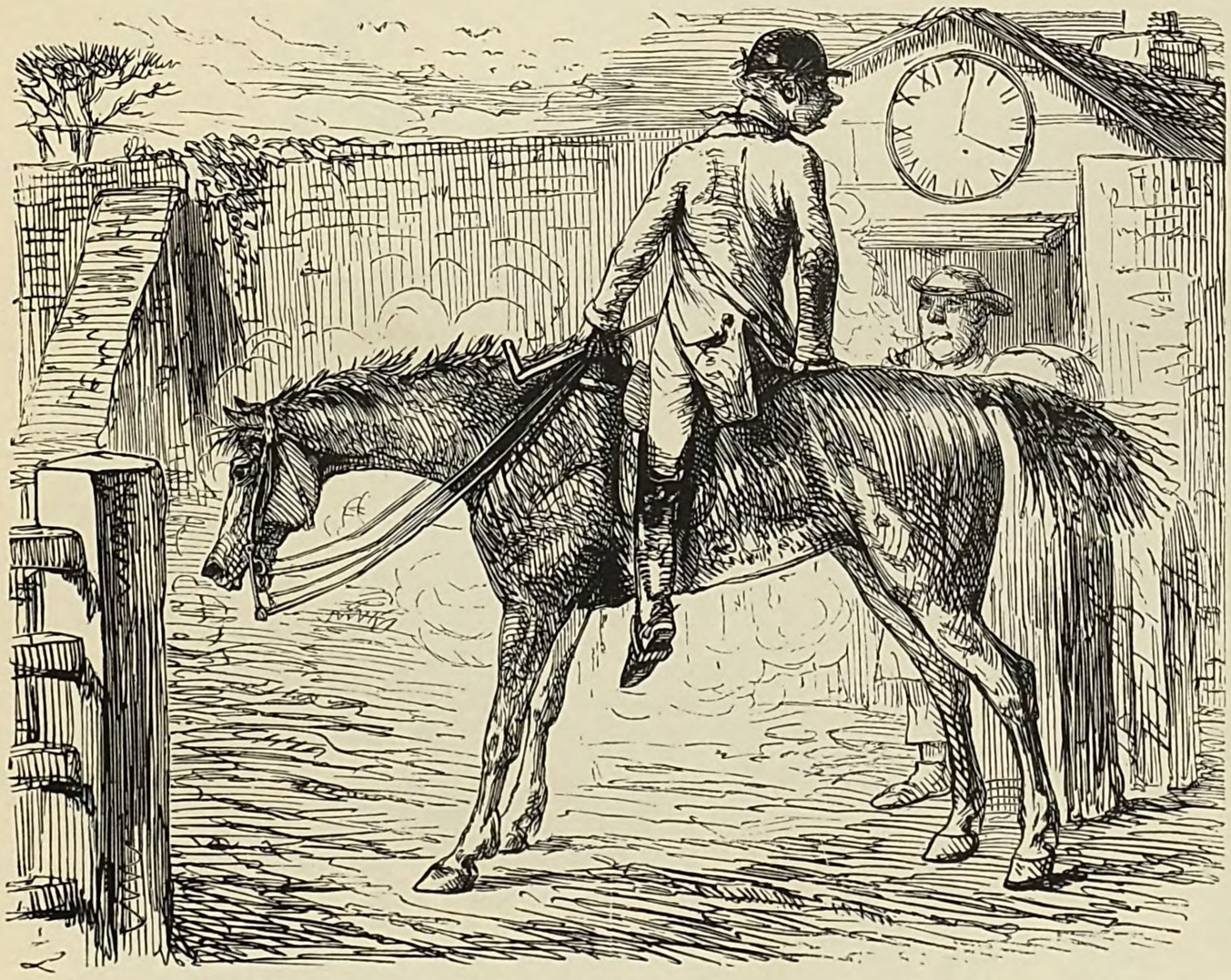
A SELL.

Enter SPORTING YOUTH, *who has lost the hounds.*

Youth. "SEEN THE HOUNDS GO THROUGH HERE, PIKEY?"

Pikey. "E-AS, A HAVE—TUPPENSE!" [*Youth pays the twopence and gallops on.*

A lapse of twenty minutes is supposed to have taken place, when



Re-enter SPORTING YOUTH.

Youth (in a high state of excitement). "WHY, CONFOUND YOU! I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME YOU HAD SEEN THE HOUNDS GO THROUGH HERE?"

Pikey. "E-AS, SO A DID; SEED 'EM YESTERDAY!"

IS IT SO?

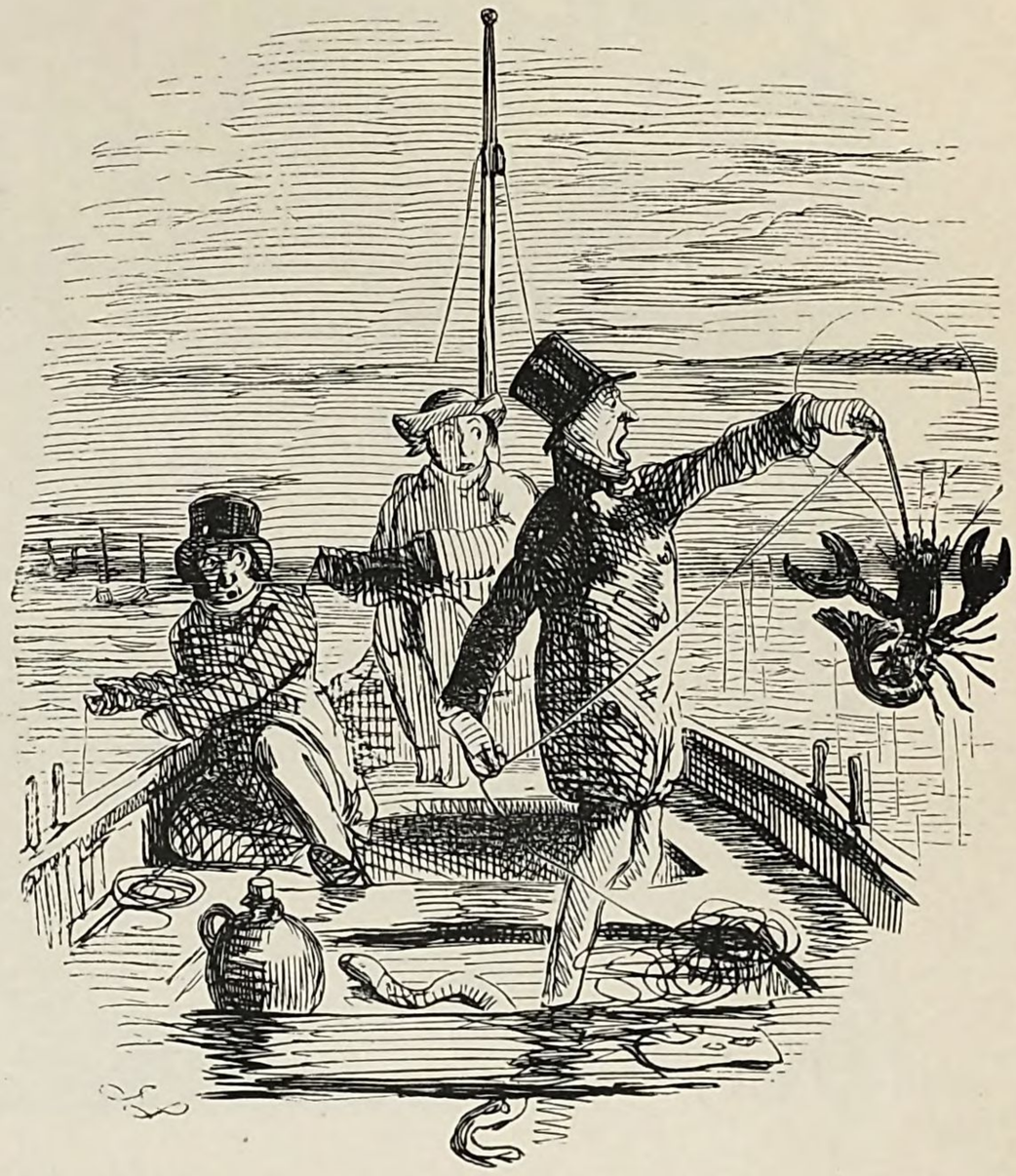
Old Lady (loq.). "BLESS MY HEART! HOW RIDICULOUSLY SMALL THEY DO MAKE THE EYES OF THE NEEDLES NOW-A-DAYS, TO BE SURE!"

PRIDE.

Page. "THAT POOR DEVIL AIN'T MIXED MUCH IN SOCIETY."

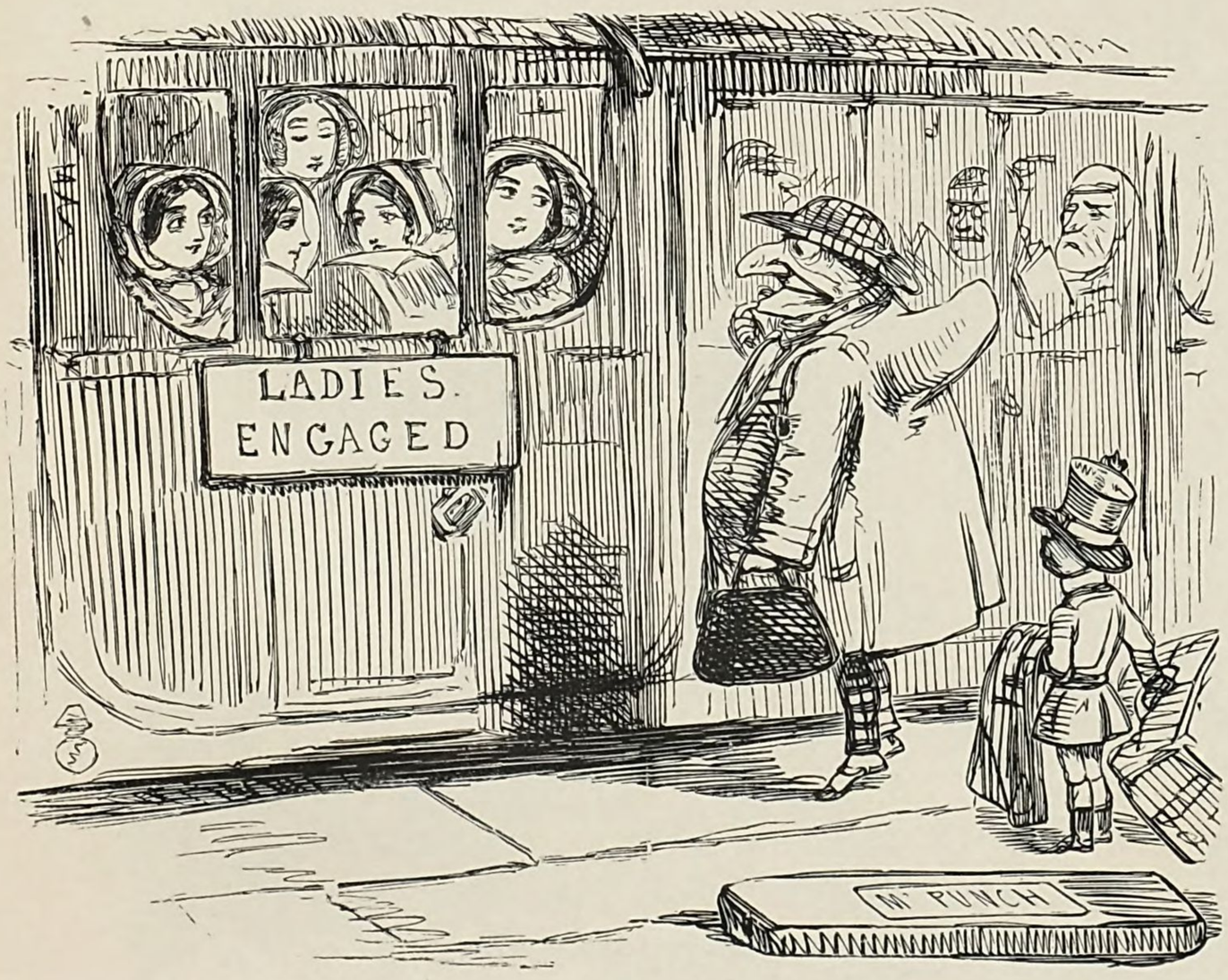
A BOAT FOR AN HOUR.

Stout Gentleman. "WHAT! IS THAT THE ONLY BOAT YOU HAVE IN?"



FISHING OFF BRIGHTON.

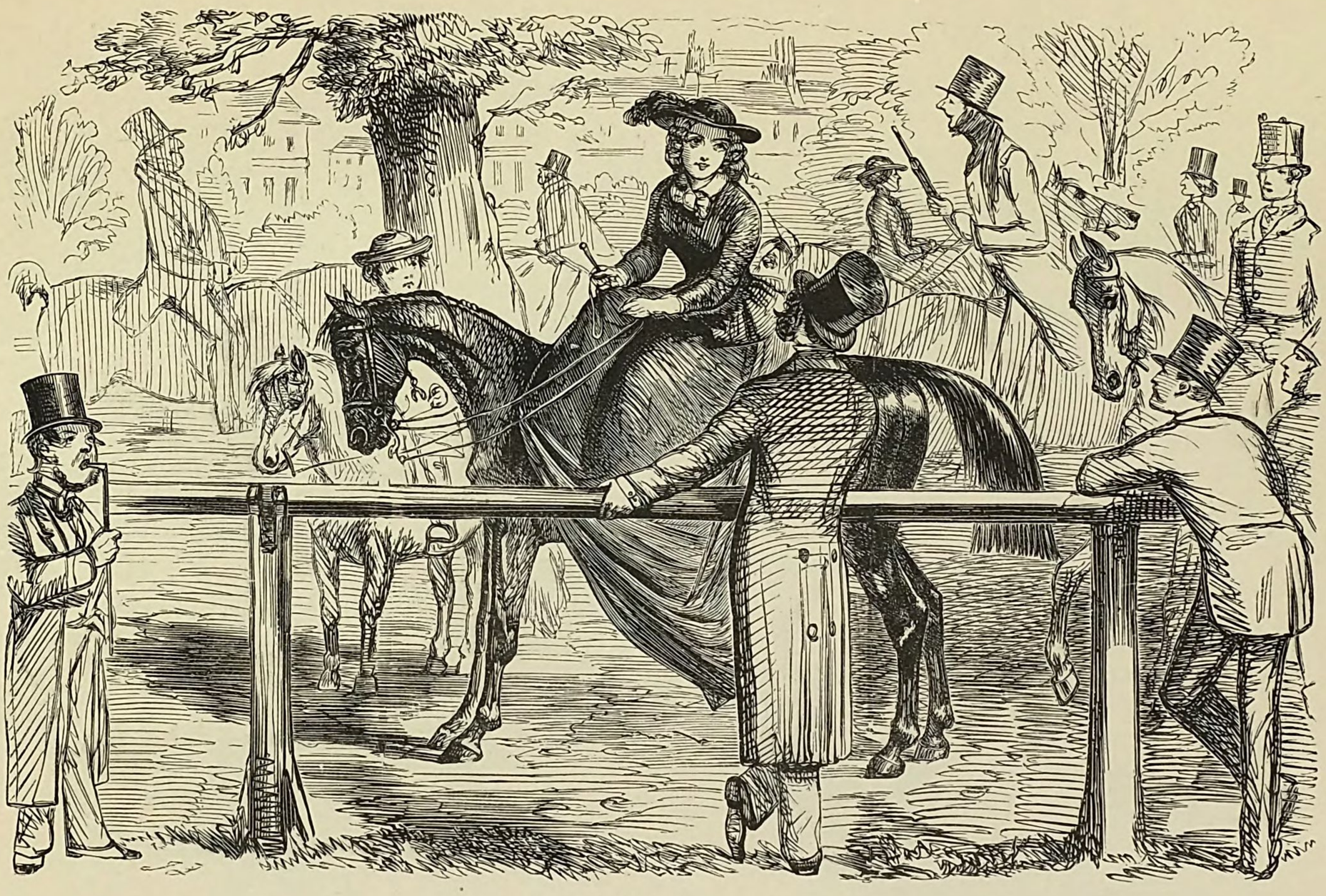
"OH, YES! IT'S VERY EASY TO SAY 'CATCH HOLD OF HIM!'"



AGGRAVATING—RATHER!

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

"OH! HERE'S A GO! BLOWED IF I AIN'T LOST MY DIAMOND RING!"



THE NEW PURCHASE.

Blanche (who dotes on horses). "THERE, FRANK. ISN'T SHE A PRETTY CREATURE? PAPA GAVE HER TO ME THIS MORNING—SHE IS SO GOOD-TEMPERED AND WHAT A NICE HEAD AND NECK SHE HAS! HASN'T SHE? SHE'S QUITE YOUNG, TOO—AND SUCH A BEAUTIFUL MOUTH!—NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY, SIR, EH?"

Frank (who is so absurd). "H'M! LET'S SEE, PRETTY CREATURE!—GOOD-TEMPERED!—NICE HEAD AND NECK!—YOUNG!—AND A BEAUTIFUL MOUTH!—WHY, I SAY, YOU MAKE A CAPITAL PAIR!"

SEA-SIDE.—THE BATHING HOUR.

DOING IT THOROUGHLY.

Old Gent. "I SAY, MY LITTLE MAN, YOU SHOULD ALWAYS HOLD YOUR PONY TOGETHER GOING UP HILL, AND OVER PLOUGHED LAND!"

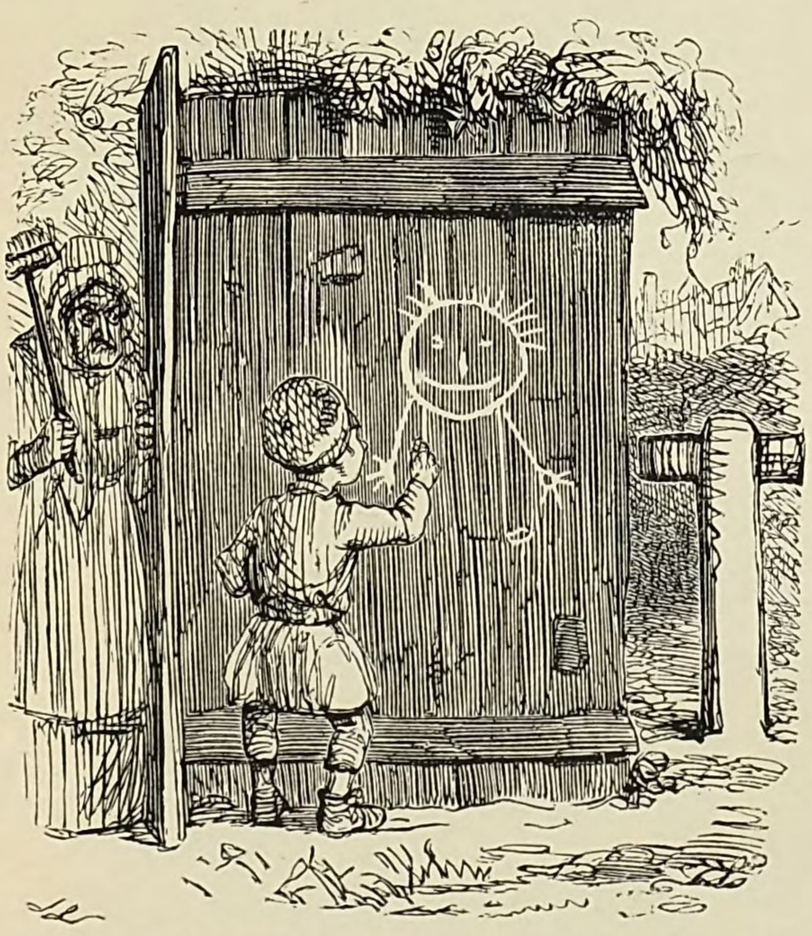
Young Nimrod. "ALL RIGHT, OLD COCK! DON'T YOU TEACH YOUR GRANDMOTHER TO SUCK EGGS! THERE'S MY MAN BY THE HAY-STACK WITH MY SECOND HORSE!"

NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

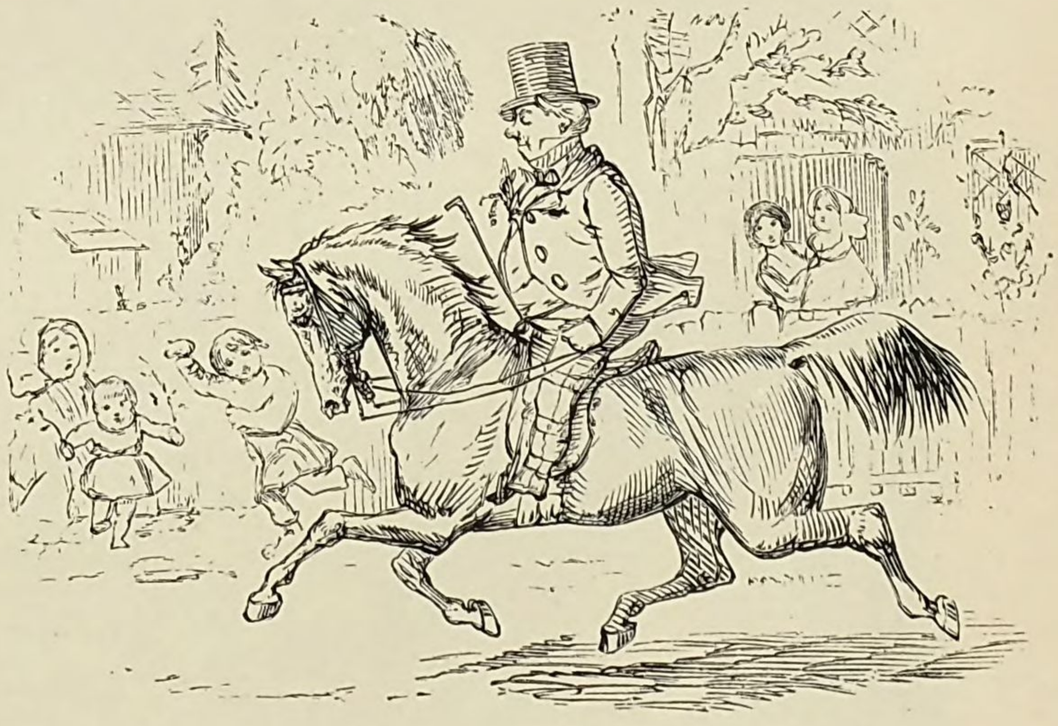
MR. HAYCOCK, HAVING HEARD OF THE MERITS OF BRUISED OATS FOR HORSES, REQUESTS HIS FRIEND BRIGGS TO SEND HIM A COUPLE OF "BRUISERS."
MR. BRIGGS DESPATCHES THE "WHITECHAPEL CHICKEN" AND THE "BAYSWATER SLASHER."

WAITING FOR A DIP.

Proprietor of Machine (loq.). "SORRY TO KEEP YOU SUCH A LONG TIME A WAITIN', SIR; BUT REALLY THEY STOP IN SUCH A TIME THAT WE HAVEN'T A MACHINE TO BLESS OURSELVES WITH. THERE'S CRUMPTON'S COTTAGES HAS BEEN IN THE WATER THIS THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR; AND ALBION HOUSE TAKES THE LONGEST TIME TO DRESS OF ANY GENT I EVER SEE. OH! HERE'S PROSPECT PLACE A COMING HOUT. NOW YOU CAN GO IN, SIR."



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.



JUST LIKE HIM.

MR. BR—GGS *(We suppress the Gentleman's name for obvious reasons)* THINKS HE WILL GO TO HAMPTON RACES.

THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.

No. I.

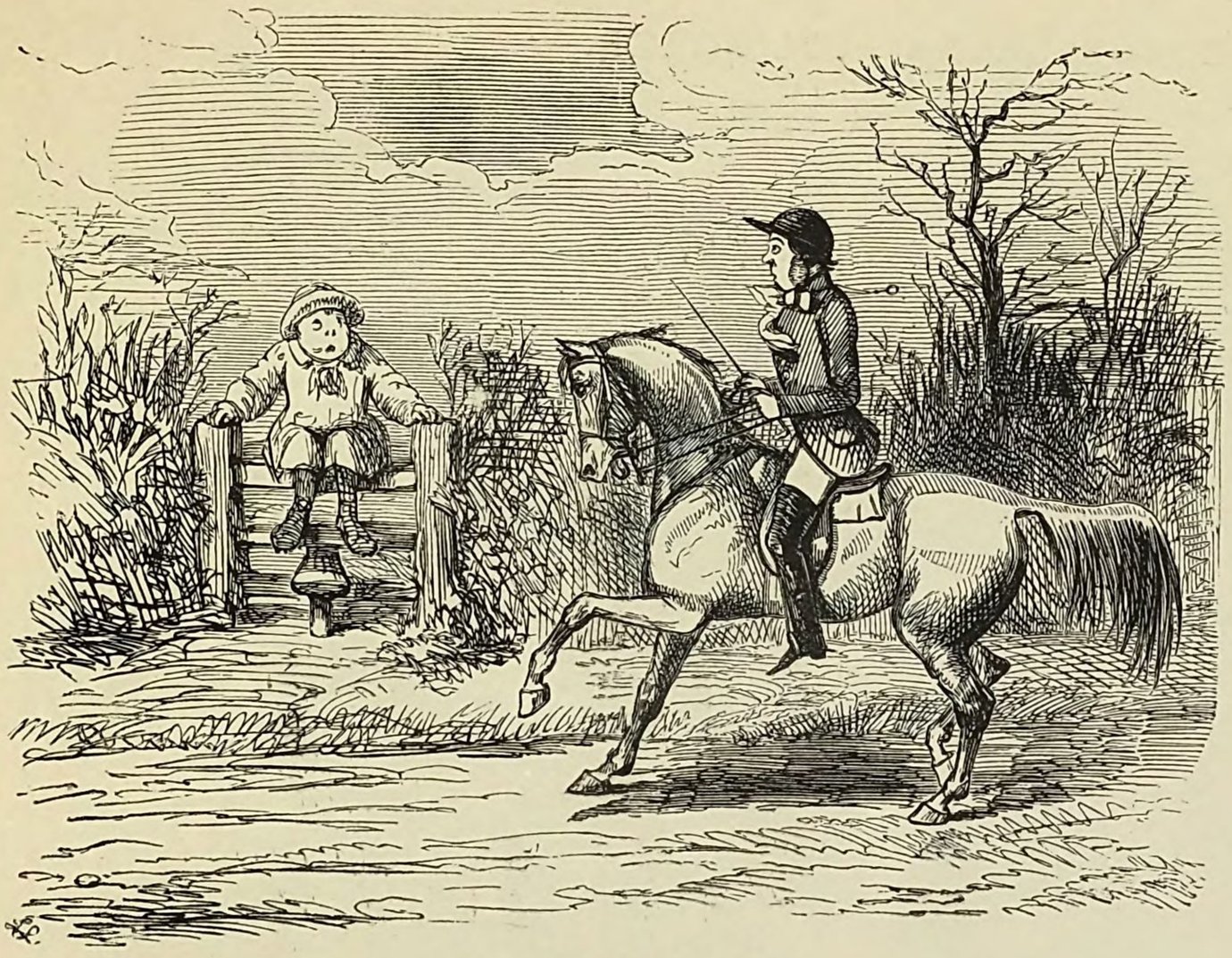
SALUTING HIS SUPERIOR OFFICERS.

No. II.

HAVING A LITTLE BALL PRACTICE.

No. III.

GOING ON DUTY.



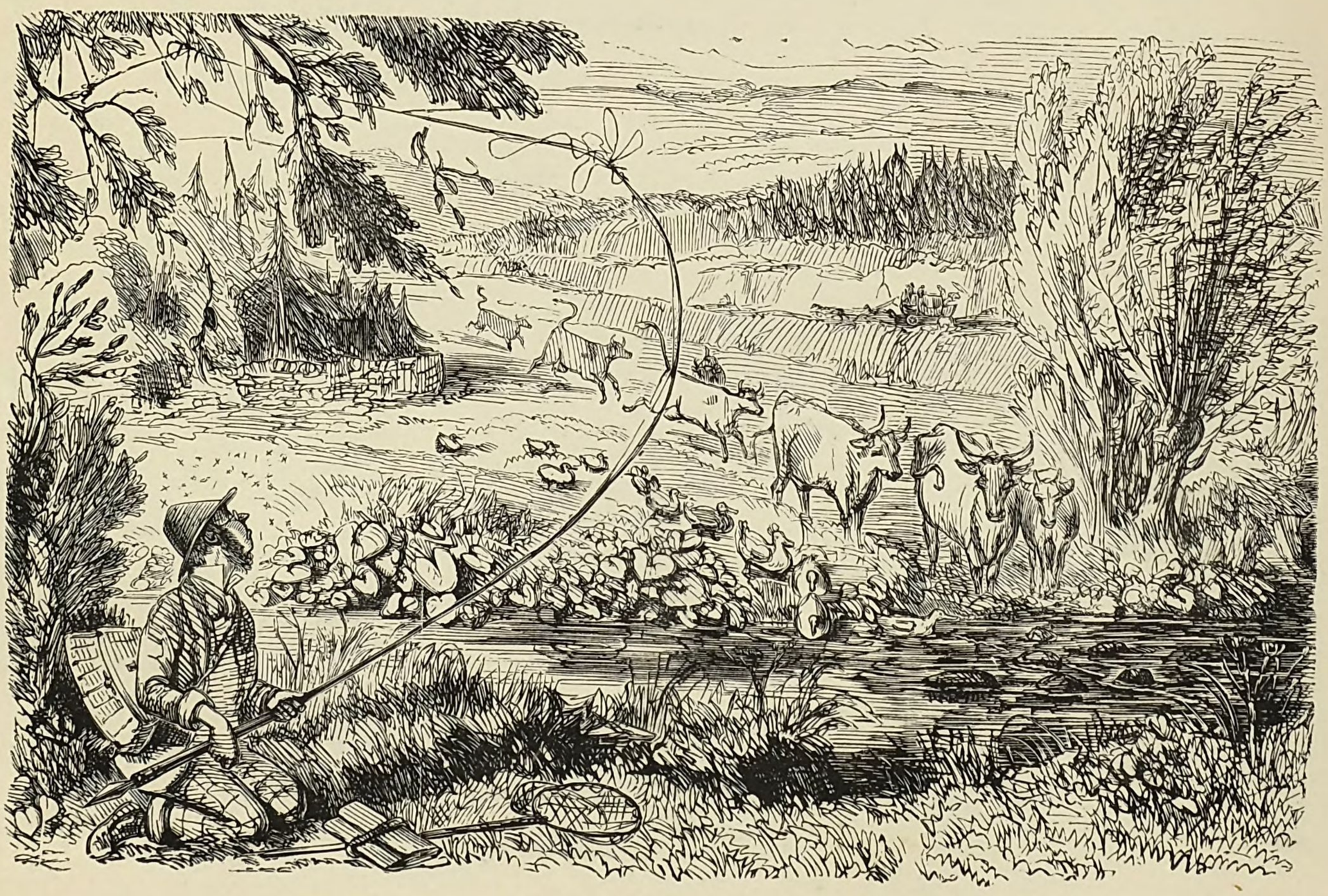
GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Equestrian. "NOW, BOY, DON'T YOU BE TAKING OFF YOUR HAT TO MAKE ME A BOW—YOU'LL FRIGHTEN MY HORSE."

Boy. "A—A—A WARN'T A-GOING TO!"

WOUNDED PRIDE.

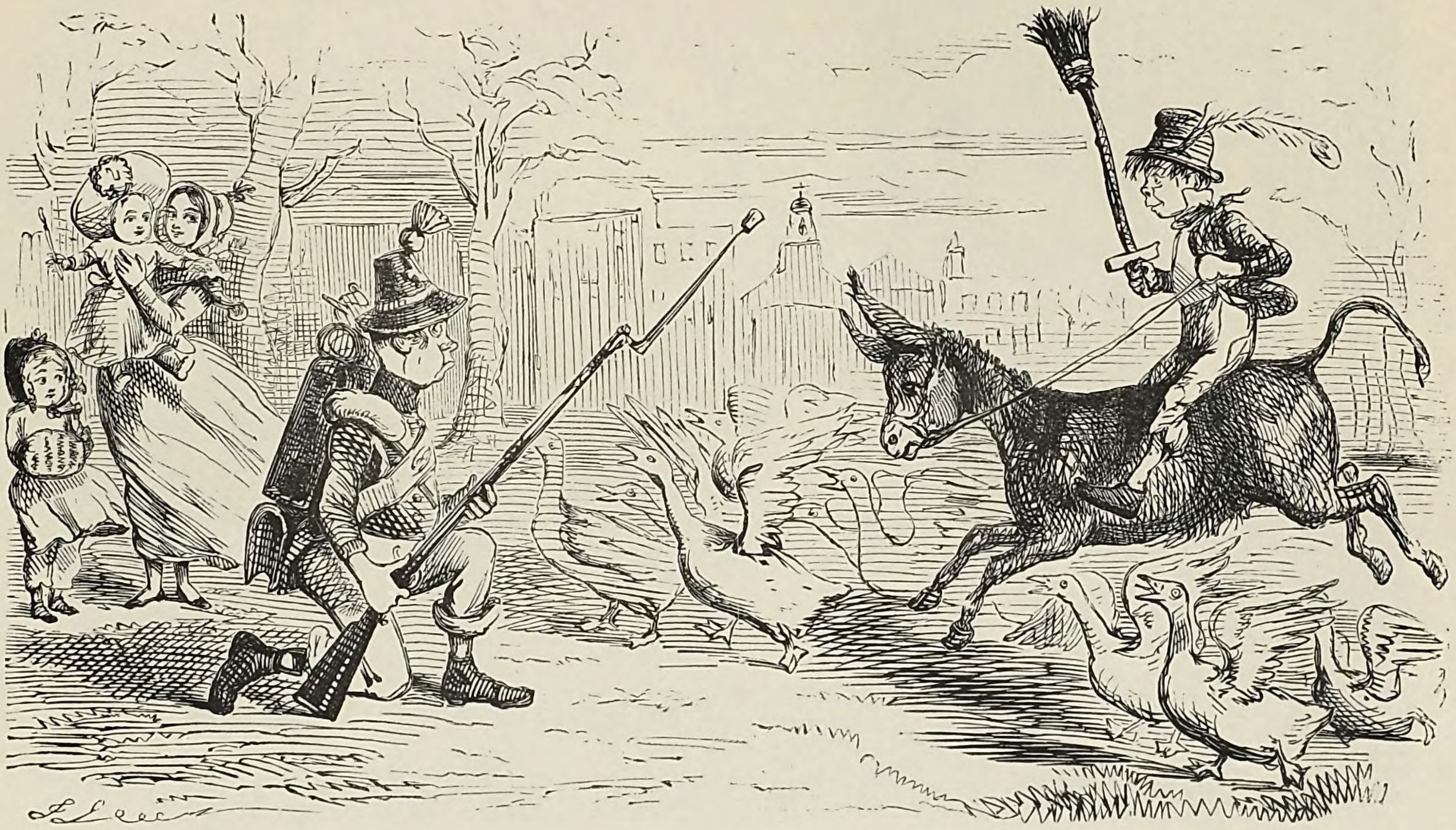
Small Boy. "NOW, THEN, YOU SIR! DON'T YOU KNOW NO BETTER THAN TO RUN AGIN A MIMBER O' PARLIAMENT—JUST YOU COME BACK, AND PICK UP MY 'AT, OR I'M BLOWED IF I DON'T MAKE YER!"



FLY-FISHING.

FAVOURABLE WIND AND THE TROUT RISING AS FAST AS POSSIBLE.

THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.

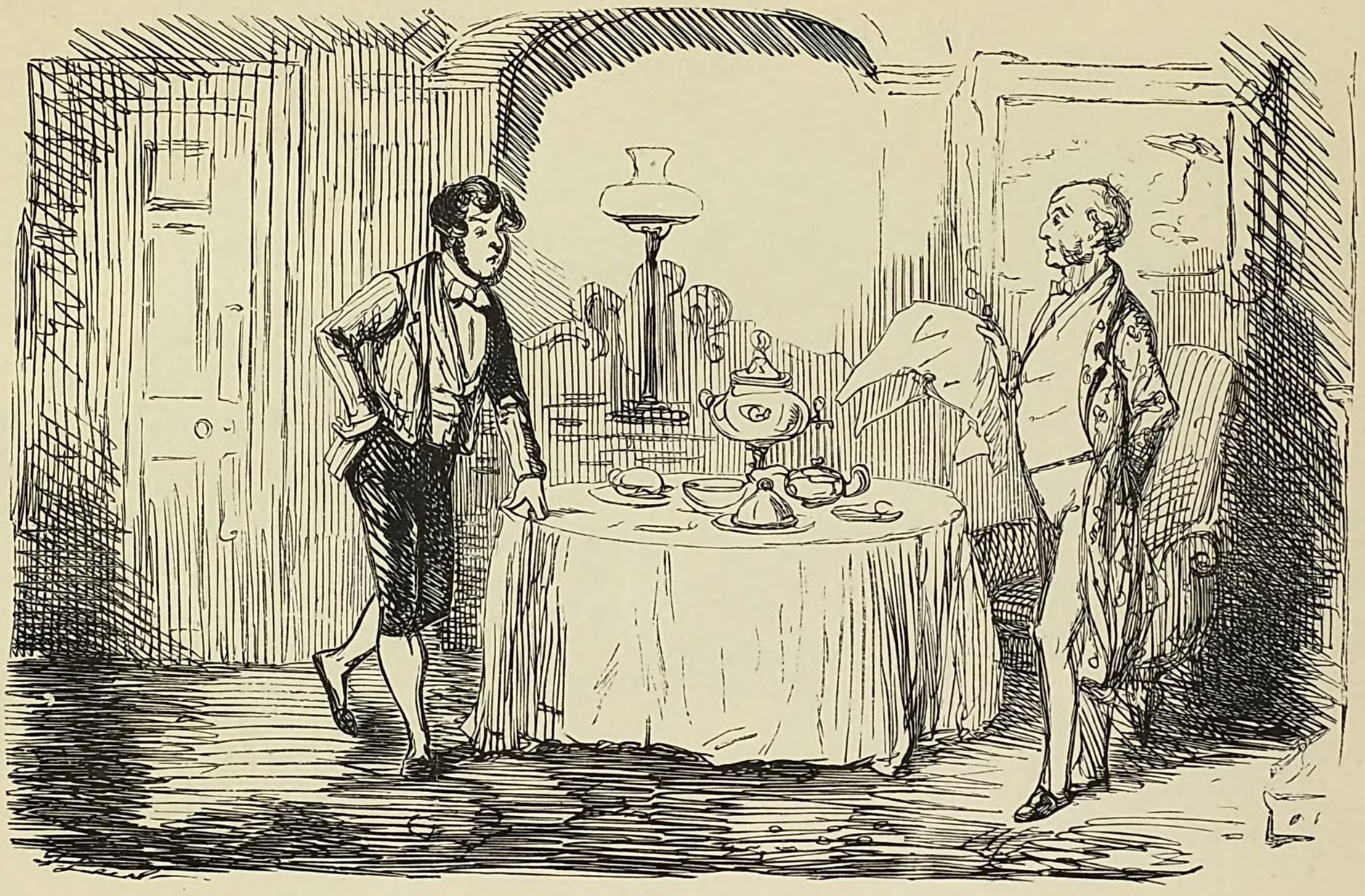


No. IV.

FORMS HIMSELF INTO A SQUARE, AND RESISTS A CHARGE OF CAVALRY.

No. V.

RECEIVES PRESENTATION OF COLOURS.



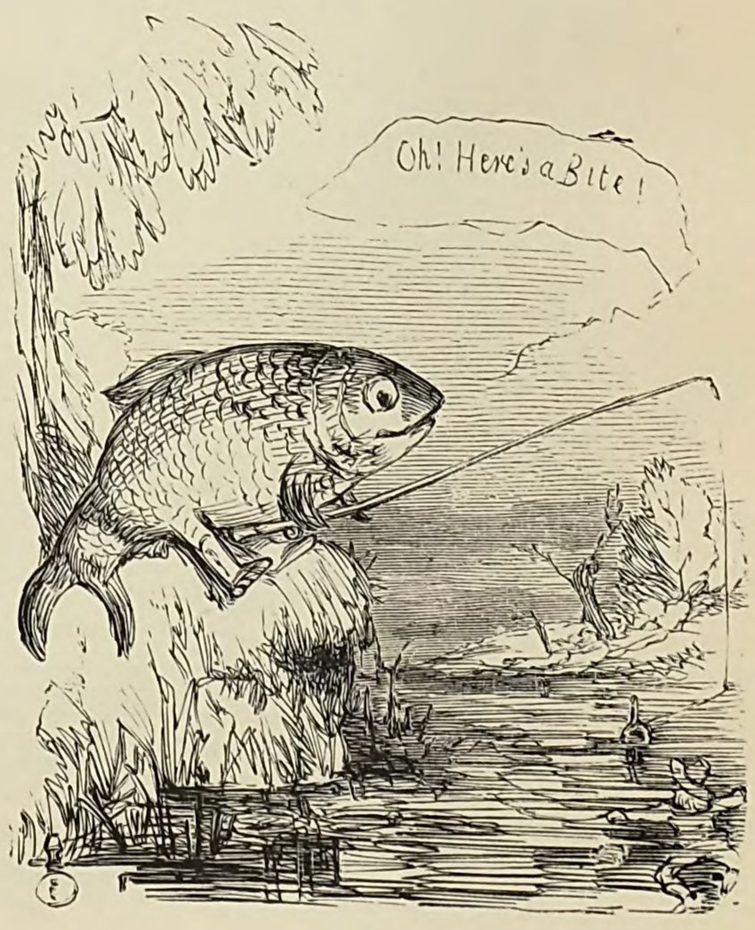
MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

Flunkey. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR—BUT THERE IS ONE THING I SHOULD LIKE TO MENTION AT ONCE. I AM AFRAID—A—THAT I AM EXPECTED TO CLEAN THE BOOTS."

Gentleman. "BLESS ME! OH DEAR, NO! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE; I ALWAYS CLEAN THEM MYSELF—AND IF YOU WILL LEAVE YOUR SHOES OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR, I WILL GIVE THEM A POLISH AT THE SAME TIME."

ONLY A PENNY! A SENSIBLE AND INGENIOUS TOY FOR CHILDREN.

(*See London Streets.*)



TOPSY-TURVEYDOM.

THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.

No. VI.

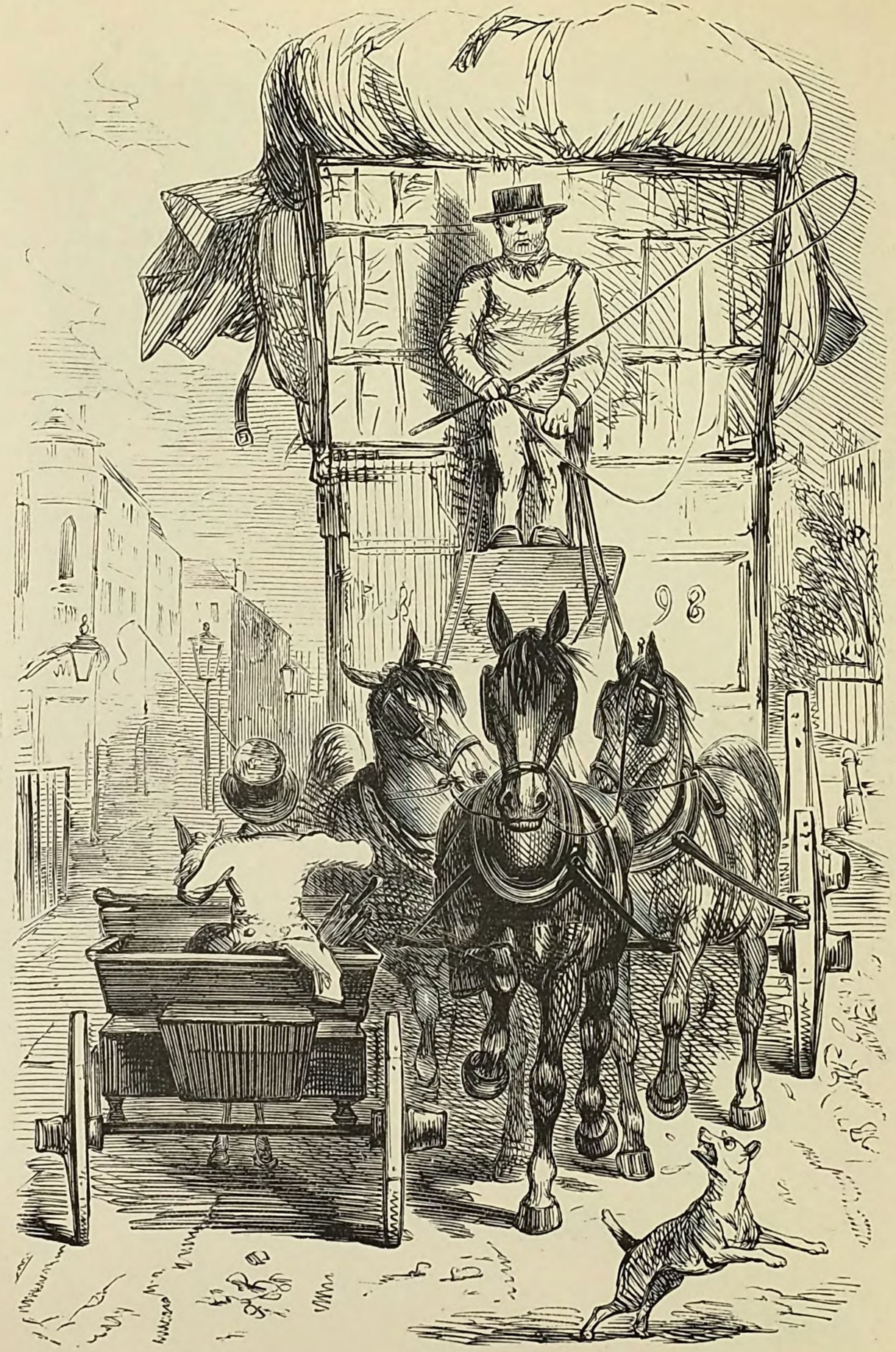
HAVING BEEN DRUNK AND DISORDERLY, IS ORDERED BY HIS "DASHING WHITE SERJEANT" TO DO DOUBLE DUTY.

No. VII.

THE NIGHTS ARE STILL CHILLY; THEREFORE OUR FRIEND WARMS THE BED FOR HIS FAMILY PREVIOUS TO HIS GOING ON GUARD.

AN ORNAMENT TO SOCIETY.

Equestrian. "NO, I SHAN'T STOP FOR THE LAST RACE; I MUST GET TO TOWN TO GO TO AN EVENING PARTY."



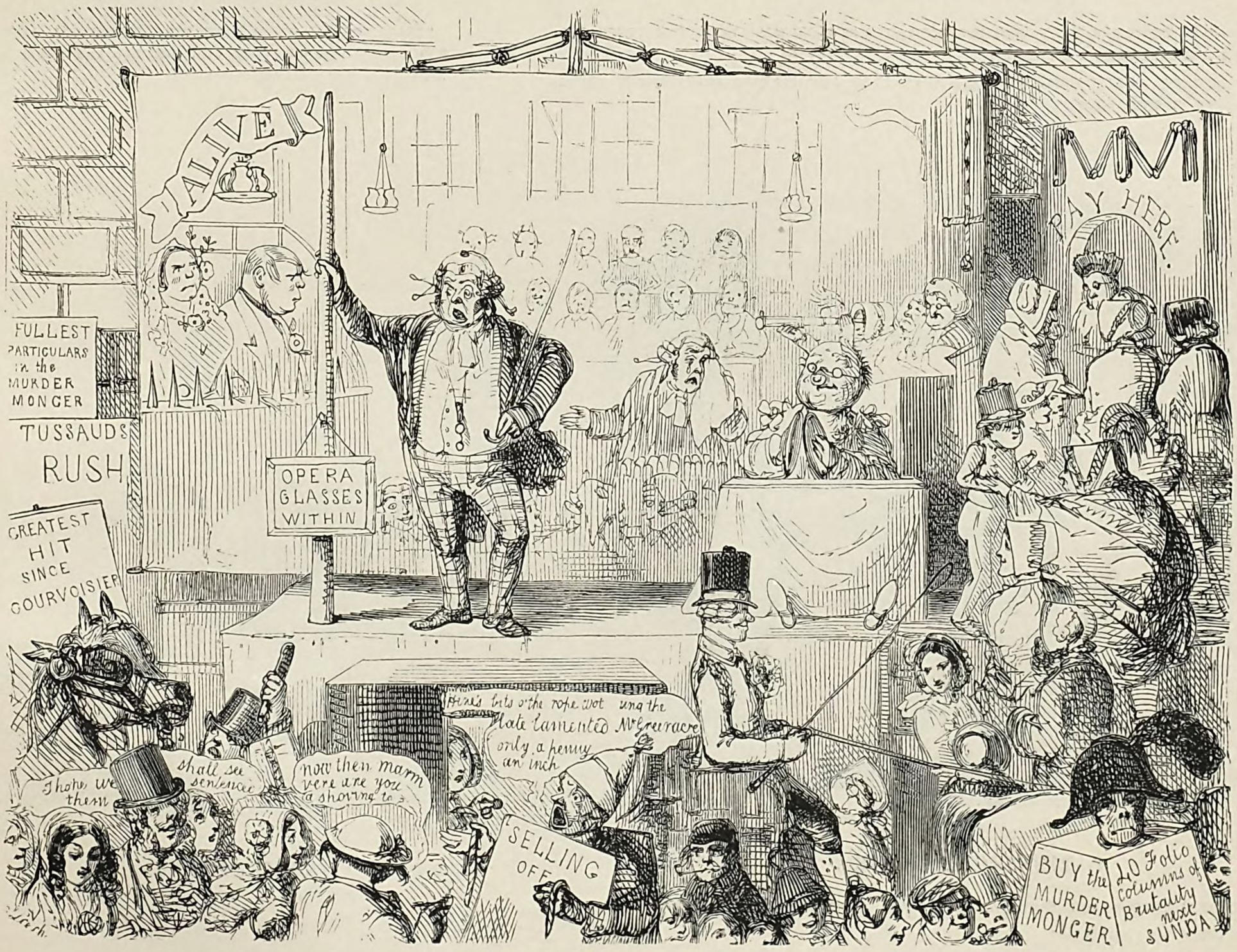
MIGHT IS RIGHT.

Van Driver. "I DON'T KNOW NUTHUN ABOUT NO RIGHT SIDES NOR WRONG SIDES. YOU GET OUT OF THE WAY, IF YER DON'T WANT TO BE MADE A WAFER OF!"

(*Where are the Police?*

LONG VACATION.

"NOW THEN, LATITAT, TUCK IN YOUR SIX-AND-EIGHTPENNY!"



THE TRIAL-FOR-MURDER MANIA.

"ALL IN! ALL IN! WALK UP, LADIES! JUST A GOING TO BEGIN! NONE OF YOUR SHAMS HERE, BUT REAL BULLET-HEADED MURDERERS! ALL IN! ALL IN!"

THE SILVER AGE.

Emma. "WHAT *DO* YOU THINK, DEAR GRAN'MA? THE LADIES IN PARIS WEAR THEIR HAIR TAKEN OFF THE FOREHEAD AND SPRINKLED WITH SILVER!"

Grandma. "DO THEY, INDEED! WELL, MY DARLING, SO LONG AS THEY ARE RESPECTABLE, THERE CAN BE NO HARM IN GREY LOCKS."

DELIGHTS OF TRAVEL.

"DEAR! DEAR! DEAR! HOW VERY PROVOKING! HERE'S ONE END OF THE BARREL COME OUT, AND ALL THE OYSTERS MIXED WITH MY CLEAN COLLARS!"

A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

Domestic. "HERE'S MISS BRADSHAW, MUM, HAS JUST COME; SHE'S GONE UP-STAIRS, MUM."

Angelina. "OH, VERY WELL—I WILL—"

Edwin. "BRADSHAW!! WHO THE DEUCE IS MISS BRADSHAW?"

Angelina. "OH, IT'S NOTHING OF CONSEQUENCE, DEAR—SHALL I GIVE YOU SOME MORE TEA, DEAR?"

Edwin. "YES; BUT WHO IS MISS BRADSHAW? WHY CAN'T YOU TELL ME WHO MISS BRADSHAW IS?"

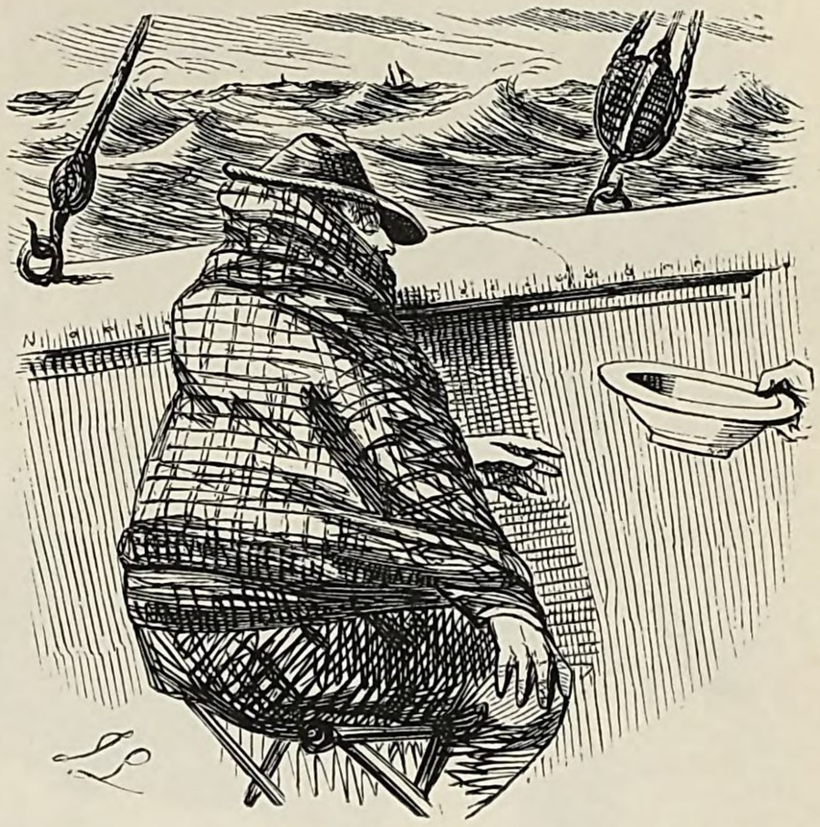
Angelina. "LAW! EDWIN! IF YOU MUST KNOW, IT'S—IT'S—TH'—THE *DRESSMAKER.*"

YOUNG AFFECTION.

THE BEST PREVENTIVE AGAINST SEA-SICKNESS.

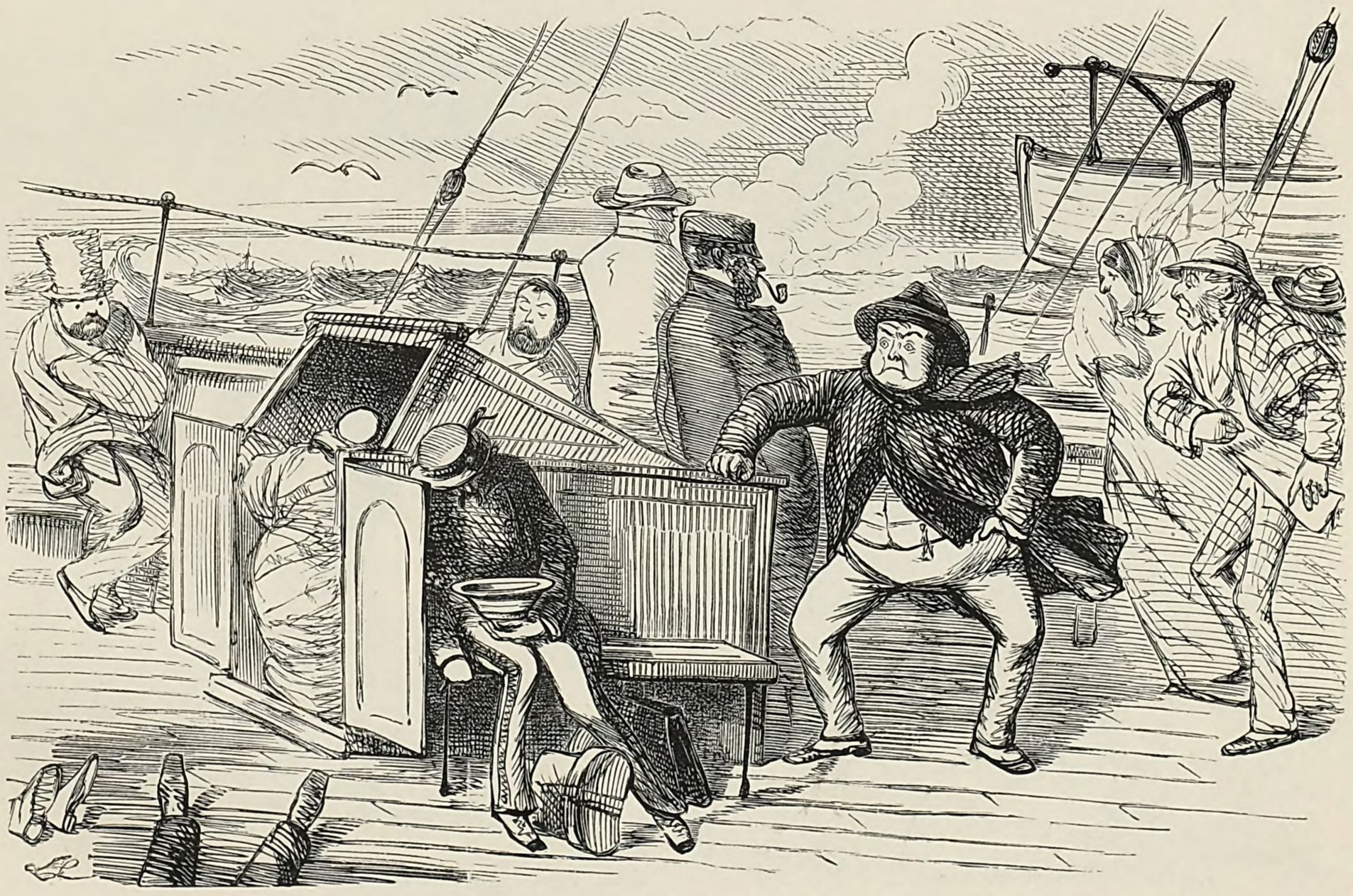
No. I.

WHEN YOU CROSS THE CHANNEL, ESPECIALLY IF IT SHOULD BE BLOWING HARD, "KEEP YOUR PECKER UP" (AS THAT AGREEABLE RATTLE, YOUNG FIPPSON, CALLS IT) BY MAKING A HEARTY MEAL AT THE "SHIP" OR "PAVILION."



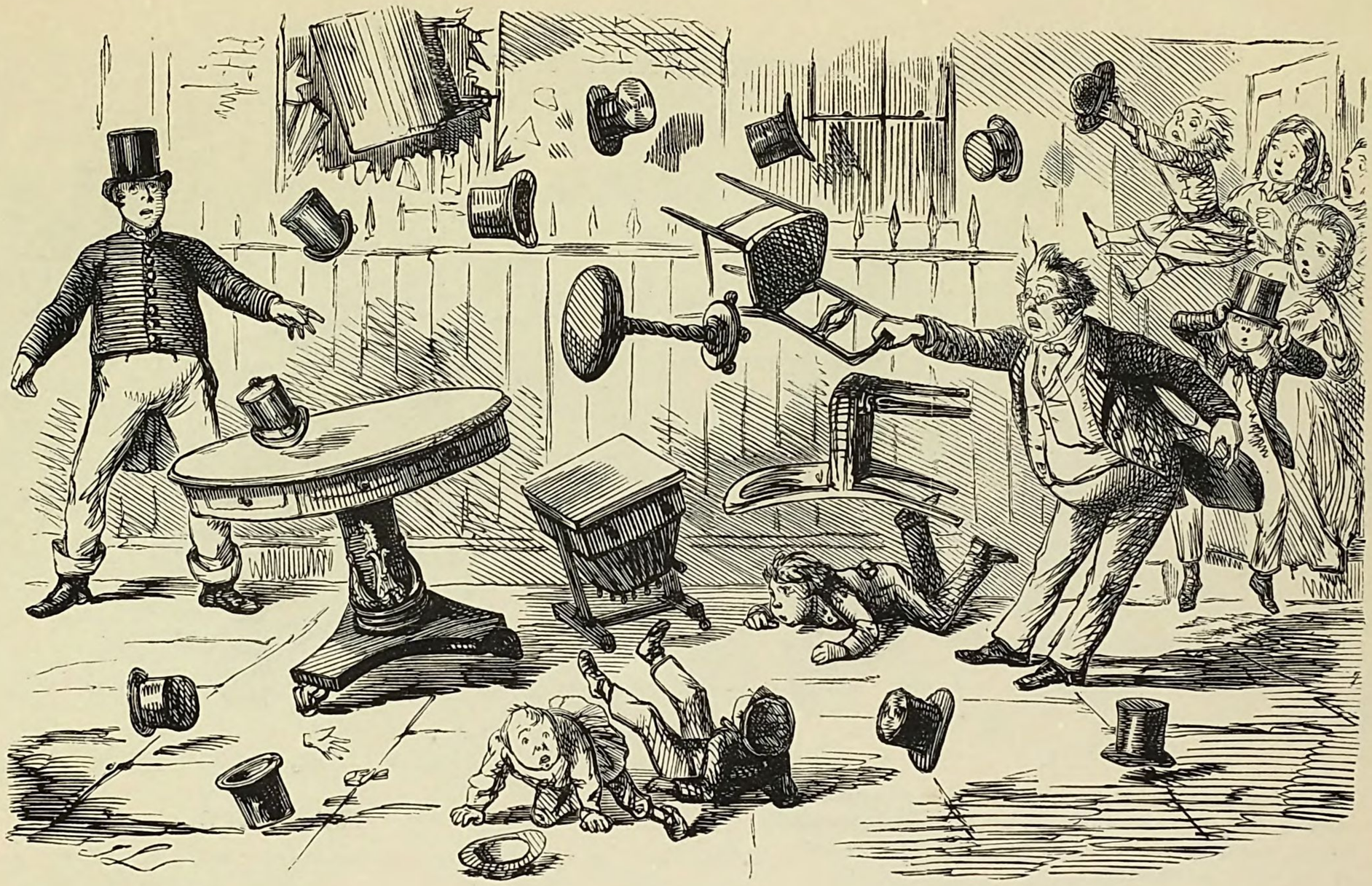
No. III.

THE RESULT.

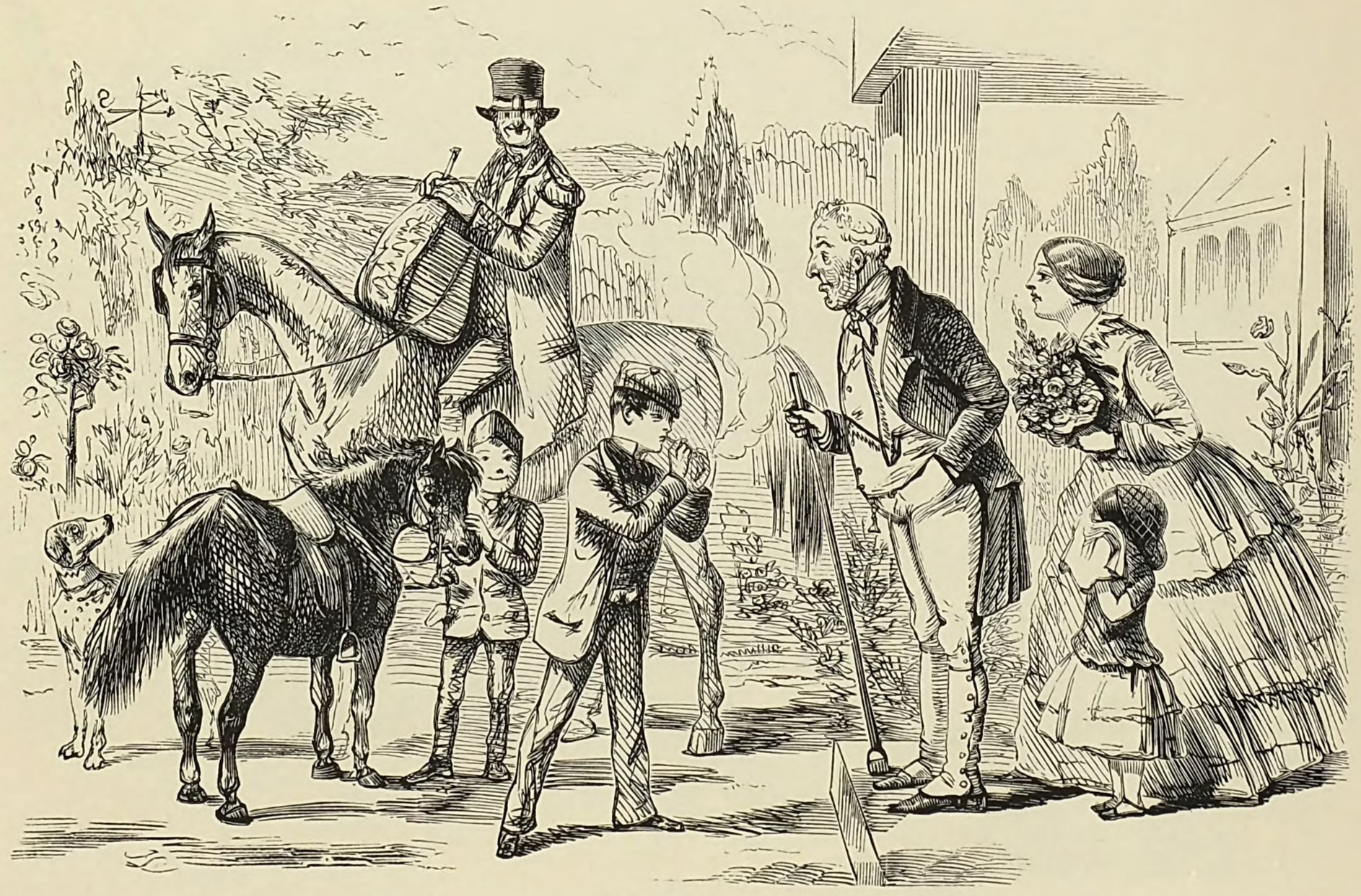


No. II.

AND ONCE ON BOARD, FIX YOUR EYES UPON SOME DISTANT OBJECT, AND ADAPT THE MOVEMENTS OF YOUR BODY TO THE ROLLING OF THE VESSEL, AND THE RESULT WILL PROBABLY BE, AS SHOWN ABOVE IN NO. III.



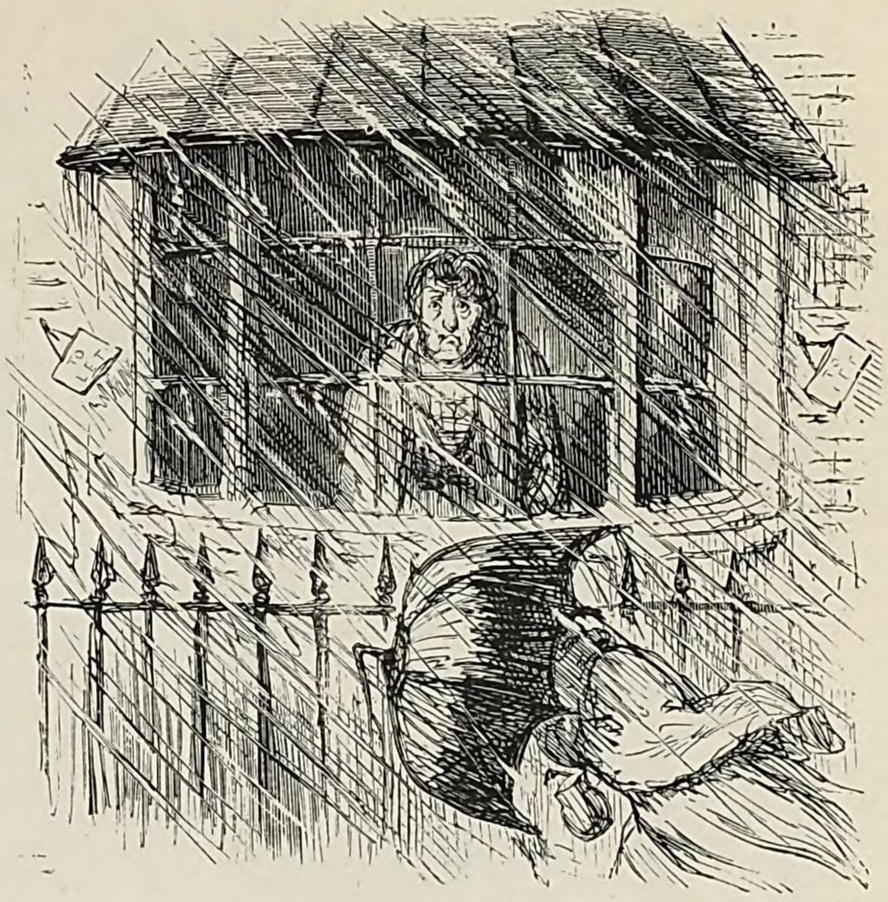
ALARMING EFFECT PRODUCED BY IMPRUDENTLY TRYING THE HAT AND TABLE-MOVING EXPERIMENT.



VERY KIND.

"WELL! GOOD BYE, UNCLE! I'VE ENJOYED MYSELF VERY MUCH IN THE COUNTRY; AND IF YOU WILL RUN UP TO LONDON AT ANY TIME, I'LL SHOW YOU A LITTLE LIFE!"

SET FAIR.



STORMY, AND MUCH RAIN.

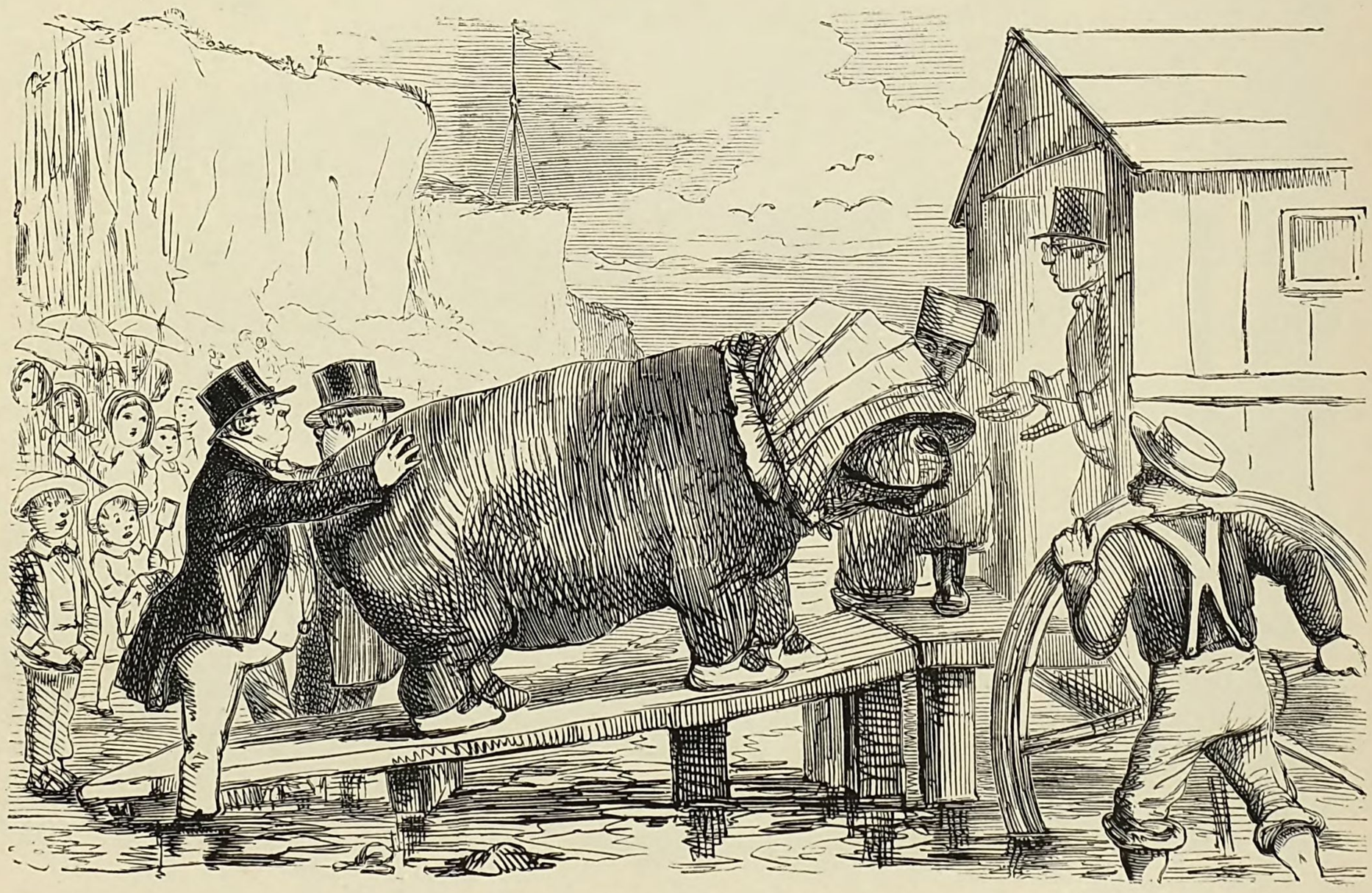
OUT OF TOWN.

A BATH AT BOULOGNE.

APPALLING POSITION OF MR. AND MRS. TOMKINS, WHO HAD A JIB HORSE WHEN THE TIDE WAS COMING IN.

DOMESTIC EVENT IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—No. I.

THE NOSE OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS PUT OUT OF JOINT BY THE YOUNG ELEPHANT.



DOMESTIC EVENT IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—No. II.

DELICATE STATE OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS. IT IS ORDERED CHANGE OF AIR, AND A LITTLE SEA-BATHING.

DOMESTIC EVENT IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—No. III.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS HAS QUITE RECOVERED, AND IS TAKEN OUT FOR AN AIRING.

CONSOLS AT 90.

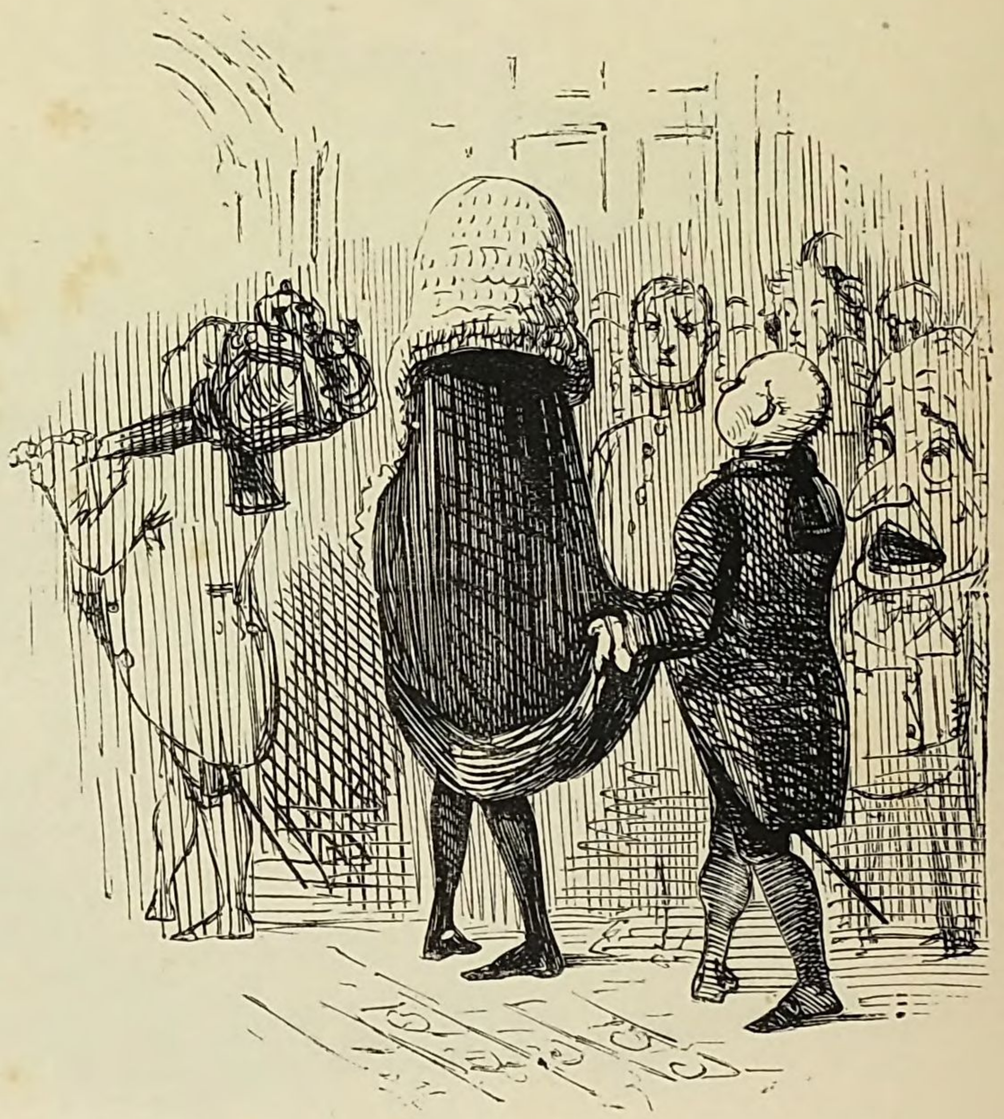
Husband. "WELL! I DECLARE I'M QUITE GLAD IT'S A WET DAY. IT WILL BE AN EXCUSE TO STOP AT HOME WITH MY DARLING LITTLE PIPSEY POPSY. WHAT DO YOU SAY, DICKEY! EH? PRETTY DICK! PRETTY DICK!"

CONSOLS AT 80.

Husband. "GO OUT FOR A WALK! NONSENSE! I'VE SOMETHING ELSE TO DO. I THINK TOO, YOU MIGHT PULL DOWN THAT BLIND, UNLESS YOU WANT THE SUN TO SPOIL ALL THE FURNITURE; AND, DEAR, DEAR, DO FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, JEMIMA, TAKE THAT D—— CANARY OUT OF THE ROOM!"

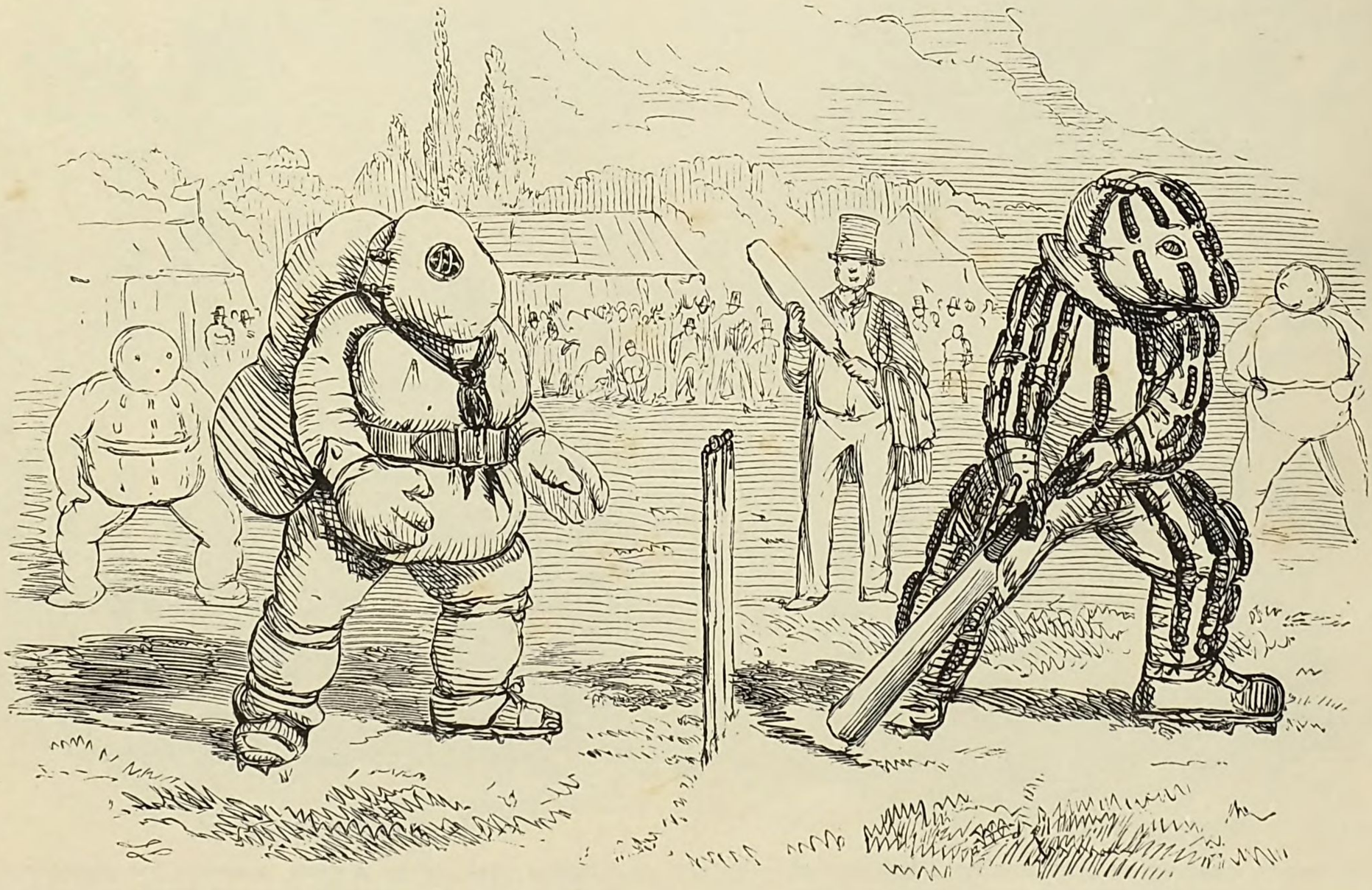
A BIT OF SERIOUS PANTOMIME.

A MESSAGE FROM THE LORDS.



ANOTHER BIT OF SERIOUS PANTOMIME.

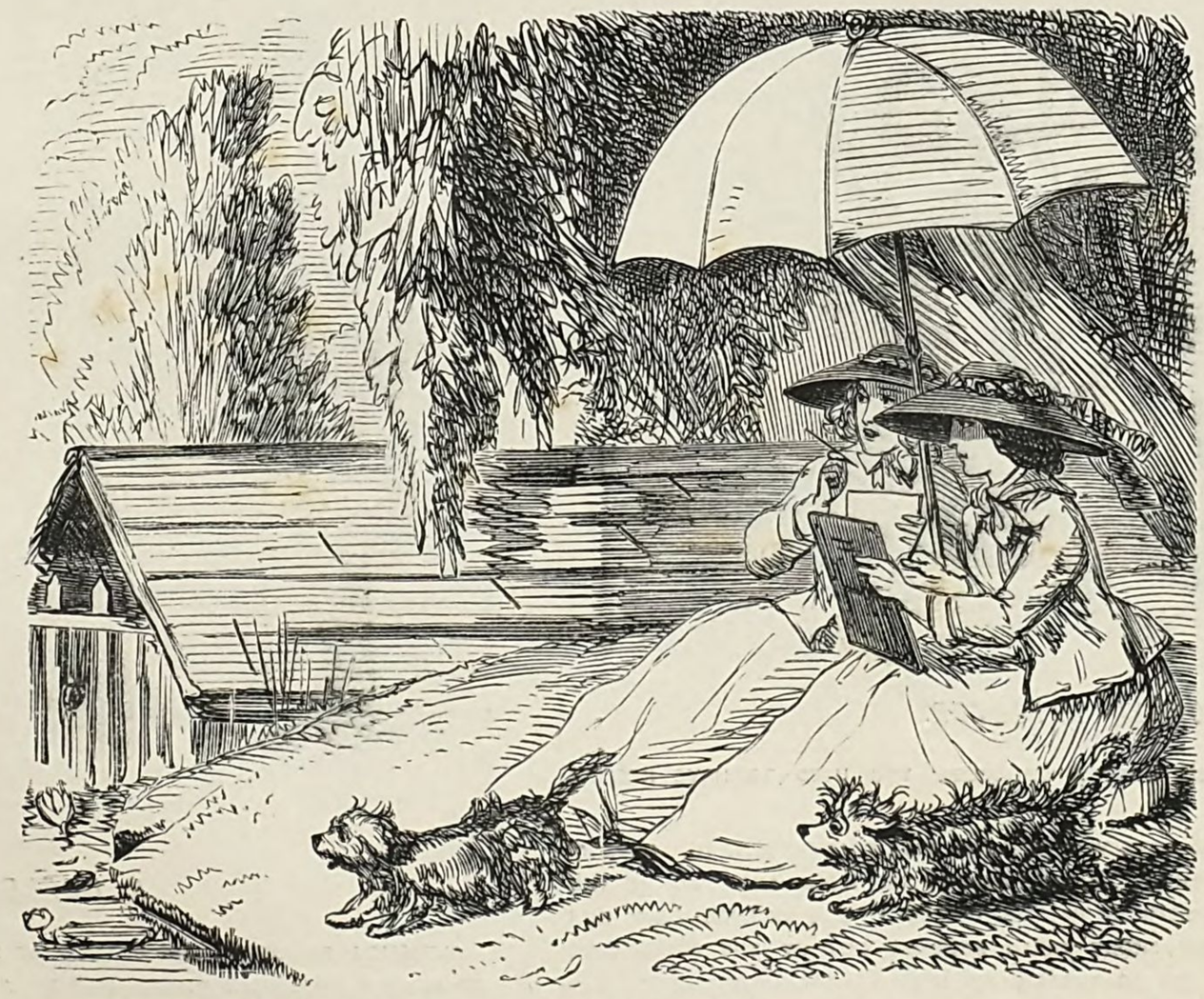
"HATS OFF, STRANGERS!"



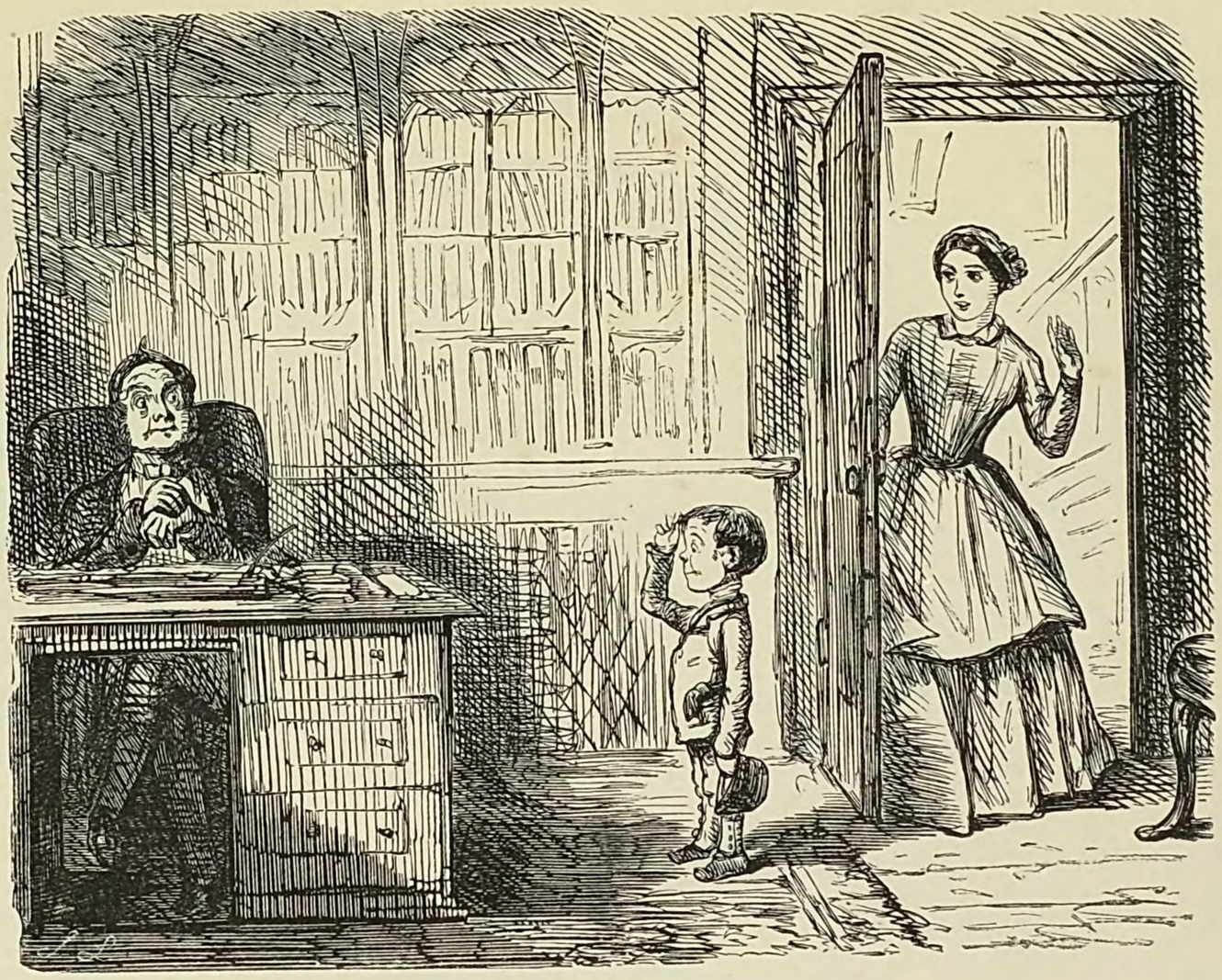
NEW CRICKETING DRESSES TO PROTECT ALL ENGLAND AGAINST THE PRESENT SWIFT BOWLING.

AQUATICS.

WHO IS THIS? WHY, THIS IS MR. JOHN CHUBB PULLING ONE OF HIS LONG, SLOW, STEADY STROKES. HE IS TAKING MORE PAINS THAN USUAL, BECAUSE THOSE PRETTY GIRLS IN THE ROUND HATS ARE SITTING ON THE LAWN DRAWING FROM NATURE.



AND—HERE ARE THE GIRLS IN THE ROUND HATS.



THE NEW GROOM.

Gentleman. "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU UNDERSTAND THE CARE OF HORSES?"

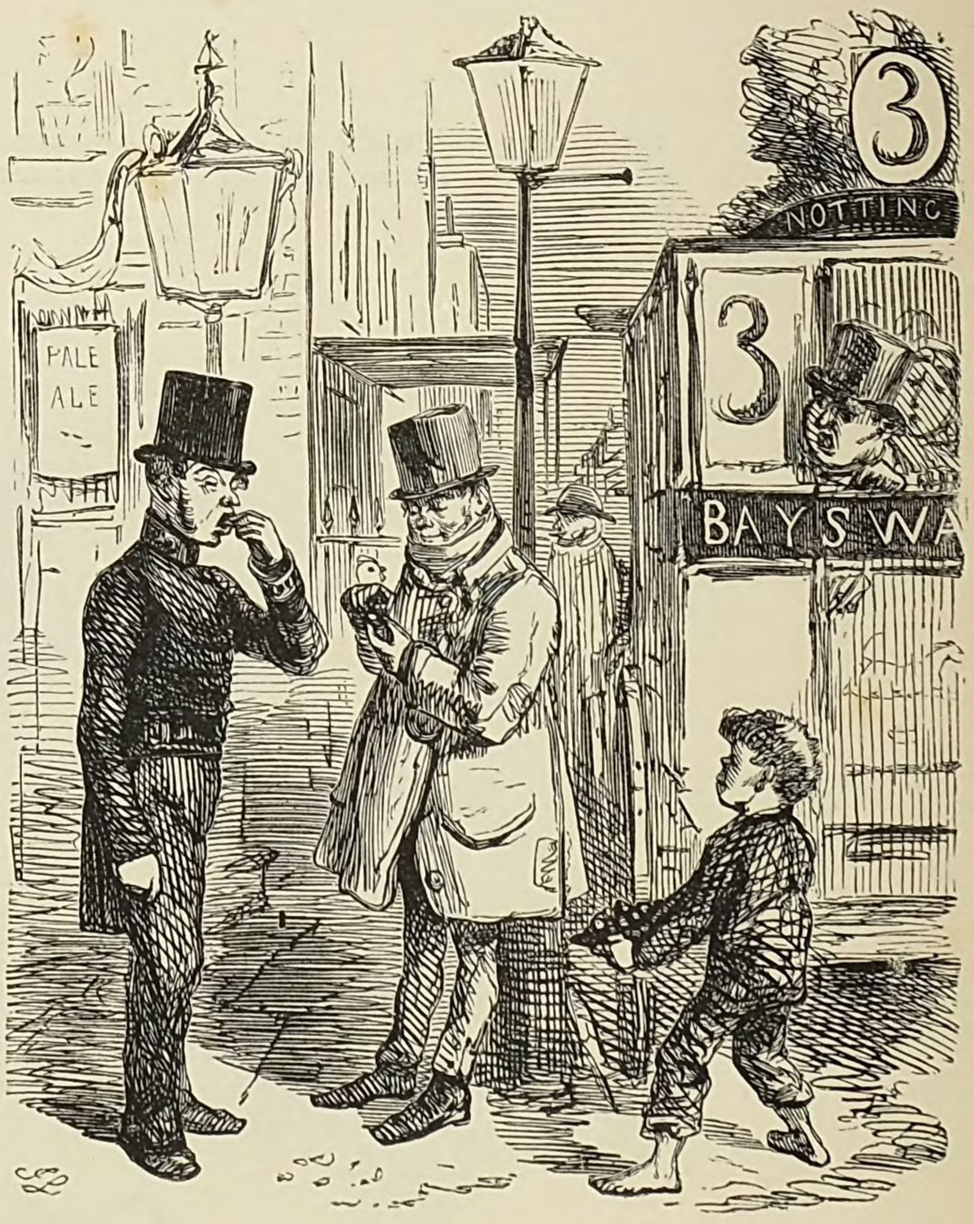
Boy. "WELL, SIR, I HAD OUGHT TO—FOR I'VE BEEN AMONGST 'EM ALL MY LIFE."

AN ANCIENT IMPOSTOR.

Youths. "THEN, I SUPPOSE, WHEN YOU WERE A SMUGGLER, YOU USED TO HAVE REG'LAR COMBATS AND FIGHTS?"

Boatman. "COMBATS AND FIGHTS! LOR LOVE YER, WE WOS A'MOST ALWAYS AT IT. ONCE IN PARTICKLER I CALL TO MIND. I HAD THREE BALLS THROUGH MY HEAD AND TWO IN THE STUMMUCK (WHICH I FEEL 'EM NOW SOMETIMES IN THE WINTER I DO), BESIDES BEIN' RUN THROUGH WITH A CUTLASS, AND ALL MY FRONT TEETH KNOCKED OUT BY THE PERWENTIVE MAN'S TELESCOPE, WICH LUCKILY SHUT UP, OR THERE'S NO KNOWIN' WOT MIGHT 'A BIN THE CONSEQUENCE. AH! THERE *WOS* GOINGS ON THEN. BUT, LOR, IT AIN'T NOTHIN' LIKE IT NOW!"

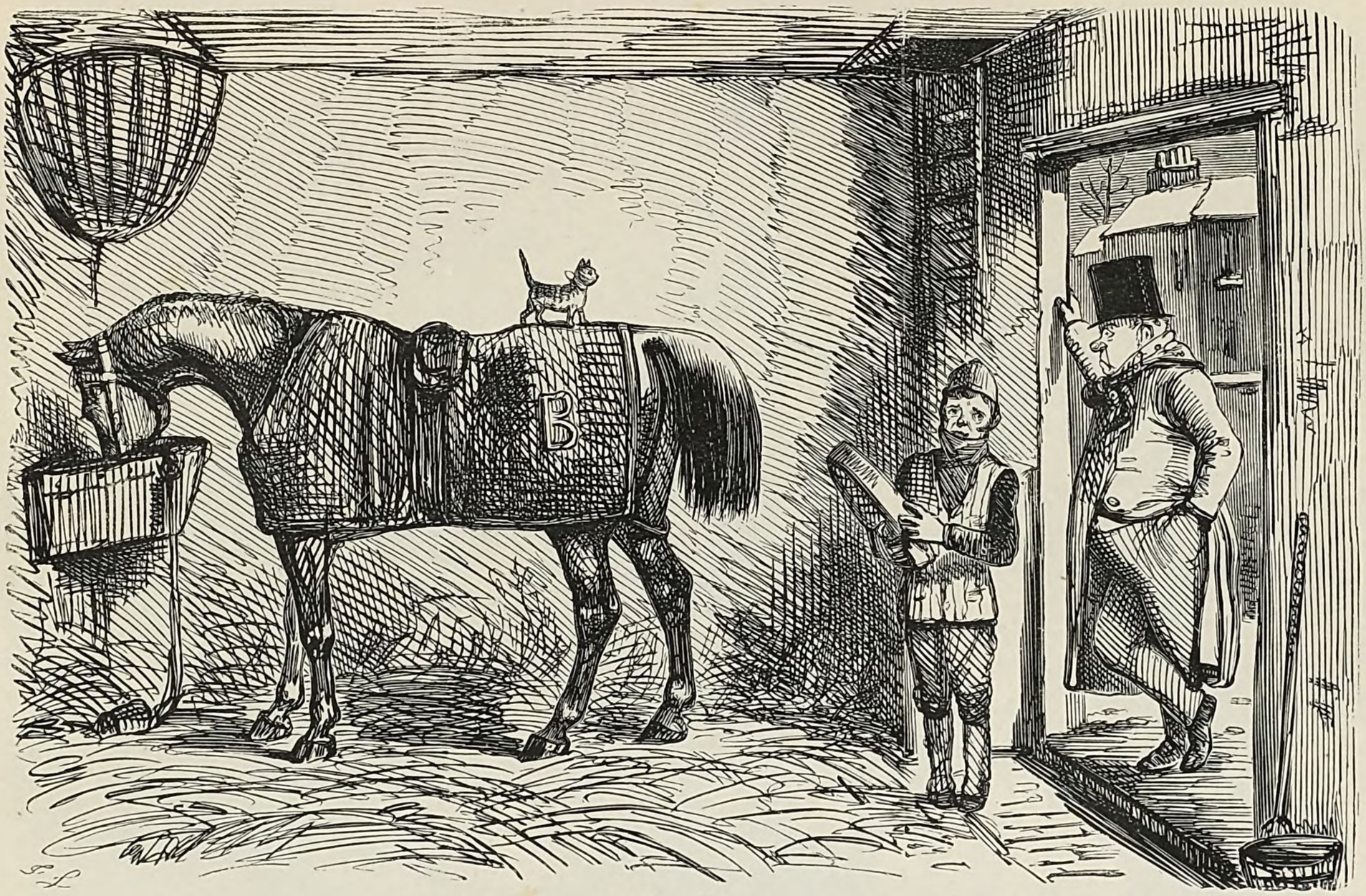
[*Youths are deeply impressed.*



A REFLECTION.

ALTHOUGH POLICEMEN ARE PLACED AT PARTICULAR SPOTS FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAKING OMNIBUSES "MOVE ON," THEY ARE GENERALLY SEEN CHATTING, OR CRACKING THE FRIENDLY WALNUT WITH THE CONDUCTORS, TO THE INCONVENIENCE AND INDIGNATION OF THE PASSENGERS. HOW IS THIS?

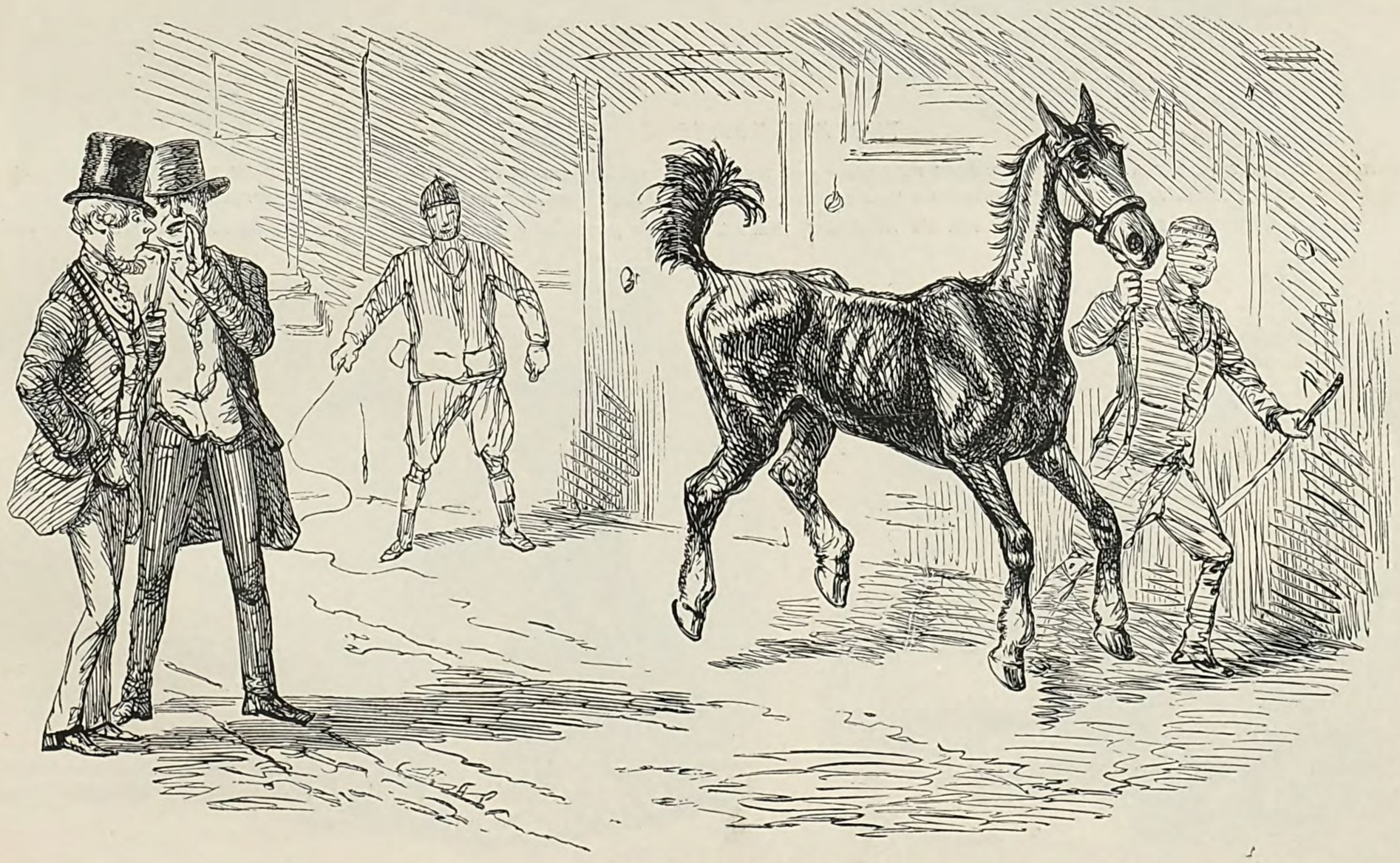
MR. BRIGGS'S PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.



No. X.

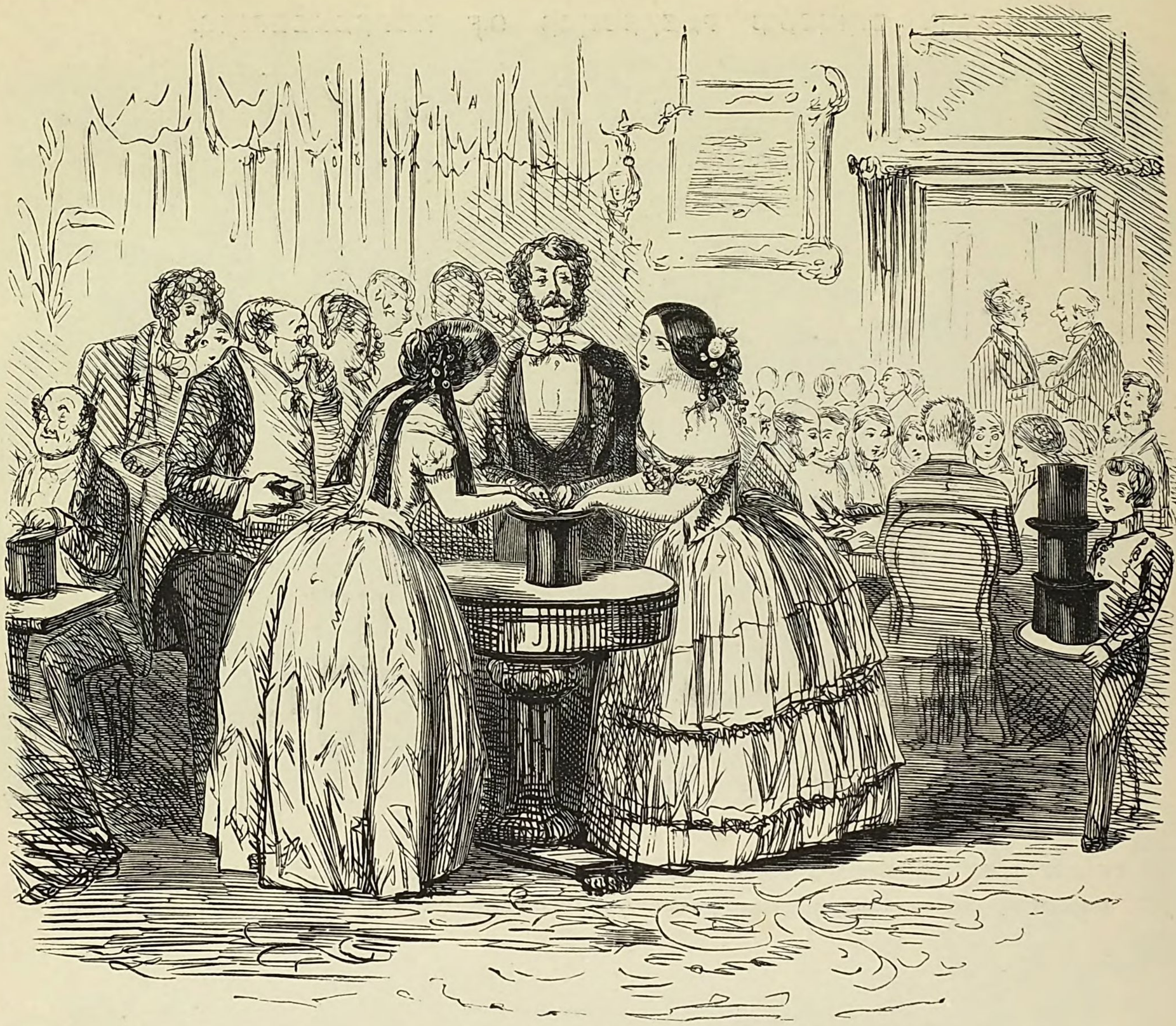
BY THE TIME MR. BRIGGS'S HORSE HAS RECOVERED FROM HIS COLD, A LONG FROST SETS IN.

Groom. "THAT'S JUST WHAT I SAY, SIR; IT IS AGGERAVATIN' TO SEE A NICE OSS LIKE THAT, SIR, A DOIN' NOTHIN' BUT EATIN' HIS 'ED OFF."



A GREAT BARGAIN.

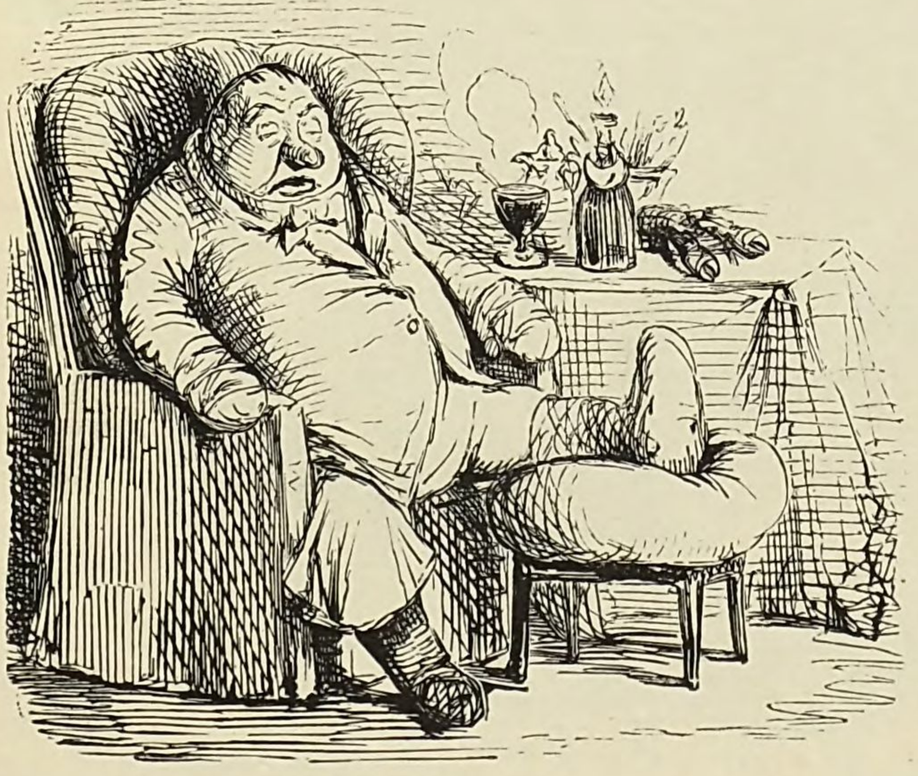
TO BE SOLD—THE PROPERTY OF AN OFFICER GOING ABROAD.



THE HAT-MOVING EXPERIMENT.

IT IS NECESSARY TO GET A HAT. TWO OR MORE PERSONS PLACE THEIR HANDS ON THE RIM THEREOF, THE LITTLE FINGERS OF EACH PERSON BEING IN CONTACT. IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES, OR HALF-AN-HOUR, OR PERHAPS MORE, THE HAT WILL BEGIN TO JUMP AND REVOLVE RAPIDLY.

(N.B. The Party above with the Moustaches, thinks that in the pursuit of Science he could perform the experiment over and over again.)



SHAKSPEARE A LITTLE ALTERED.

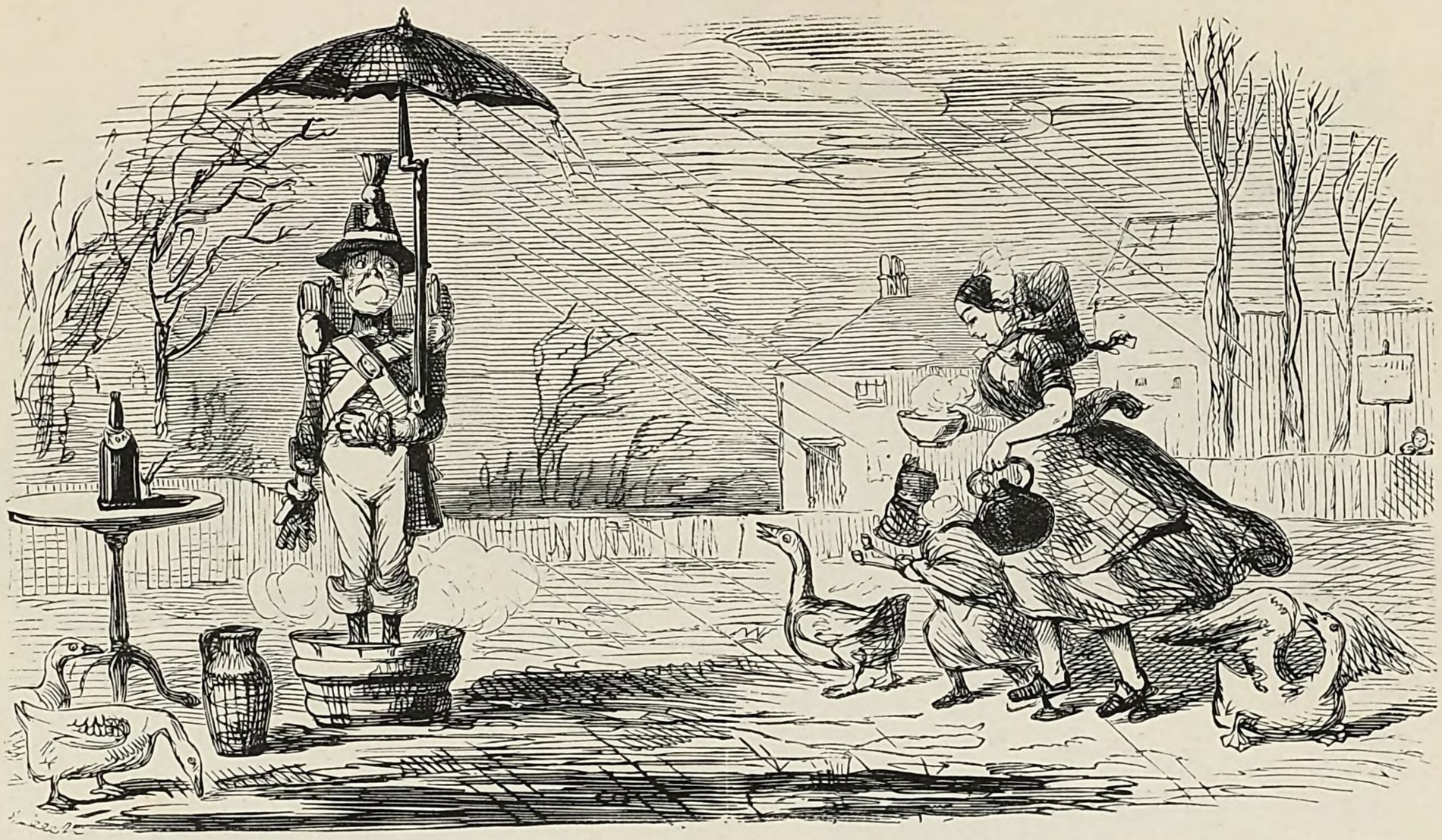
"HE LIVED NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL."

USELESS INFORMATION.

"NOW, MARM, THIS GOES TO THE CHRISTIAL PALIS."

"BLESS THE MAN! I DON'T WANT NO CHRISTIAL PALISES. I AM GOIN' TO THE BOROUGH."

THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.



No. VIII.

HAVING A COLD IN HIS HEAD, RESORTS TO AN INGENIOUS METHOD OF PRESERVING HIS HEALTH WITHOUT DESERTING HIS POST.

OVER THE STYLE.

HAYMAKING.

THE DEAR DELIGHTS OF BRITAIN'S SUMMER FIELDS.

THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.

No. IX.

THE BIVOUAC.

No. X.

AT BUSINESS.

Militia Man (loq.). "ALEXANDER, WHEN YOU'VE TITTIVATED THAT GENT, YOU MUST COME TO DRILL."

COMPARATIVE LOVE.

Papa. "SO, CHARLEY, YOU REALLY ARE IN LOVE WITH THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED GIRL YOU MET LAST NIGHT?"

Charley. "YES, PAPA, I LOVE HER DEARLY!"

Papa. "HOW MUCH DO YOU LOVE HER, CHARLEY? DO YOU LOVE HER AS MUCH AS PUDDING?"

Charley. "OH YES, PAPA! AND A GREAT DEAL BETTER THAN PUDDING, BUT *(pausing to reflect)*—I DON'T LOVE—HER SO MUCH AS—JELLY!"

PLEASURES OF THE STUDIO.

WHEN EVERY MOMENT IS OF CONSEQUENCE, MR. FLAKE WHITE'S MODEL FOR HAMLET APPEARS WITH A BLACK EYE, WHICH HE DECLARES IS THE EFFECT OF INFLUENZA.

THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.

No. XI.

HAVING CURED HIS COLD WITH RUM-AND-WATER, RESOLVES NOT TO GO HOME "TILL DAY-LIGHT DOES APPEAR." HE ASSURES THE POLICEMAN THAT "IT'S ALL RIGHT."

No. XII.

OWING TO THE MILDNESS OF THE SEASON, HE LOOKS UP HIS DUCKS.

SO FOND OF IT.

"THERE NOW; THAT'S A CIGAR I CAN CONFIDENTLY RECOMMEND."

"WELL; PUT ME UP A DOZEN TO TRY!"

DIFFERENCE OF VIEW.

Head of the Family. "FOR WHAT WE ARE GOING TO RECEIVE, MAKE US TRULY THANKFUL.—HEM! COLD MUTTON AGAIN!"

Wife of his Bussum. "AND A VERY GOOD DINNER TOO, ALEXANDER, *SOMEBODY* MUST BE ECONOMICAL. *PEOPLE* CAN'T EXPECT TO HAVE *RICHMOND* AND *GREENWICH* DINNERS OUT OF THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPING MONEY I HAVE."

WHOLESOME PREJUDICE.

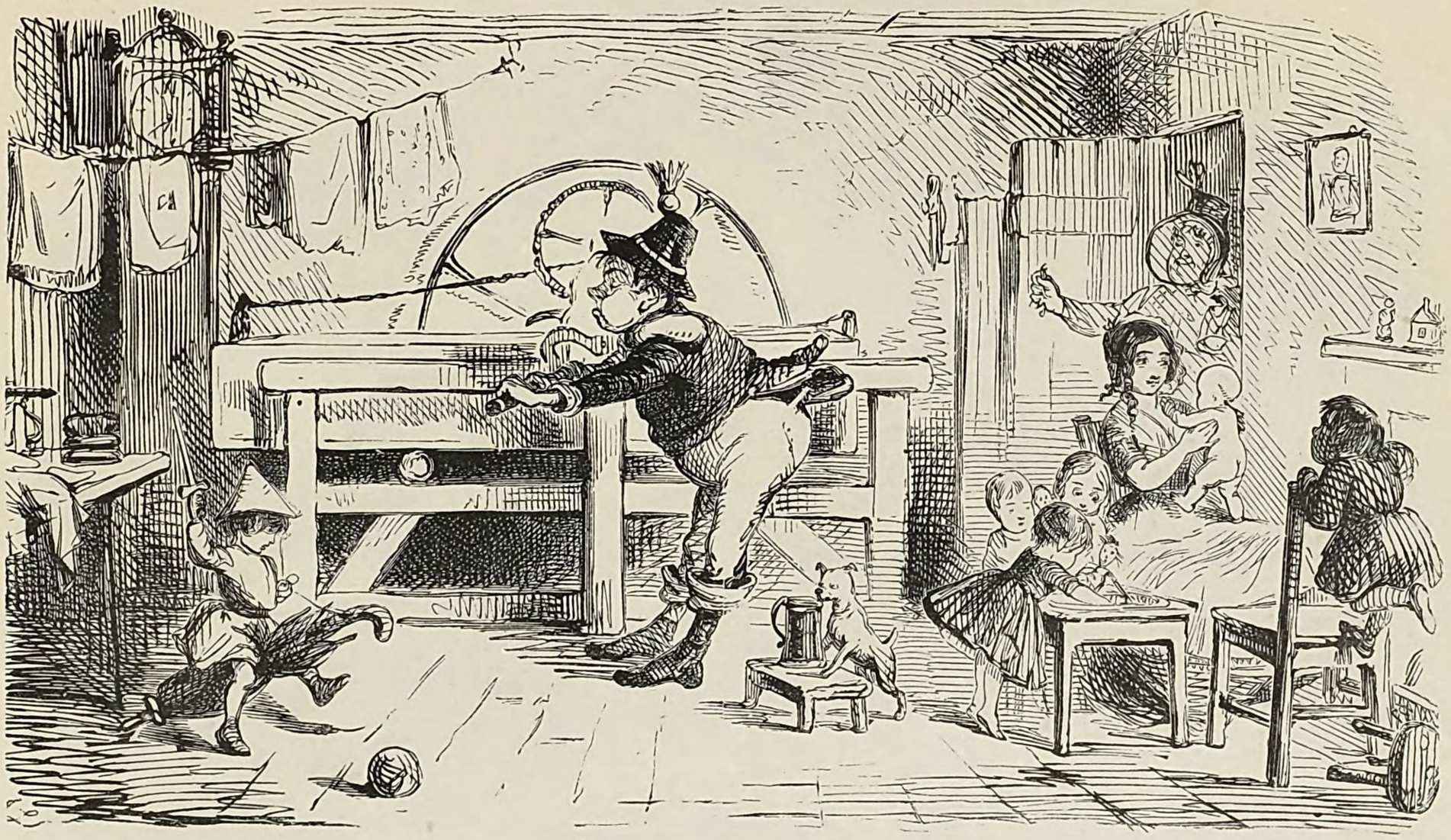
"RAILROADS, SIR? I HATE RAILROADS, AND I SHALL BE VERY GLAD WHEN THEY'RE DONE AWAY WITH, AND WE'VE GOT THE COACHES AGAIN."

PREPARING FOR THE DERBY.

"I SAY, MISTER, JUST PUT US UP A COUPLE OF GREEN WEILS, WILL YER? THE DUST IS SO UNCOMMON DISAGREEABLE A-DRIVING DOWN TO HEPSOM!"

ALL IS VANITY.

THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.



No. XIII.

HAVING GIVEN HIMSELF LEAVE OF ABSENCE, HE ENJOYS A LITTLE DOMESTIC FELICITY.

A YOUNG PATRICIAN.

First Swell. "WHAT AN ASTONISHING COAT, GUS!"

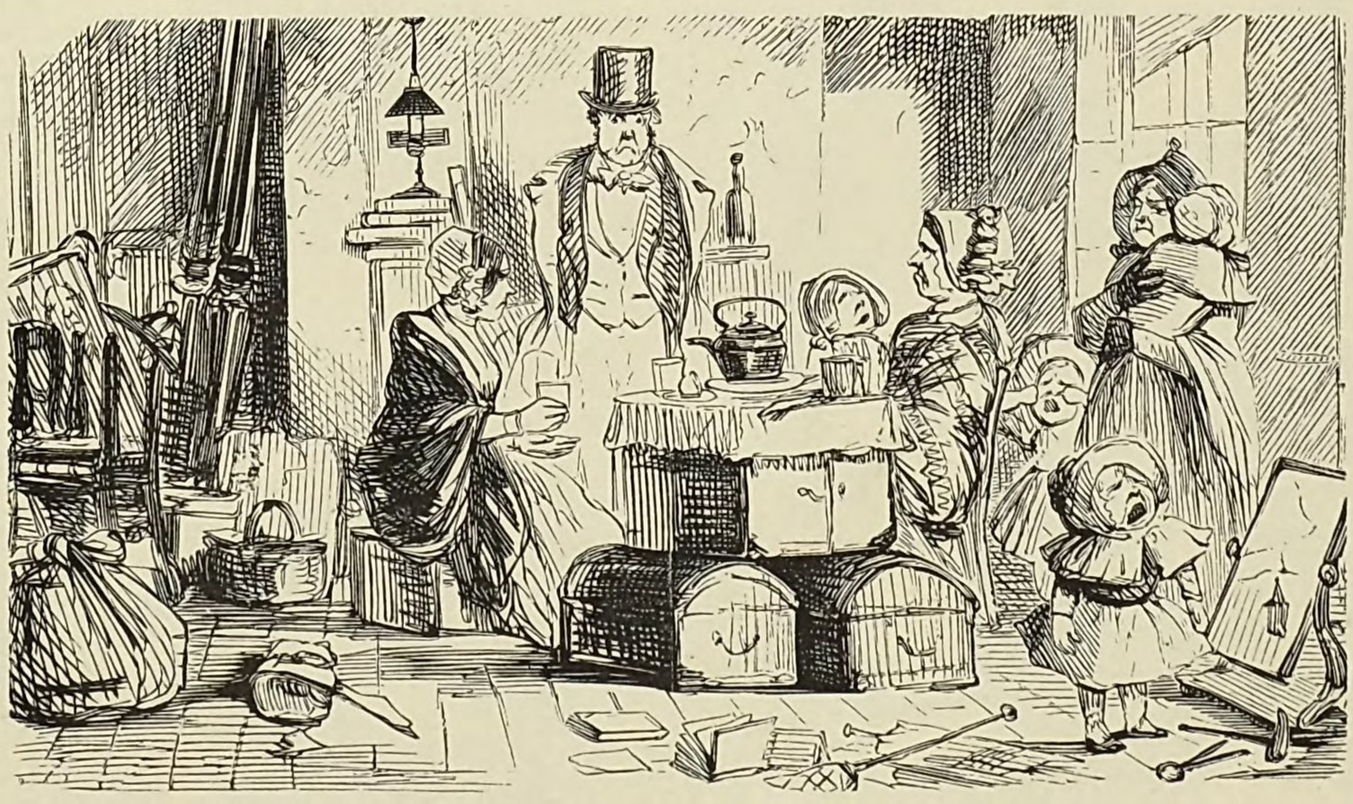
Second Do. "YA-AS! YOU SEE ALL THE SNOBS DWESS SO INFERN'LY LOUD—THAT FWED AND I THOUGHT WE WOULD COME DOWN VEWY QUIET."

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE CHILDREN.

A DESIGN, SHOWING HOW THE PRETTY HOODS WORN BY LADIES MIGHT BE MADE USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL.

THE END OF A FIVE MINUTES' BURST.

Stout Gentleman. "THAT'S THE WAY TO GO OVER A GATE! I DON'T THINK YOU LEFT ME SO FAR BEHIND THAT TIME."



REMOVING.—No. I.

Father of the Family. "OH, IT'S ALL STUFF AND NONSENSE, MRS. G., IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MANAGED OVER AND OVER AGAIN BY THIS TIME."

Mrs. G. "LAW, MY DEAR, HOW YOU TALK! AND I'M SURE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PUT TO MUCH INCONVENIENCE."

Mother in-Law. "THERE, THERE, JEMIMA. DON'T ANSWER HIM; IT'S QUITE RIDICULOUS."

GROUSE SHOOTING LATE IN THE SEASON. JOLLY, VERY.

"COME ALONG, OLD FELLOW! HERE'S A POINT!"

REMOVING.—No. II.

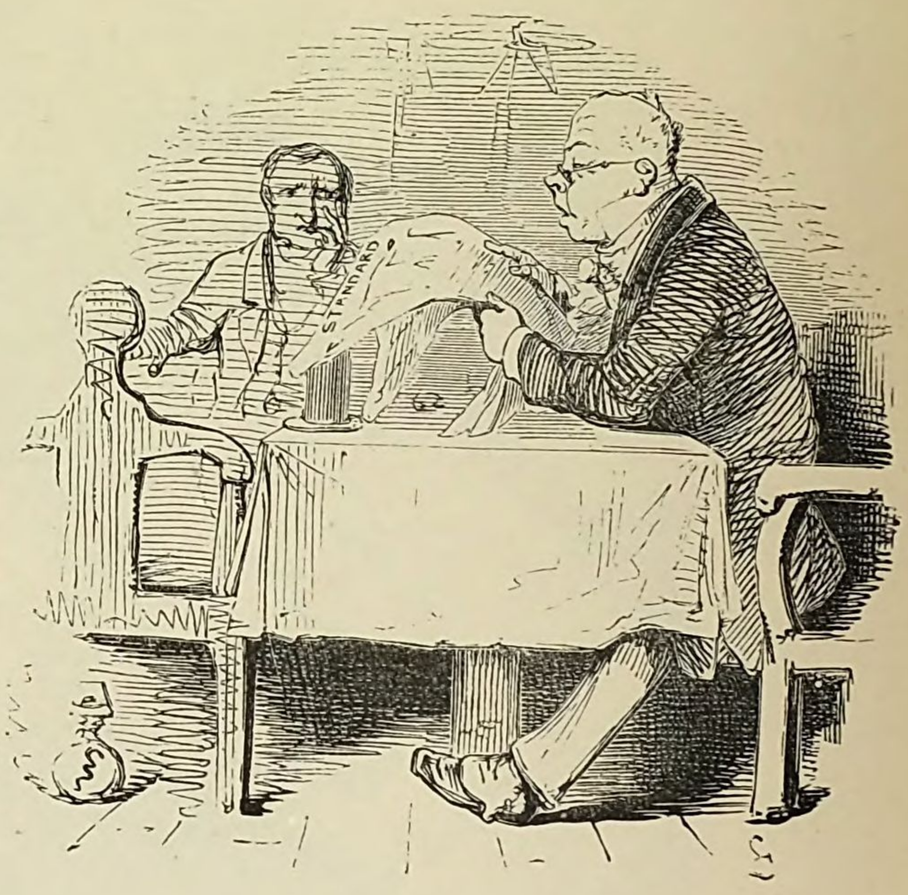
FIRST NIGHT IN THE NEW HOUSE—AWFUL DISCOVERY OF BLACK BEETLES.

PERFECT SINCERITY; OR, THINKINGS ALOUD.

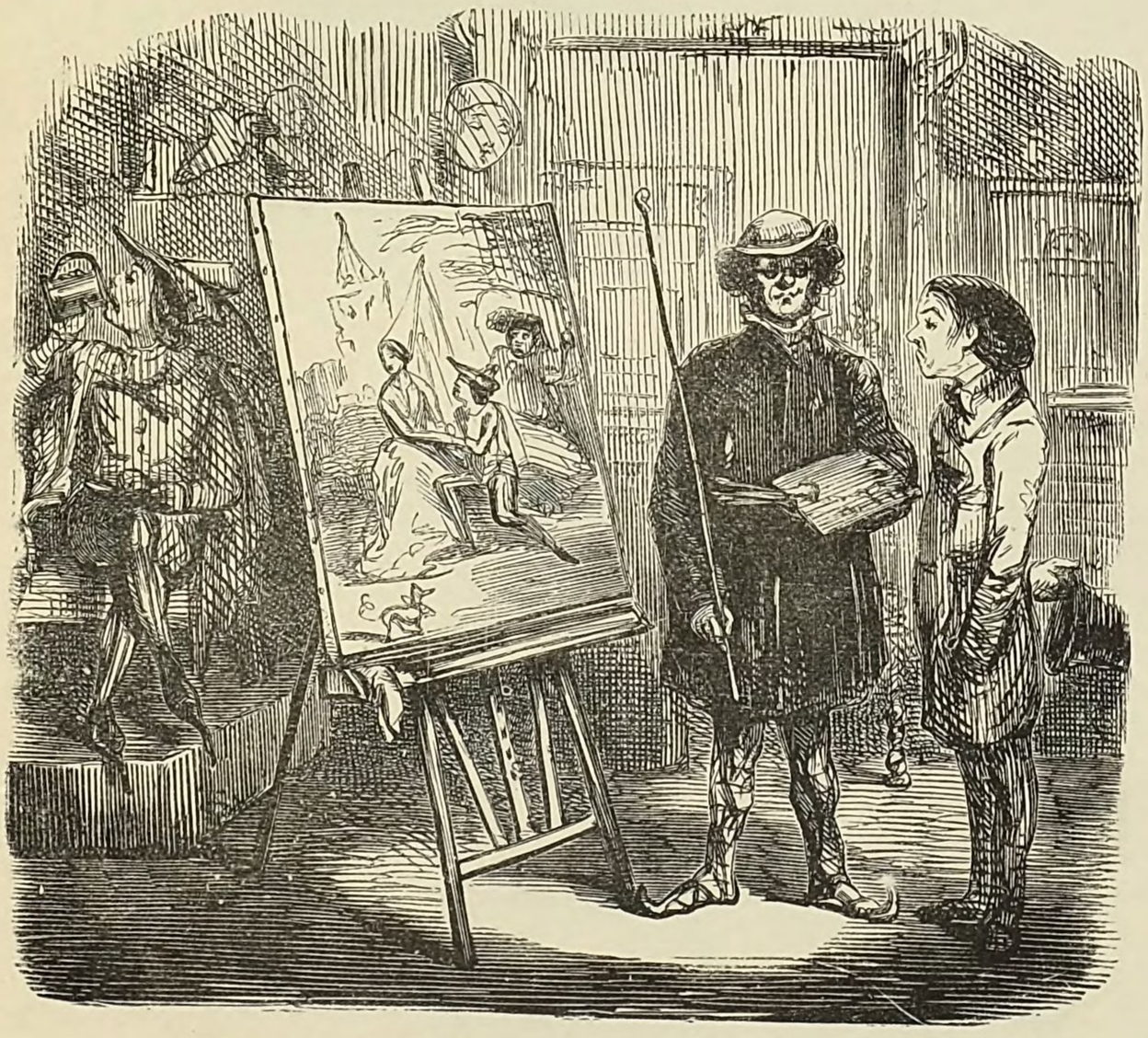
No. I.

Mamma. "YOU ARE A DISAGREEABLE OLD BACHELOR, AND GENERALLY HATE CHILDREN, I KNOW—BUT ISN'T DEAR LITTLE WORMWOOD A FINE, NOBLE LITTLE FELLOW?"

Old Gent. "WELL, IF YOU WANT MY CANDID OPINION, I MAY AS WELL TELL YOU AT ONCE—THAT I THINK HIM THE MOST DETESTABLE LITTLE BEAST I EVER SAW—AND IF YOU IMAGINE I AM GOING TO LEAVE HIM ANYTHING BECAUSE YOU HAVE NAMED HIM AFTER ME, YOU ARE MIGHTILY MISTAKEN."



SPELLING A NEWSPAPER.



PERFECT SINCERITY; OR, THINKINGS ALOUD.

No. II.

Artist No. 1. "THERE, MASTER OKER, I FLATTER MYSELF THAT WILL TAKE THE SHINE OUT OF YOUR PRECIOUS PRODUCTION, ALTHOUGH YOU DO THINK NOBODY CAN PAINT BUT YOURSELF."

Artist No. 2. "HEY! DEAR, DEAR, DEAR! THAT'S VERY BAD. BY JOVE, MY BOY, IT'S A DREADFUL FALLING-OFF FROM LAST YEAR. IF I WERE YOU, I SHOULD THINK TWICE BEFORE I SENT IT IN."

Artist No. 1. "MERE ENVY.—ILLIBERAL HUMBUG."

STUDY OF AN ELDERLY FEMALE HAILING THE LAST OMBLEBUS.

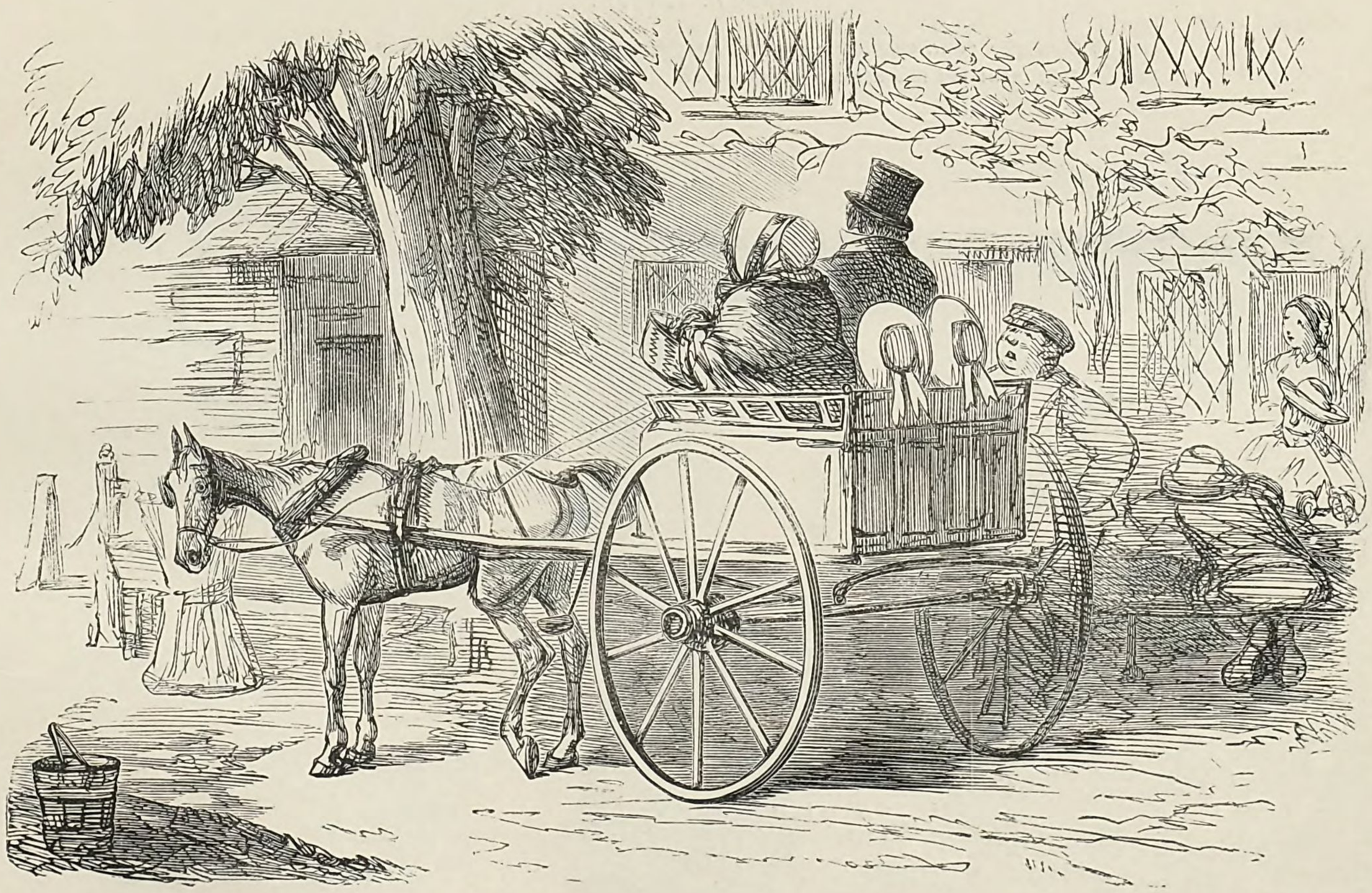
PERFECT SINCERITY; OR, THINKINGS ALOUD.

No. III.

Medical Man. "STUPID OLD FOOL! WHY, THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH HIM, EXCEPT WHAT ARISES FROM HIS OVER EATING AND DRINKING HIMSELF—ONLY I CAN'T AFFORD TO TELL HIM SO."

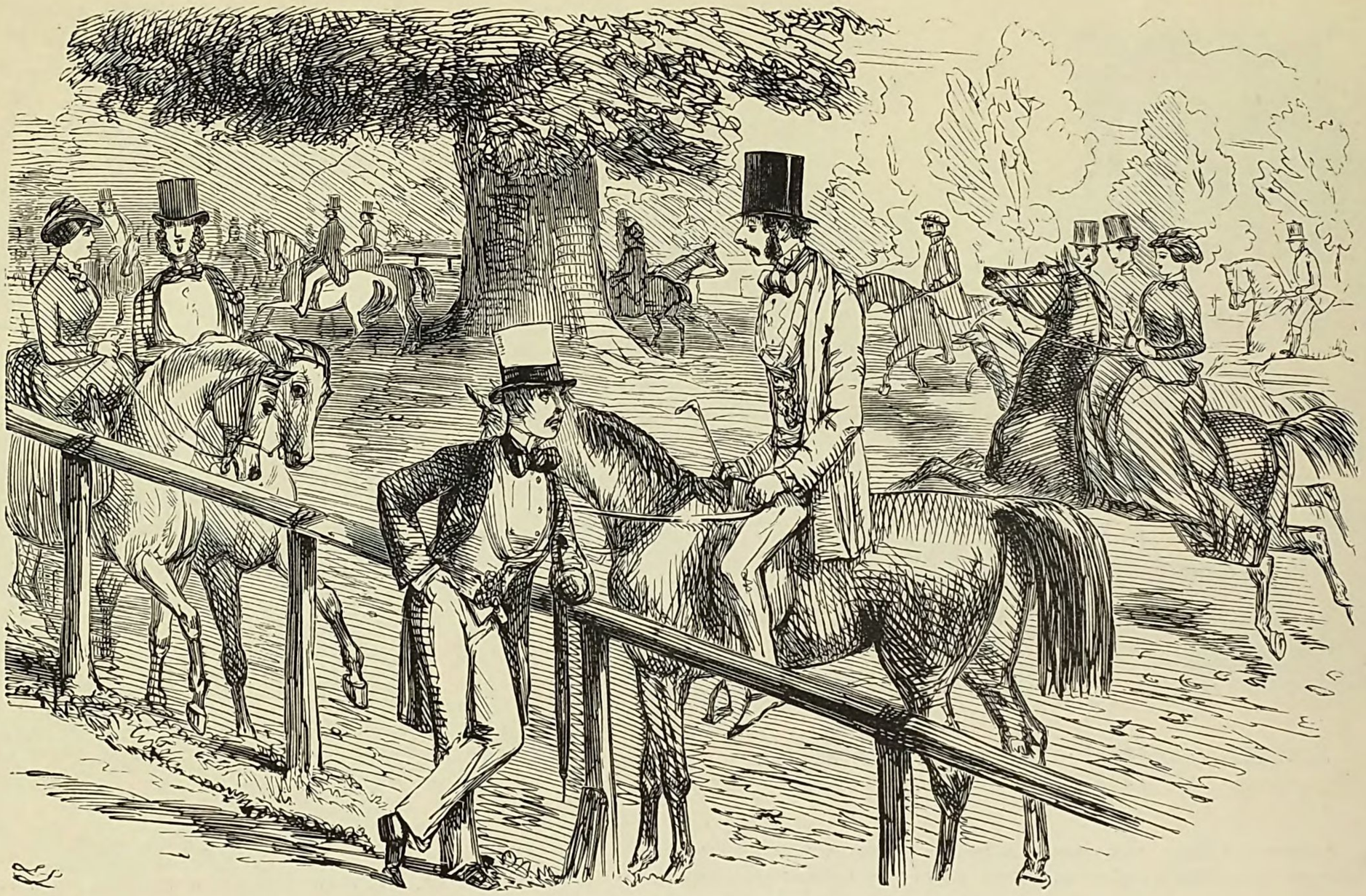
THE OPERA.

"PLEASE, SIR, GIVE US YOUR TICKET, IF YOU AIN'T A-GOIN' IN AGAIN."



A HUMOROUS CUSTOMER.

Gentleman in Cart. "I SAY, GUV'NOR, BRING US OUT A SPOONFUL O' GIN FOR THE OLD LADY, WILL YER?—AND I'LL TAKE A PINT O' MILD ALE—AND LOOK HERE. I DON'T WANT IT THICK—FOR I *AIN'T HUNGRY!*"



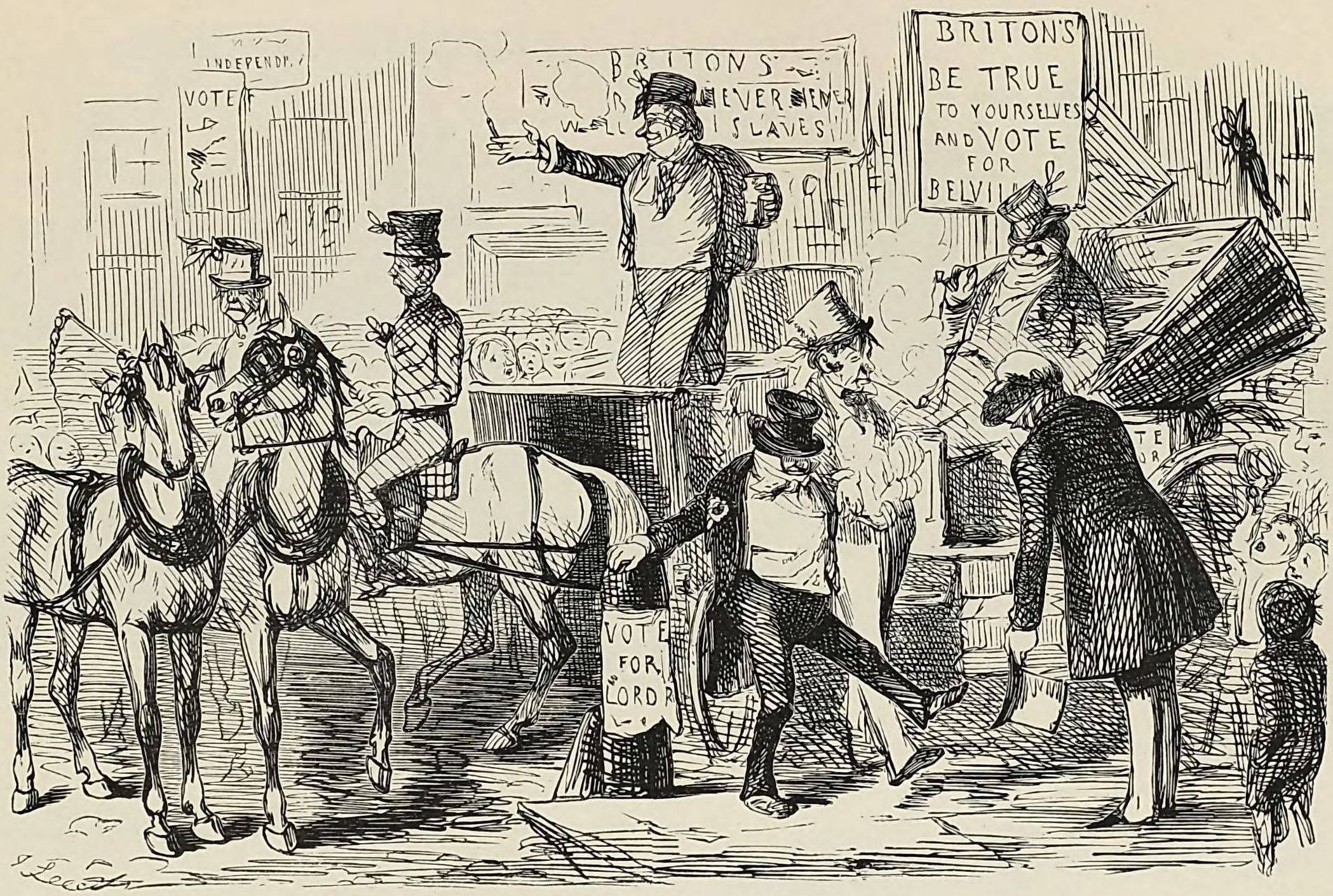
MANLY SORROW.

Swell on Horseback. "WHY, CHARLEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD BOY? YOU SEEM OUT OF SPIRITS."
Swell on Foot. "AH! I'VE HAD A SAD LOSS, FRED! I'VE LOST THE LITTLE GRIDIRON OFF MY CHATELAINE!!"

MELANCHOLY SCENE AT THE OPERA ON A CROWDED NIGHT.

AT GREENWICH FAIR.

"AND MELANCHOLY MARK'D HIM FOR HER OWN."



BRIBERY IS DETESTABLE! BUT POLITENESS COSTS NOTHING.

Canvasser. "PRAY, GENTLEMEN, DON'T THINK OF WALKING TO THE POLLING BOOTH; I AM SURE YOUR TIME MUST BE VALUABLE, AND HERE'S A CARRIAGE QUITE AT YOUR SERVICE."

EARLY EDUCATION.

Harry (*to* TOM). "THERE'S ONE GREAT BORE ABOUT A WATERING-PLACE; THEY SELL SUCH HORRID CIGARS."

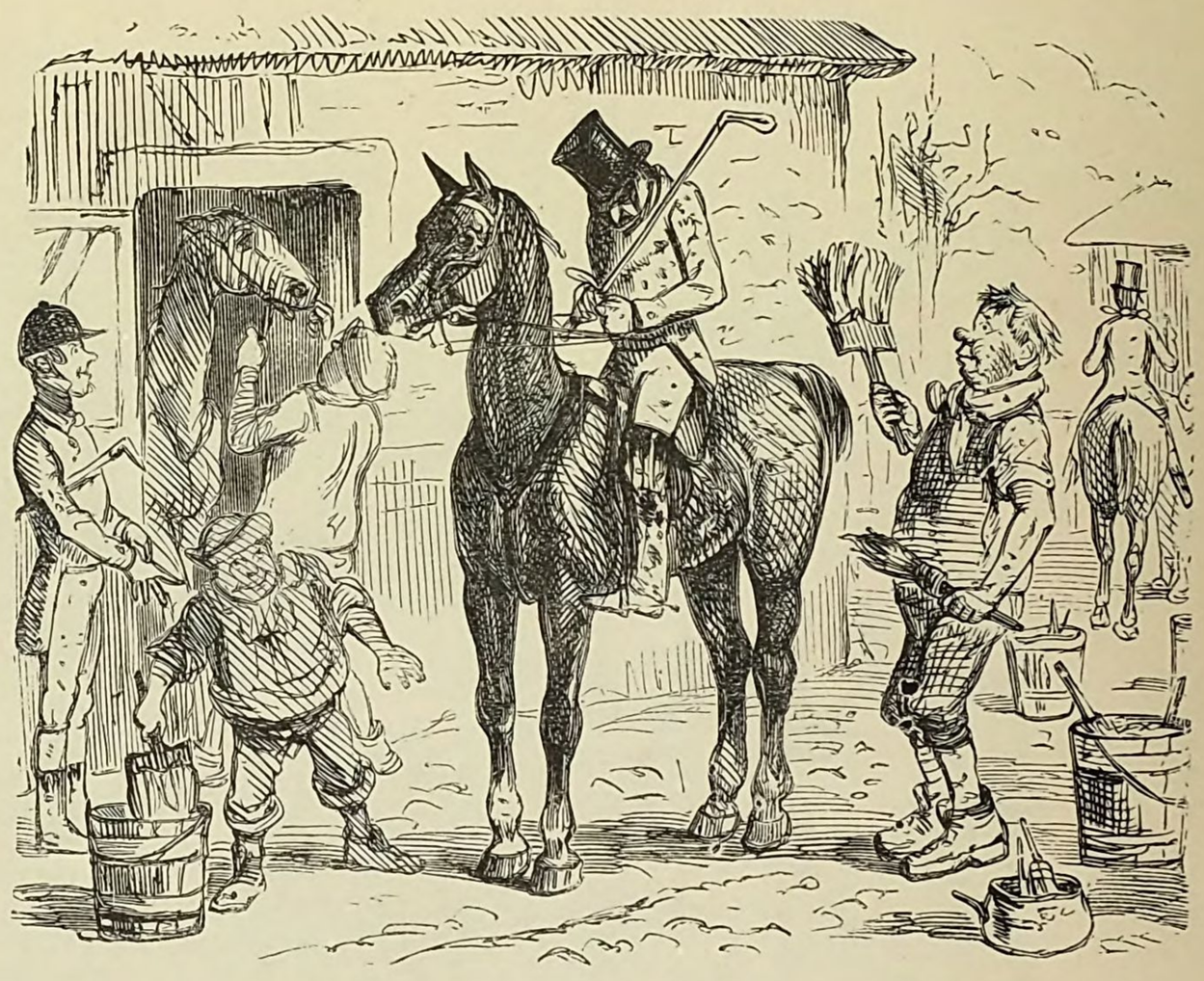
MAY-DAY.

DISTRESSING POSITION OF A SENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN WHO WAS ABOUT TO OFFER HIS HAND AND HEART TO THE OBJECT OF HIS AFFECTIONS.

A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING.

No. I.

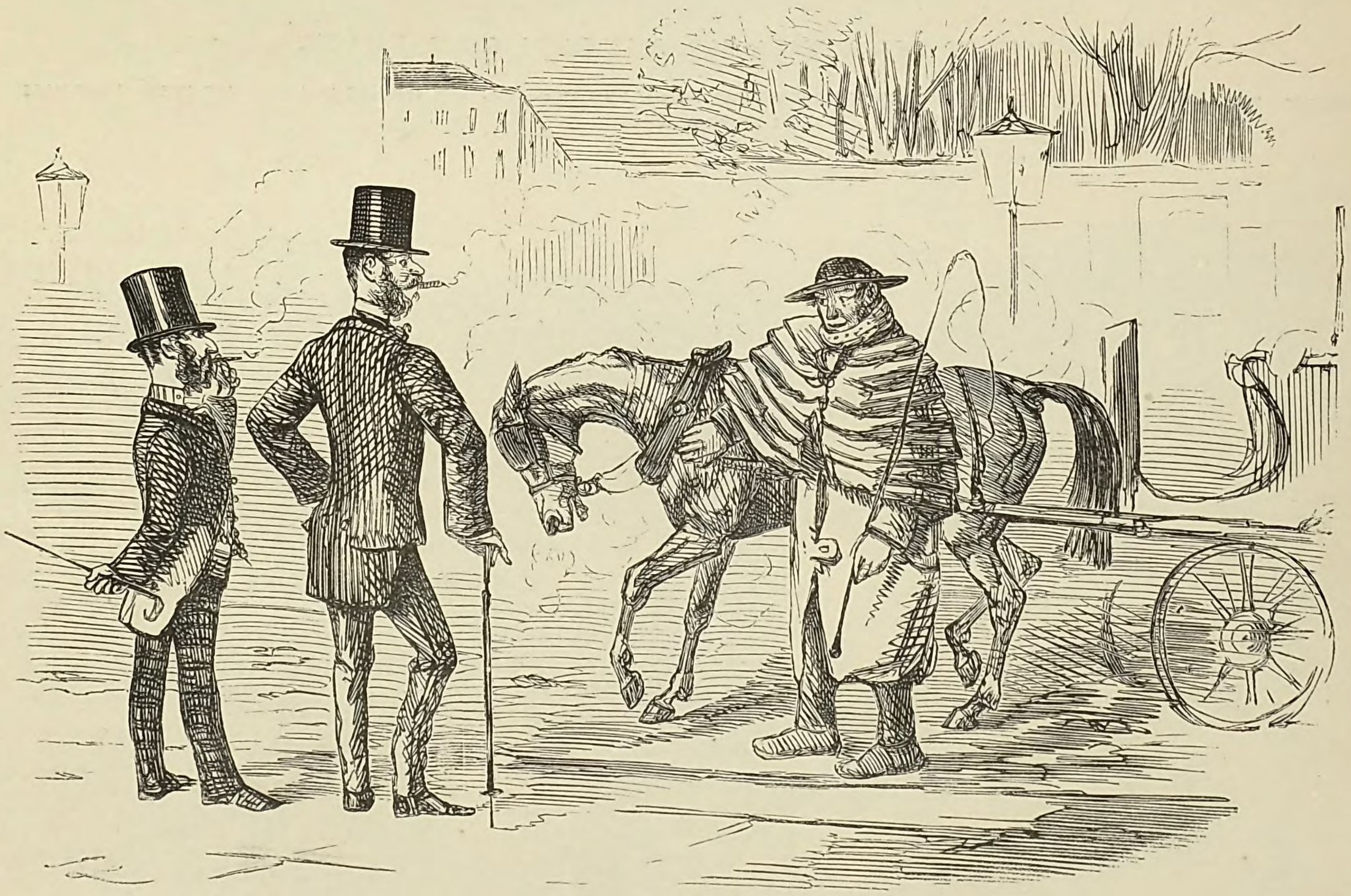
FIRST GET YOUR SEASONED "SCREW."



A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING.

No. II.

ABOUT FOUR MILES "DOWN THE ROAD" GET PROPERLY SPLASHED AT A PUBLIC-HOUSE.



RATHER A DROP.

City Gent (who fancies himself a Judge of a Horse, and no end of a Swell). "THAT'S A NICE LITTLE TIT, CABBY, AND BROUGHT US ALONG WELL!"

Cabby. "YESSIR! HE IS A NICE LITTLE 'OS, *HE* IS—BUT LOR BLESS YER! HIS 'ART'S TOO BIG FOR HIS BODY. HE'S TOO GOOD FOR MY WORK! NOW HE'D JEST SUIT SUCH A GENT AS YOU—TO DRIVE A LIGHT TEA-CART ABOUT TOWN FOR ORDERS ON A WEEK-DAY, AND TAKE THE MISSUS OUT FOR THE DAY O' SUNDAYS!"

A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING.

No. III.

AND RETURN HOME SMOKING A CHEROOT, TO THE ADMIRATION OF THE POPULACE.

THE AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS DODGE.

Beggar. "DID YOU GET THE LAMB'S FRY?"

His Child. "ALL RIGHT."

Beggar. "WELL, NOW, RUN HOME AND TELL YER MOTHER NOT TO BOIL THE SPARRERGRASS TILL I COME."

UNDENIABLE.

Buyer. "IS HE WELL BROKE?"

Seller. "LOR, BLESS YE! LOOK AT HIS KNEES!"

REMONSTRANCE.

London Merchant. "WHY, WHAT IS THE USE OF YOUR BEING IN A RESPECTABLE HOUSE OF BUSINESS IF YOU PROCEED IN THIS ABSURD, VULGAR MANNER? NOW, TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, UNLESS YOU MEND VERY CONSIDERABLY, YOU WILL GO ON FROM BAD TO WORSE. YOU WILL BECOME A PETTY HUCKSTER; FROM THAT YOU WILL, IN ALL PROBABILITY, GET TO BE A MERE COMMON-COUNCILMAN; THEN AN ALDERMAN; WHEN, AFTER A COURSE OF GLUTTONY AND TOMFOOLERY, PAINFUL TO THINK OF, YOU WILL MAKE A RIDICULOUS TERMINATION TO YOUR CONTEMPTIBLE CAREER BY ACTUALLY BECOMING A **LORD MAYOR.**"

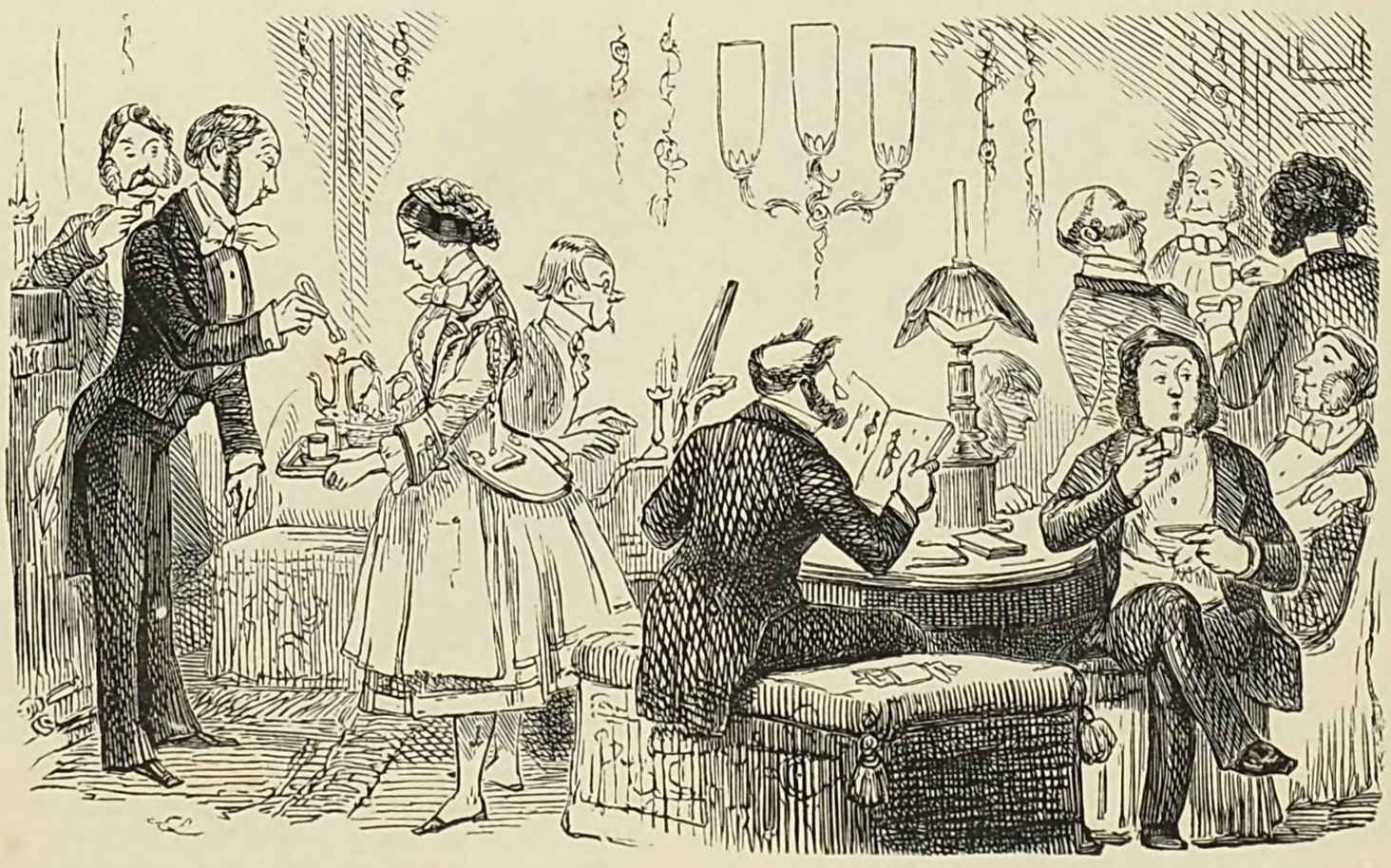
THE LADIES OF THE CREATION!

No. I.

THE PARLIAMENTARY FEMALE.

Father of the Family. "COME, DEAR; WE SO SELDOM GO OUT TOGETHER NOW—CAN'T YOU TAKE US ALL TO THE PLAY TO-NIGHT?"

Mistress of the House and M.P. "HOW YOU TALK, CHARLES! DON'T YOU SEE THAT I AM TOO BUSY. I HAVE A COMMITTEE TO-MORROW MORNING, AND I HAVE MY SPEECH ON THE GREAT CROCHET QUESTION TO PREPARE FOR THE EVENING."



No. II.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION!

No. III.

THE DINING-ROOM.

Lady of the House. "NOW THEN, GIRLS! FILL YOUR GLASSES! BUMPERS! HERE'S JUST ONE TOAST WHICH I AM SURE YOU WILL ALL DRINK WITH PLEASURE. THE GENTLEMEN!!"

No. IV.

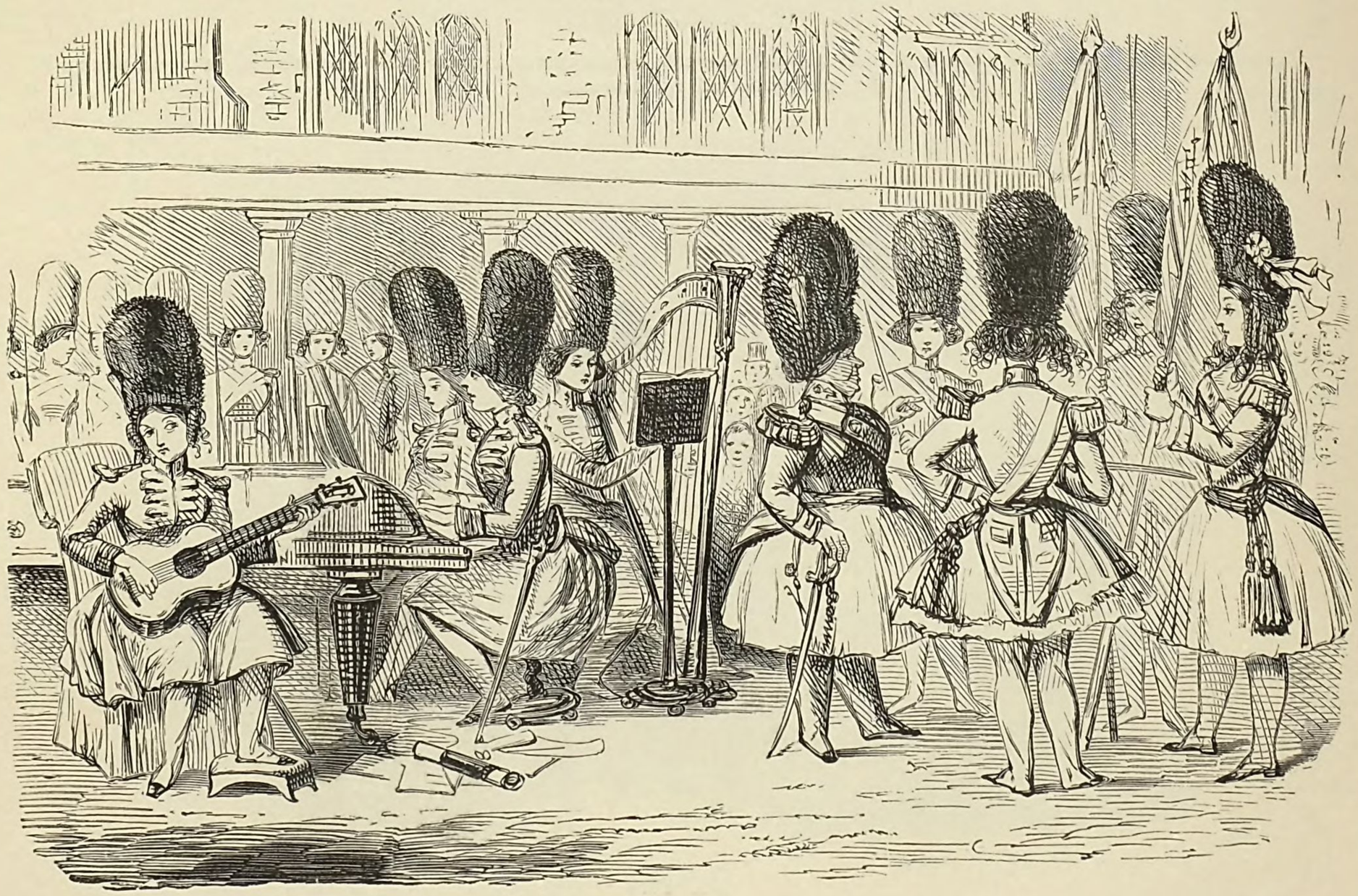
NATURALLY THE FEMALE THINKS SHOPPING VERY TIRESOME.

Superior Creature. "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, EDWARD, DO COME AWAY! WHEN YOU ONCE GET INTO A SHOP, THERE'S NO GETTING YOU OUT AGAIN."

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION!

No. V.

SPORTING FOR LADIES.



No. VI.

THE BAND AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION!

No. VII.

A "BUS" CONDUCTRESS.

Old Gentleman. "YOU ARE A VERY SAUCY, IMPUDENT WOMAN, AND I'LL CERTAINLY SUMMON YOU!"

Conductress. "THANK YE, SIR! *(To Driver.)* GO ON, SARAH; NEVER MIND THE OLD COVE."

No. VIII.

MARY PROTECTING THE WEAKER SEX.

No. IX.

THE ARREST BY BAILIFFS.

"AND SERVE HER RIGHT TOO—EXTRAVAGANCE IN A MAN IS, IN SOME DEGREE, EXCUSABLE, FOR HE KNOWS NO BETTER—BUT, IN A WOMAN, IT IS QUITE UNPARDONABLE."

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION!

No. X.

MISS BROWN TAKES HER COUSIN OUT FISHING.

Inferior Animal. "OH DEAR! MISS BROWN! HERE'S A FISH TAKEN ALL MY BAIT. DO COME AND PUT ON ANOTHER WORM!"

No. XI.

THE WOMAN AT THE WHEEL.

THE REAL FLOWER-SHOW.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION—BLOOMERISM.

No. I.—*APROPOS OF BLOOMERISM.*

Visitor (who is looking at the Print of the Bloomer Costume). "WELL, NOW, UPON MY WORD, I DON'T SEE ANYTHING RIDICULOUS IN IT. *I* SHALL CERTAINLY ADOPT IT."

Strong-minded Lady. "FOR MY PART, I SO THOROUGHLY DESPISE CONVENTIONALITY, THAT I HAVE ORDERED ALL MY NEW THINGS TO BE MADE IN THAT VERY RATIONAL STYLE!"

No. II.

THE SORT OF LEG THAT LOOKS WELL IN BLOOMER PETTILOONS.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION—BLOOMERISM.

No. III.—*RESULTS OF BLOOMERISM—THE LADIES POP THE QUESTION.*

Superior Creature. "SAY! OH, SAY, DEAREST! WI'.L YOU BE MINE?" &c., &c.

No. IV.—*A POSER FOR A BLOOMER.*

Old Gentleman. "BEFORE I CAN ENTERTAIN YOUR PROPOSAL, AND GIVE MY CONSENT TO YOUR MARRYING MY SON, I MUST ASK YOU WHETHER YOU ARE IN A POSITION—A—TO—A—KEEP HIM IN THE STYLE TO WHICH—A—I MAY SAY—HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN ACCUSTOMED? AHEM!"

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION—BLOOMERISM.

No. V.—*A PROBABLE INCIDENT IF BLOOMERISM ISN'T PUT DOWN.*

Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, MISS, THE DRESSMAKER HAS BROUGHT HOME YOUR NEW—AHEM—FROCK."

No. VI.—*SOMETHING MORE OF BLOOMERISM.*

(BEHIND THE COUNTER THERE IS ONE OF THE "INFERIOR ANIMALS.")

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION—BLOOMERISM.

No. VII.—*BLOOMERISM IN A BALL-ROOM.*

Bloomer. "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF DANCING THE NEXT POLKA WITH YOU?"

No. VIII.—*BLOOMERISM AT HOME.*

Strong-minded Female. "NOW, DO PRAY, ALFRED, PUT DOWN THAT FOOLISH NOVEL, AND DO SOMETHING RATIONAL. GO, AND PLAY SOMETHING ON THE PIANO; YOU NEVER PRACTISE NOW YOU'RE MARRIED."

No. IX.

EFFICIENCY OF FEMALE POLICE IN WHAT IS VULGARLY CALLED A "JOLLY ROW."

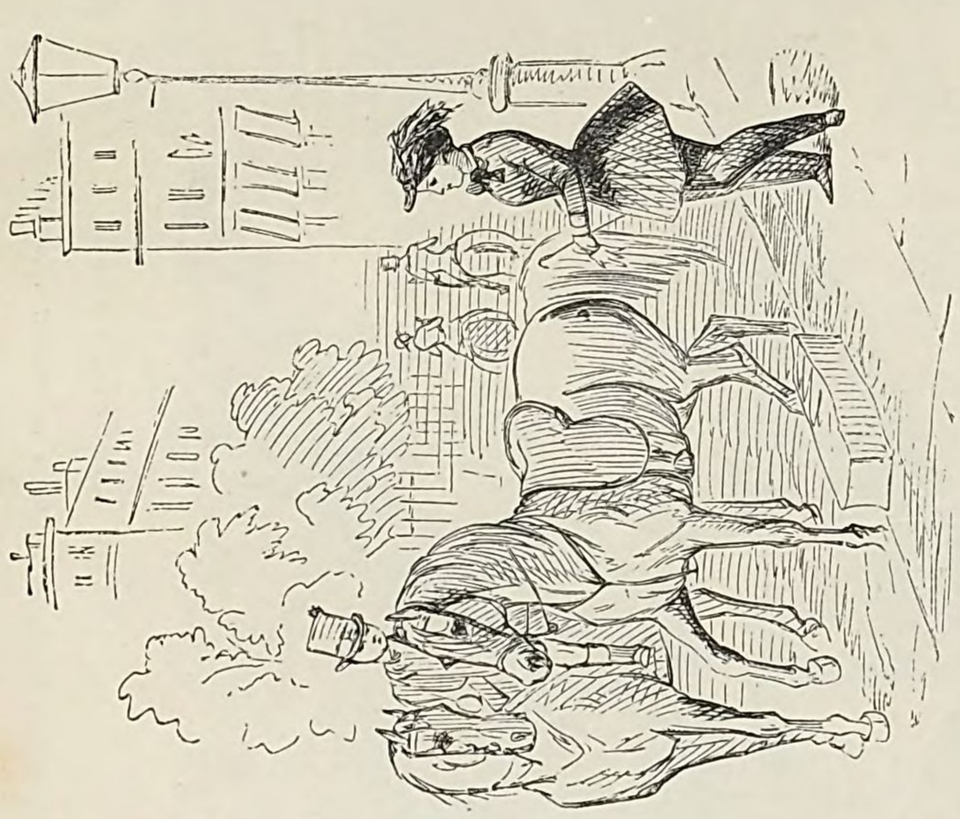
REATION—BLOOMERISM.

A DREAM.

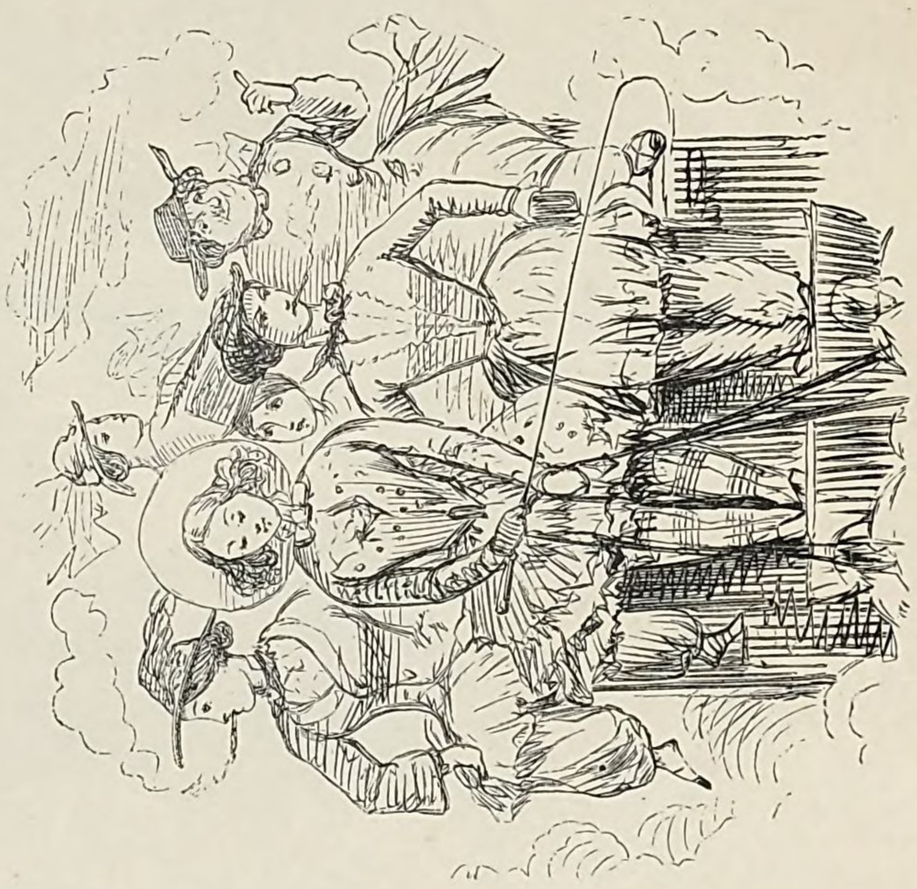
THE LADIES OF THE CREATION—BLOOMERISM.

No. XIII.—*THE SAILOR.*

No. XVI.—*IN THE PARK.*

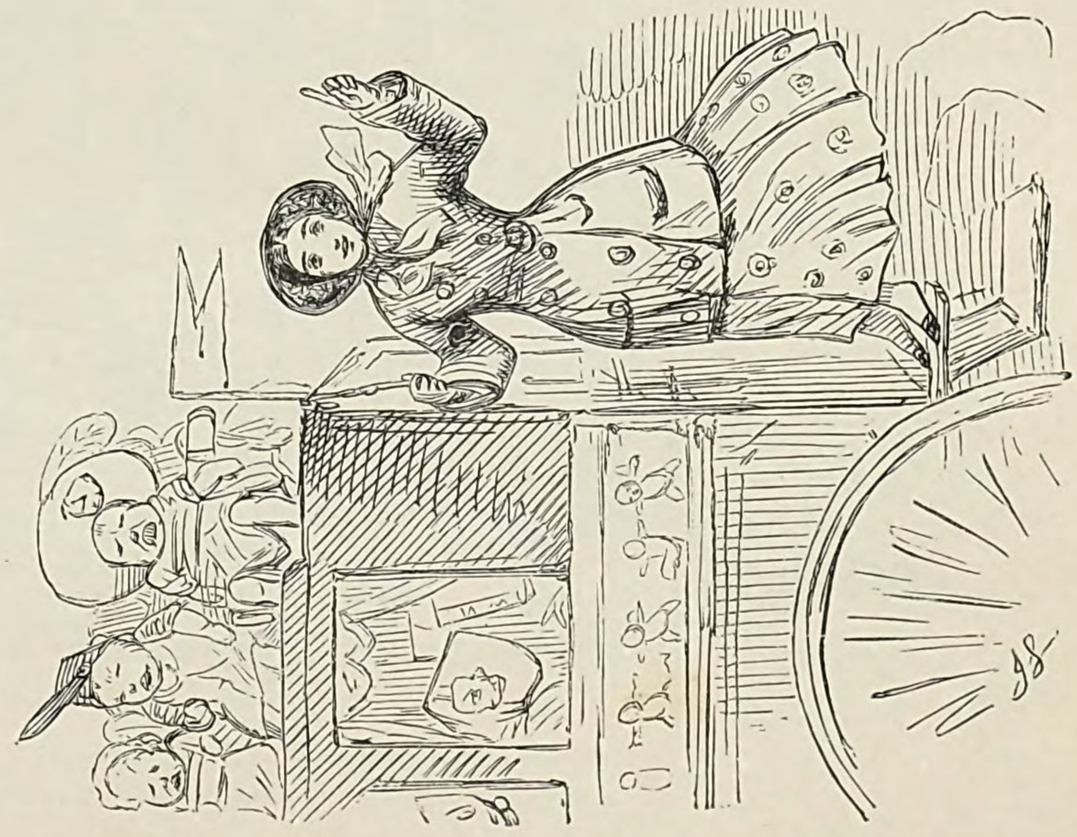


No. XII.—*THE HEIRESS.*

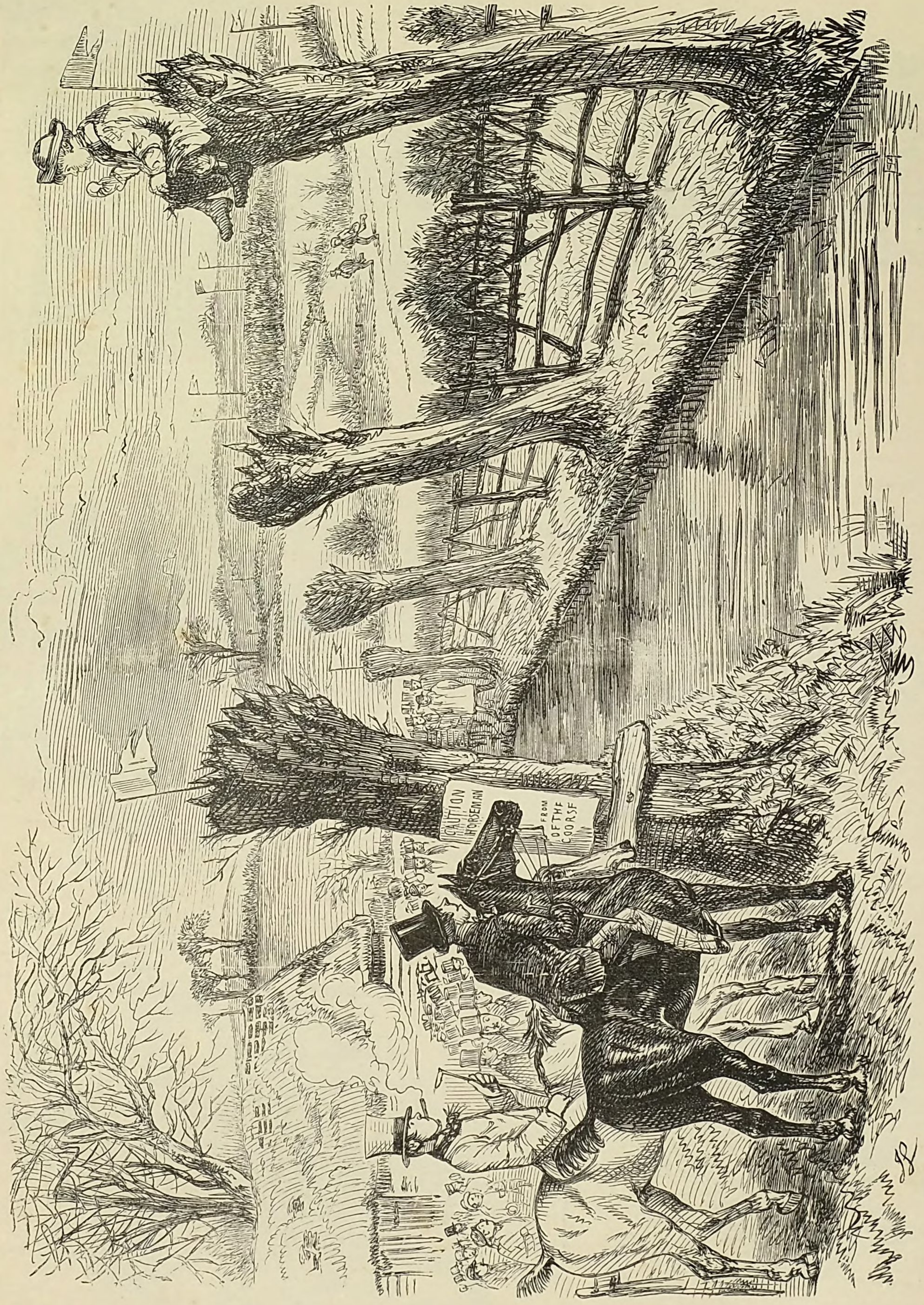


No. XV.—*AT THE DERBY.*

No. XI.—*THE BARRISTER.*



No. XIV.—*ON THE ROAD.*



THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

First Sporting Gent (reads). "'CAUTION.—NO HORSEMAN WILL, ON ANY ACCOUNT, BE ALLOWED TO FOLLOW THE RACEHORSES OVER THE STEEPLE-CHASE COURSE.' DEAR ME! HOW PROVOKING! I SHOULD A LIKED TO HAVE POPPED OVER THIS BROOK!"

Second Gent thinks they had better not interfere with any of the Regulations.

MR. 'ARRY BELVILLE ON THE CONTINENT GENERALLY.

'Arry Belville. "YES! I LIKE IT EXTREMELY. I LIKE THE *Lazy Ally* SORT OF FEELING. I LIKE SITTING AT THE DOOR OF A *Caffy* TO SMOKE MY CIGAR; AND ABOVE ALL *(onter noo)* IT'S A GREAT COMFORT TO WEAR ONE'S BEARD WITHOUT BEING LARFED AT!"

SCENE.—BUREAU OF THE CHIEFS OF THE DOUANES.

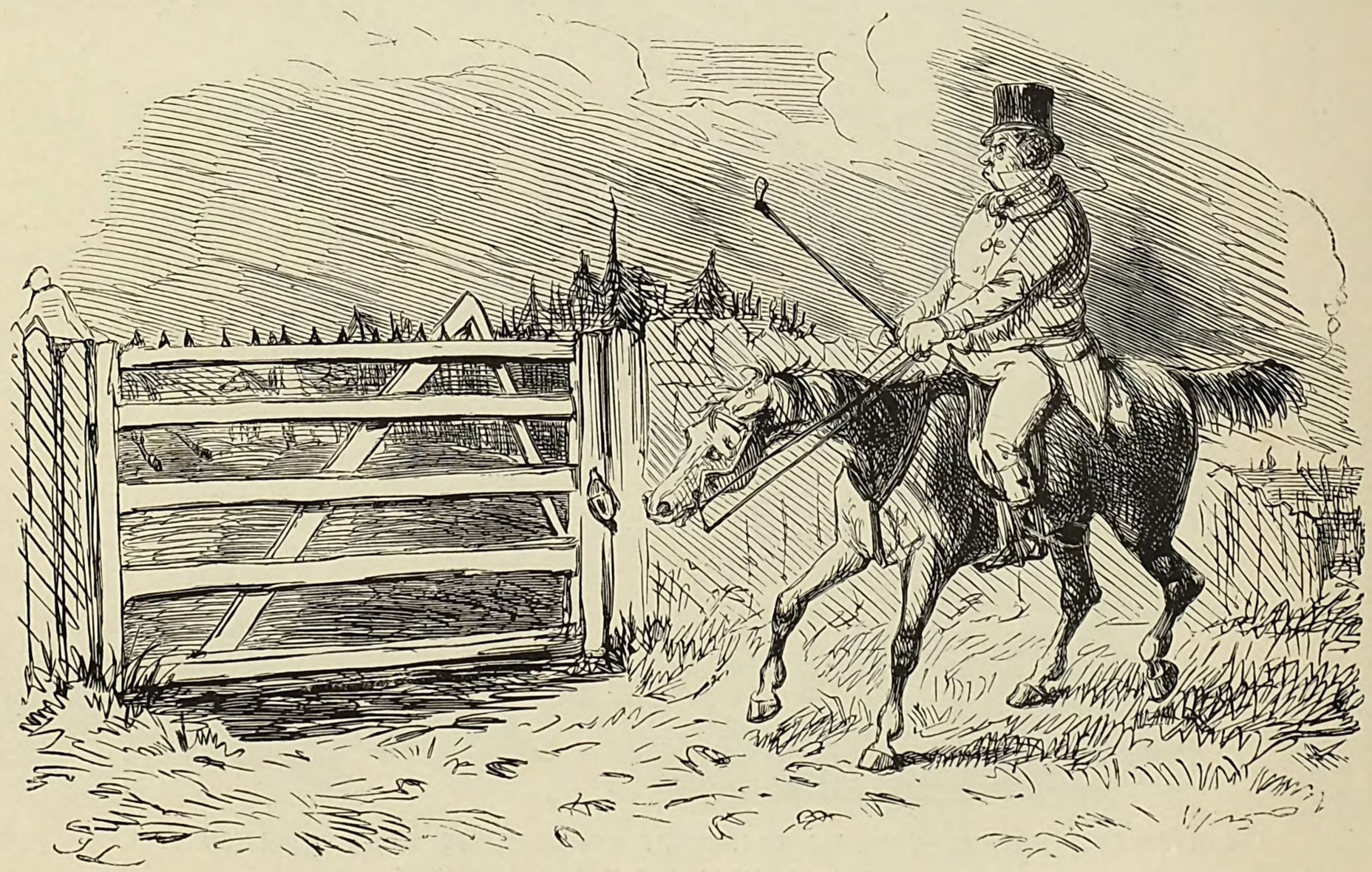
French Official. "YOU HAVE PASSPORT?"
English Gent. "NONG, MOSSOO."
Official. "YOUR NAME?"
Gent. "BELVILLE."
Official. "CHRISTIAN NOM?"
Gent. "'ARRY!"
Official. "PROFESSION?"
Gent. "BANKER!"

OUR FRIEND BELVILLE AIRS HIS FRENCH AT BOULOGNE, TO THE ADMIRATION OF DOBBINS, WHO DOESN'T SPEAK THE LANGUAGE.

Belville. "AHEM! PARDONG MOSSOO!—ESKER VOUS AVEY-A-SUCH A CHOSE AS A-A-UNE POT—A-THAT IS A-A-UNE PO YOU KNOW-DE-DE-DE BEAR'S GREASE? COMPRENNY?—BEAR'S GREASE?"

ON THE MOORS.

Mr. Puff. "*MY* BIRD, I THINK." *Mr. Muff.* "BELONGS TO *ME*, I FANCY" &C. &C. &C.



LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

"WO—MARE. HANG IT!—ANYTHING IN REASON I DON'T MIND; BUT, AS A FATHER OF A FAMILY, I DON'T FEEL JUSTIFIED IN GOING AT SUCH A GATE AS THAT."

HOW KIND.

Cruel Little Puth. "OH, HARRIET DEAR—PUT ON YOUR HAT AND LET US THEE THE STEAMBOAT COME IN. THE THEA IS THO ROUGH!—AND THE PEOPLE WILL BE *SO* ABTHURDLY THICK!!!"

FOLKESTONE.—ARRIVAL OF THE BOULOGNE BOAT. WIND S.W.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

"DON'T MOVE THERE, WE SHALL CLEAR YOU!"

NOTHING LIKE KNOWING THE COUNTRY.

Huntsman (to Officer going Abroad). "PLEASE BE SO GOOD, SIR, AS GIVE MY RESPECTS TO MASTER HARRY."

Officer. "OH! BUT MY BROTHER IS IN THE WEST INDIES, AND I AM GOING TO THE EAST."

Huntsman. "MAYHAP YOU'LL MEET AT T'COVER SIDE ALL THE SAME, SIR."

COOL ASSURANCE.

Undergraduate. "YOU DON'T OBJECT TO SMOKING, I HOPE?"

Old Party (probably a Director). "YES, SIR. I OBJECT VERY MUCH INDEED! IN FACT, I HAVE THE STRONGEST OBJECTION TO SMOKING!!!"

Undergraduate. "HM! HA! SOME PEOPLE HAVE." [*Smokes for the next fifty miles.*

FASHIONS FOR FAST MEN.

Tom. "WHICH DO YOU LIKE BEST FOR TROUSERS, BILL, CHECKS OR STRIPES?"

Bill. "WELL, I THINK CHECKS ARE UNCOMMON SUPERIOR, BUT STRIPES IS MOST NOBBY."

THOSE SHOCKING CLUBS.

Charley (who is rather addicted to betting.) "—AND TALKING OF GOODWOOD RACES, WE'VE GOT SUCH A JOLLY SWEEP AT OUR CLUB!"

Constance. "A *SWEEP*, CHARLES!—WELL! I NEVER THOUGHT MUCH OF YOUR CLUB FRIENDS, BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU ASSOCIATED WITH PEOPLE OF THAT SORT!"

IN A VERY BAD WAY.

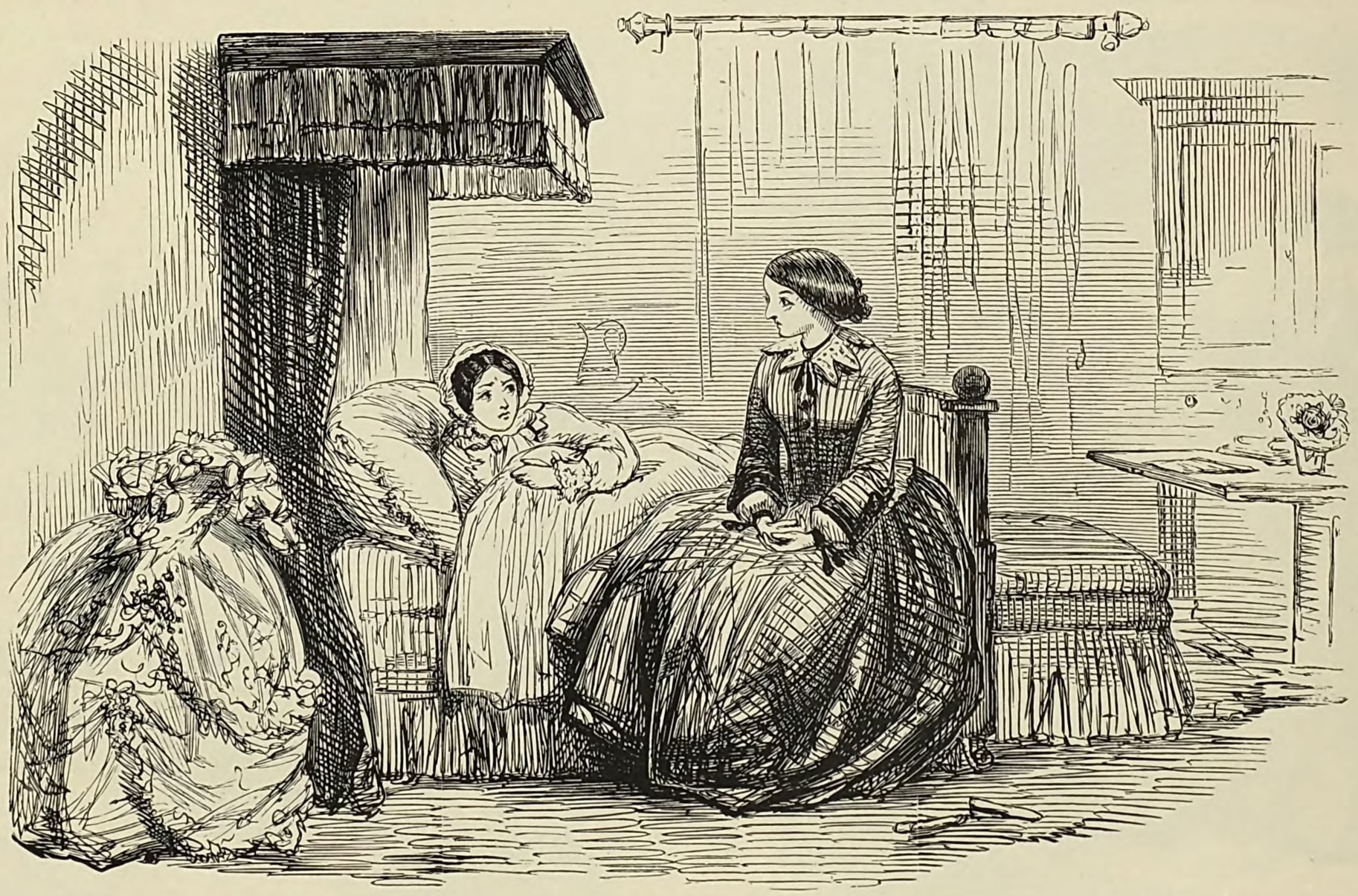
"WHY, YOU SEEM QUITE WRETCHED, FRANK!"

"WRETCHED, MY BOY! AH, YOU MAY IMAGINE HOW WRETCHED I AM, WHEN I TELL YOU I DON'T EVEN CARE HOW MY TWOWSERS ARE MADE!"

THE PERILS OF A COURT PRESENTATION.

BEFORE PAYING HER RESPECTS AT ST. JAMES'S.

AFTER PAYING HER RESPECTS AT ST. JAMES'S.



FRIGHTFUL.

Clara. "WELL, ROSE, DEAR, AND HOW DO YOU FEEL AFTER THE PARTY?"

Rose. "OH, PRETTY WELL; ONLY I HAVE HAD SUCH A HORRID DREAM! DO YOU KNOW, I DREAMT THAT THAT GREAT STUPID CAPTAIN DRAWLER UPSET A DISH OF TRIFLE OVER MY NEW LACE DRESS WITH THE BLUE SLIP?"

TRUTH IS GREAT.

Unsophisticated Little Girl. "NOW, YOU A'DONE, BILLY. IF YOU AIN'T QUIET DIRECTLY, I'LL GIVE YER TO THIS GREAT, BIG HUGLY MAN!"

[*Immense delight of Swell in gorgeous array.*

A DELUSION.

Dean. "WELL, SIR?"

Small University Man (under the impression that he has irrritated the Dean by his conspicuous moustachios). "I BELIEVE YOU WANTED TO SPEAK TO ME, SIR, ABOUT—ABOUT—MY MOUSTACHIOS!"

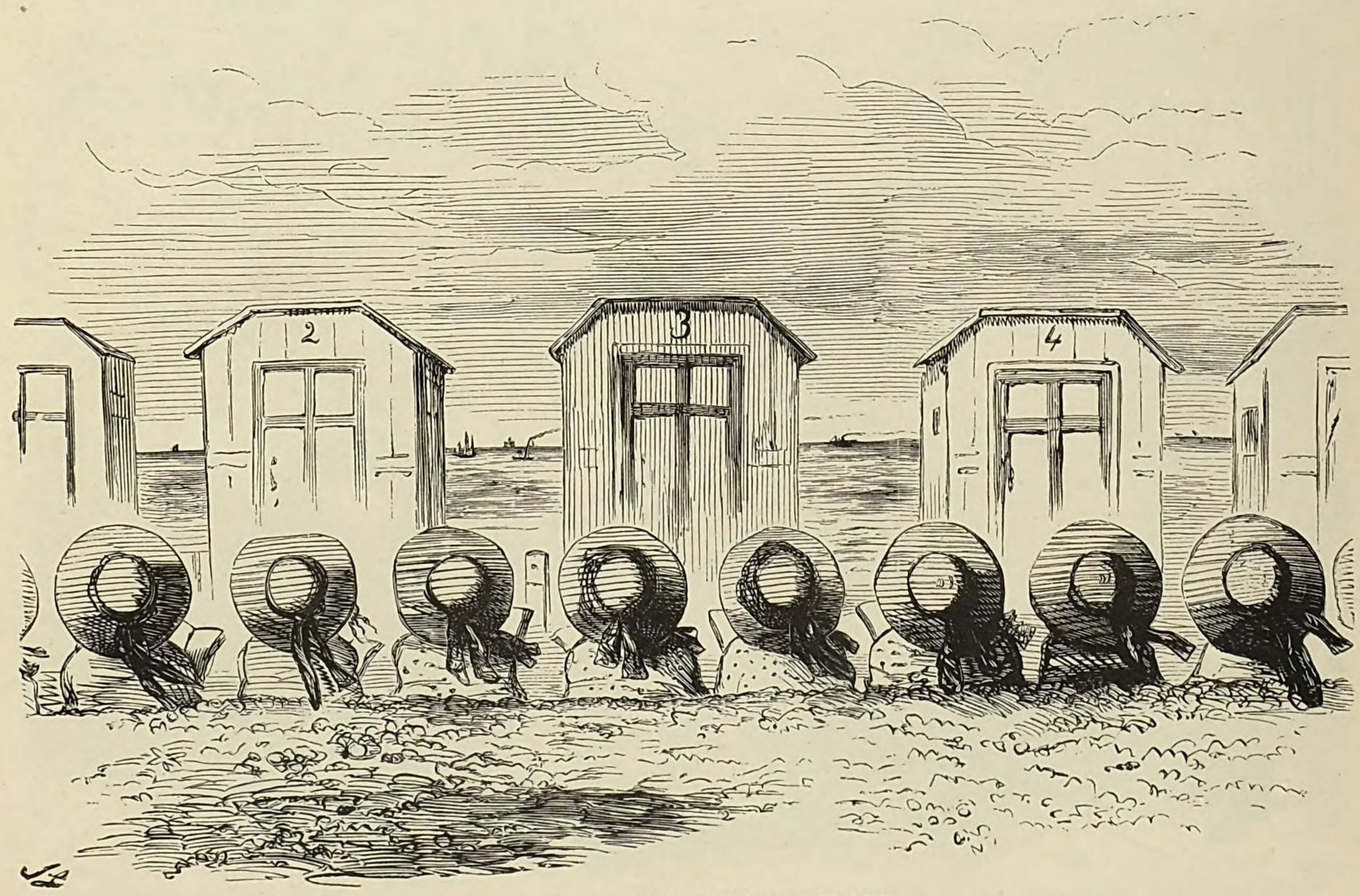
Dean. "SOME MISTAKE, SIR! I DIDN'T PERCEIVE THAT YOU HAD ANY!"

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

Exquisite (to the Mamma of Performer). "WHAT A PITY THAT GURL'S FRIENDS DON'T TAKE HER AWAY FROM THAT PIANO. SHE'S NOT BAD LOOKING, BUT SHE HAS GOT A VOICE LIKE A PEACOCK!!!"

A CAPITAL OFFER.

"I SAY, GRANNY! CHARLEY SUMMERS AND I ARE GOING TO TAKE LION OUT IN A BOAT FOR A SWIM—NOW IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A SHILLING WE WILL TAKE YOU AND THE GIRLS OUT FOR A ROW!"



SCENE ON THE ENGLISH COAST.

THE TOO FAITHFUL PORTRAIT.

Georgina (in riding habit). "WELL, DEAR! I DECLARE IT'S THE VERY IMAGE OF YOU! I NEVER!"

Sarah Jane (who insists upon seeing the plate). "LIKE ME? FOR GOODNESS' SAKE DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, GEORGINA. I THINK IT'S PERFECTLY ABSURD! WHY, IT HAS GIVEN ME A STUPID LITTLE TURN-UP NOSE, AND A MOUTH THAT'S ABSOLUTELY ENORMOUS!"

DREADFUL DESTITUTION.

First. "MY DEAR FRANK—WHAT IS THE MATTER, OLD BOY?"

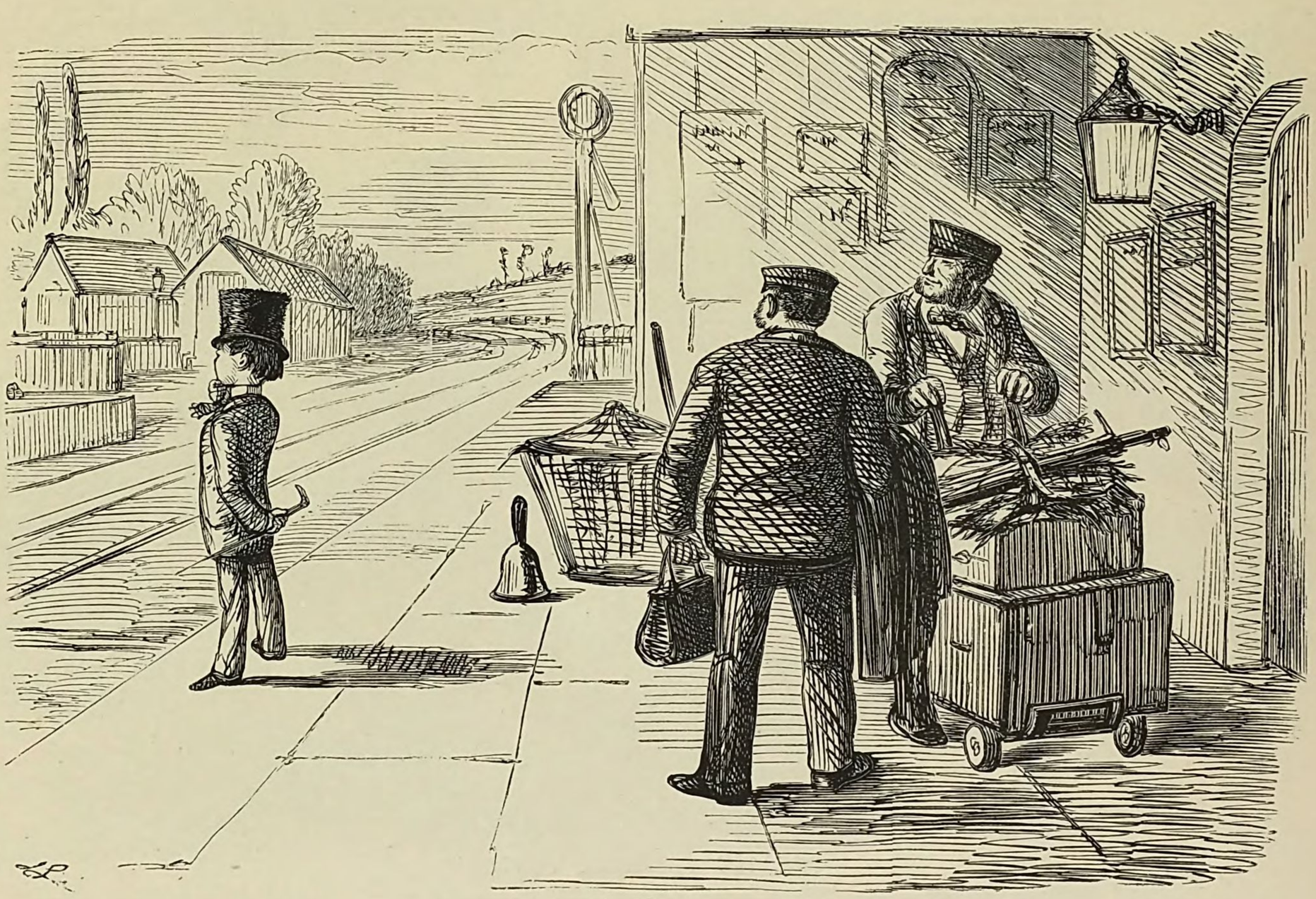
Second. "OH! I AM DISTRESSED TO DEATH ABOUT MONEY MATTERS—I DON'T KNOW WHAT I SHALL DO? WHY, HERE'S JENNY LIND COMING OUT ON THURSDAY, AND I POSITIVELY HAVEN'T THE MONEY TO PAY FOR A BOX!"

A PLEDGE OF AFFECTION.

Angelina. "WILL MY DARLING EDWIN GRANT HIS ANGELINA A BOON?"

Edwin. "IS THERE ANYTHING ON EARTH HER EDWIN WOULD NOT DO FOR HIS PET?—NAME THE BOON, OH, DEAREST—NAME IT!"

Angelina. "THEN, LOVE, AS WE DINE BY OURSELVES TO-MORROW, LET US, OH! LET US HAVE ROAST PORK, WITH PLENTY OF SAGE AND ONIONS!"



VERY PARTICULAR.

First Railway Porter. "WHAT DOES HE SAY, BILL?"

Second ditto. "WHY, HE SAYS HE MUST HAVE A COMPARTMENT TO HISSELF, BECAUSE HE CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT HIS SMOKE!"

MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.—No. I.

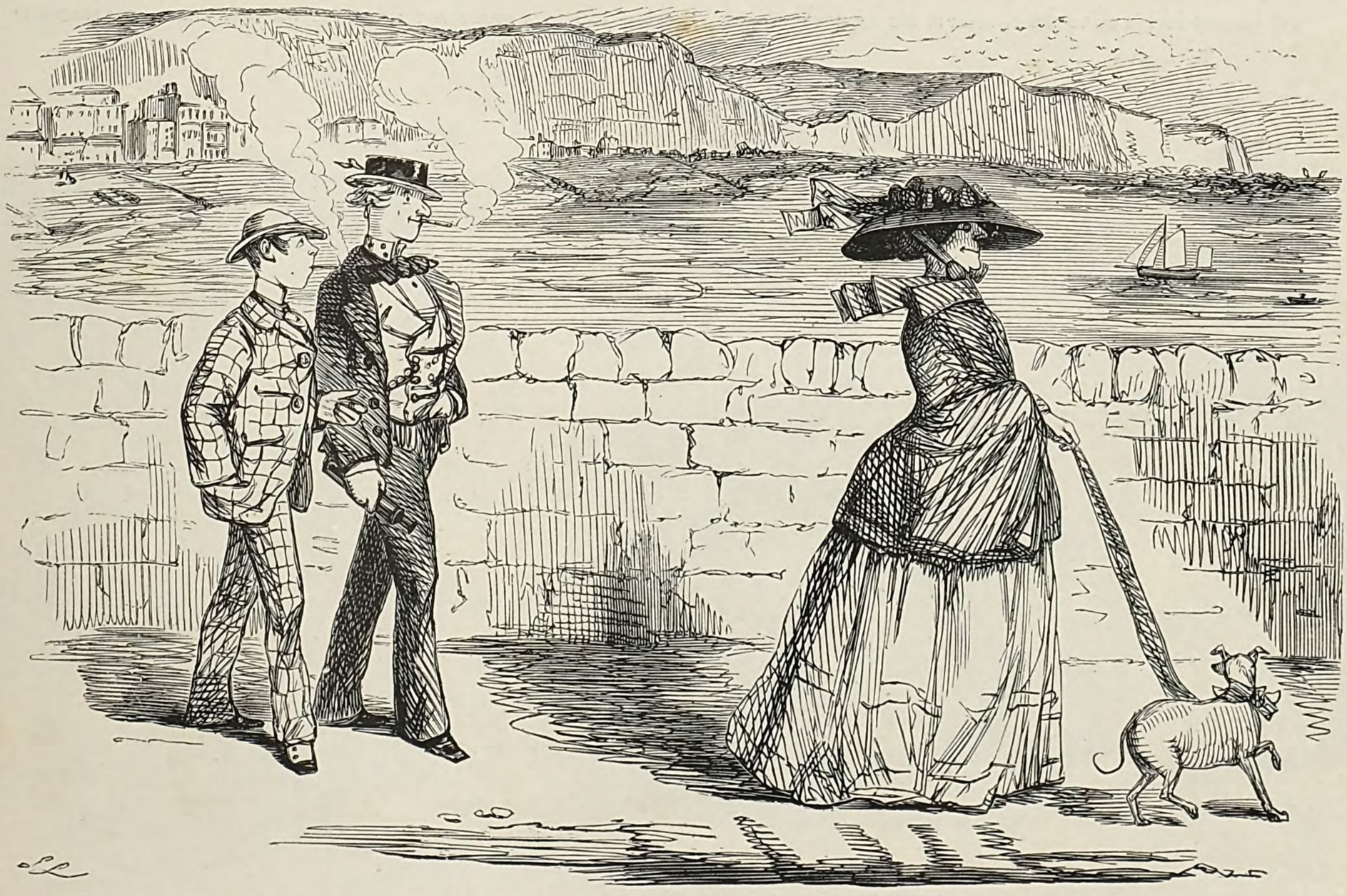
Gent. "I SAY, MOSEY! WHY DON'T YER GO THE 'OLE 'OG, AND LET ALL YER BEARD GROW, LIKE ME?"

OUR BOYS.

Master Tom (to Old Lady who is very nervous about fire). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, GRANMA! MY CANDLE IS OUT. I'M ONLY SMOKING MY USUAL WEED!"

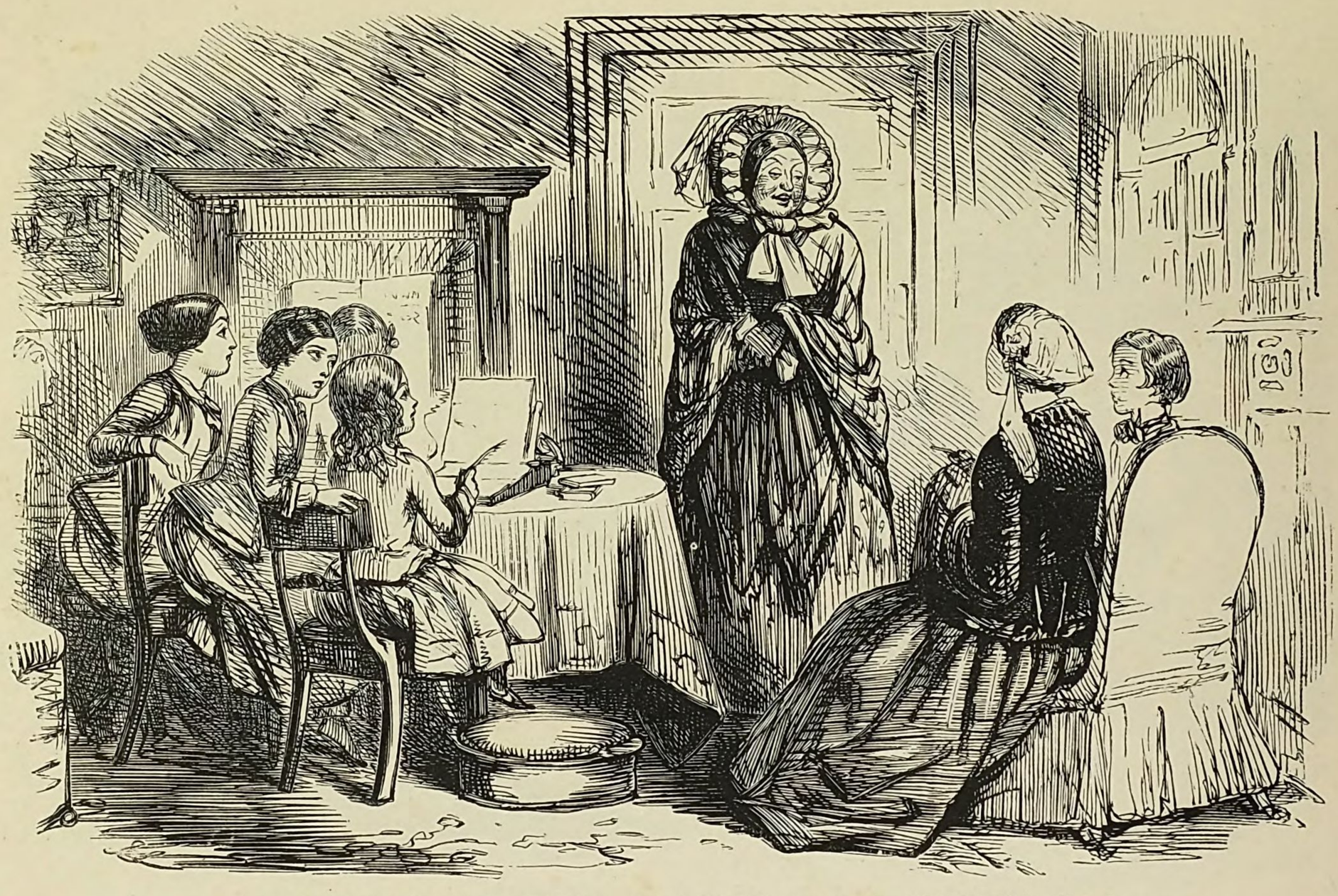
USEFUL, IF NOT ORNAMENTAL.

Master Alfred (an ingenious Boy). "LOOK HERE, WALTER! SEE WHAT A JOLLY TARGET OLD AUNT BETSY'S ROUND HAT MAKES."



A BACK VIEW.

"NOW, CHARLEY! HERE'S THAT PRETTY ROUND HAT AGAIN—WE *WILL* HAVE A LOOK AT HER THIS TIME."



SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. I.

Servant Gal. "OH! IF YOU PLEASE, MAM, THERE WAS ONE OTHER THINK I SHOULD LIKE TO 'AVE SETTLED."

Lady. "YES?"

Gal. "WHERE DO YOU GO TO THE SEA-SIDE IN THE SUMMER? BECAUSE I COULDN'T STOP AT A DULL PLACE AND WHERE THE HAIR WASN'T VERY BRACING!"

OH!

Lady. "YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME, MARY, THAT MY NEW CRYSTAL MILK JUG IS BRO——!"

Mary. "YES, 'M, IT'S THE ORKERDEST JUG AS HEVER I SEE—IT JEST TOOK AND TUMBLED RIGHT OFF ITS 'ANDLE!! WHICH IT'S LEFT ITS 'ANDLE IN MY 'AND, 'M."

SOCIAL STRUGGLES.

OUR "USED UP" MAN TAKES A WALK WITH HIS COUSINS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

AWFUL APPEARANCE OF A "WOPPS" AT A PICNIC.

NOTHING LIKE SYSTEM.

"AW! PUMMELL, WHAT DO I OWE YOU?"

"OH! NOT MUCH, SIR. IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE."

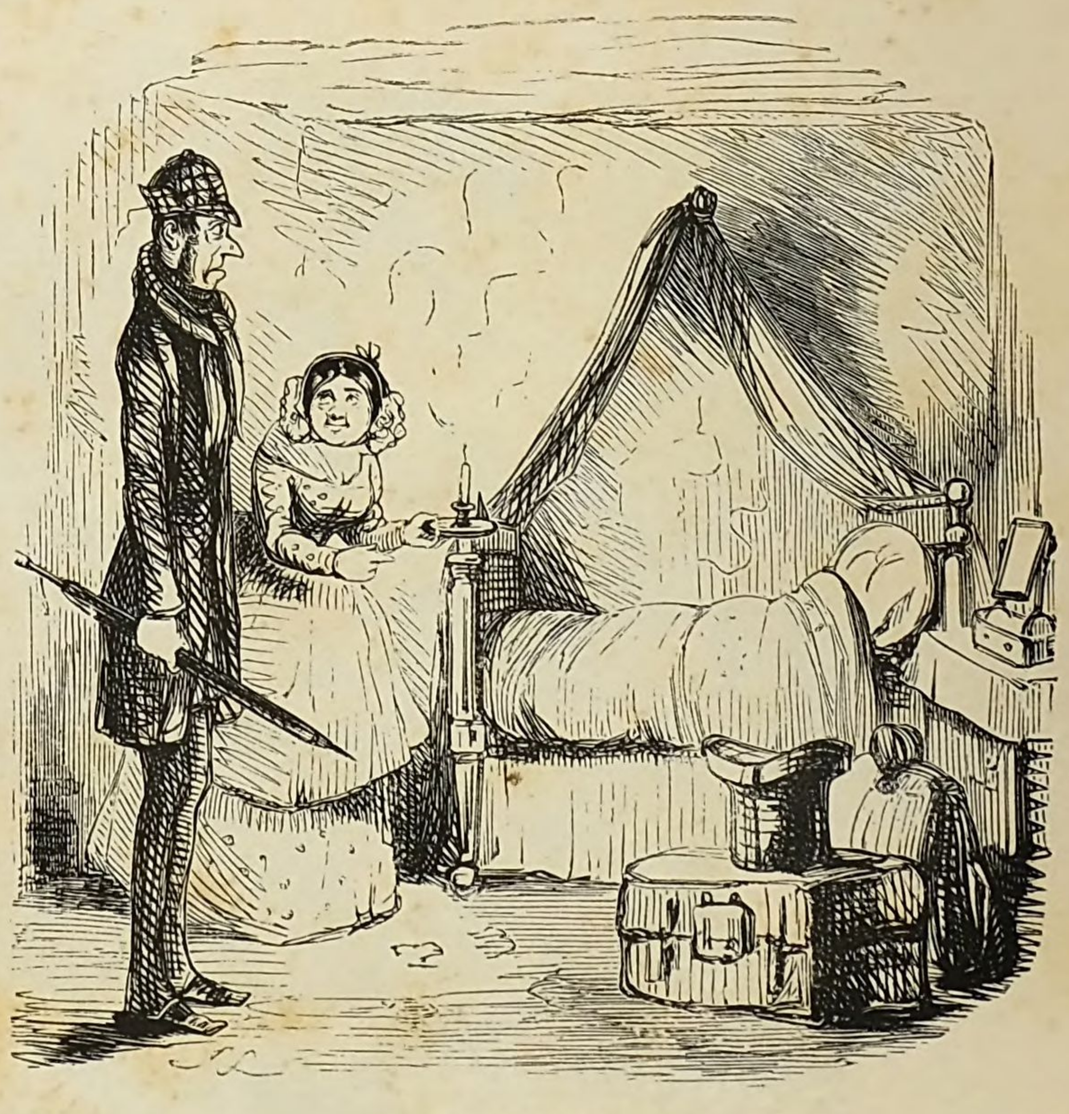
"AW! NO. BUT I THINK OF TAKING THE BENEFIT OF THE ACT ABOUT CHRISTMAS; AND AS A MAN OF SYSTEM, I AM VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT EXACT AMOUNTS."

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

Maid. "LAW BLESS YER! THAT AIN'T MISSUS'S OWN 'AIR; IT'S A WIG!"

PUNCTUALITY IS THE SOUL OF BUSINESS.

"NO-O-O. GOOD-NIGHT, OLD CHAP! BUSINESS IS THE SOUL OF PUNCTUALITY. I MUST GO NOW. I'VE GOT SOME BUSI—BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO—*(hic)*—LET-TERS TO—WRITE!"



EXTREMES MEET.

"THIS IS YOUR BED, SIR!"

A LARGE BUMP OF CAUTION.

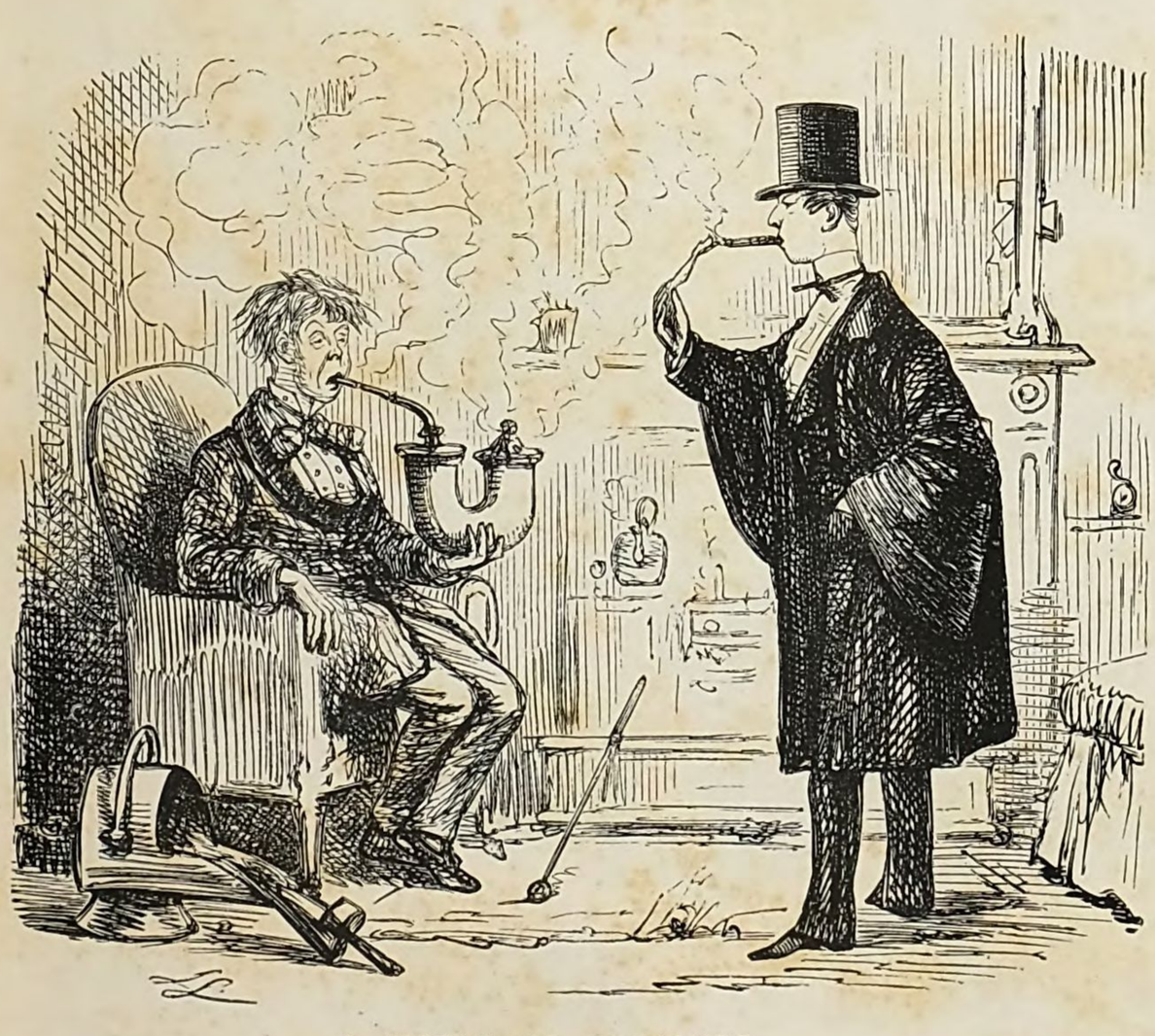
Flora. "OH, LET US SIT HERE, AUNT, THE BREEZE IS SO DELIGHTFUL."

Aunt. "YES, DOVE!—IT'S VERY NICE, I DARE SAY; BUT I WON'T COME ANY NEARER TO THE CLIFF, FOR I AM ALWAYS AFRAID OF *SLIPPING THROUGH THOSE RAILINGS!*"

HEART-BREAKING.

Philanthropist. "WHAT NOW, MY MAN?"

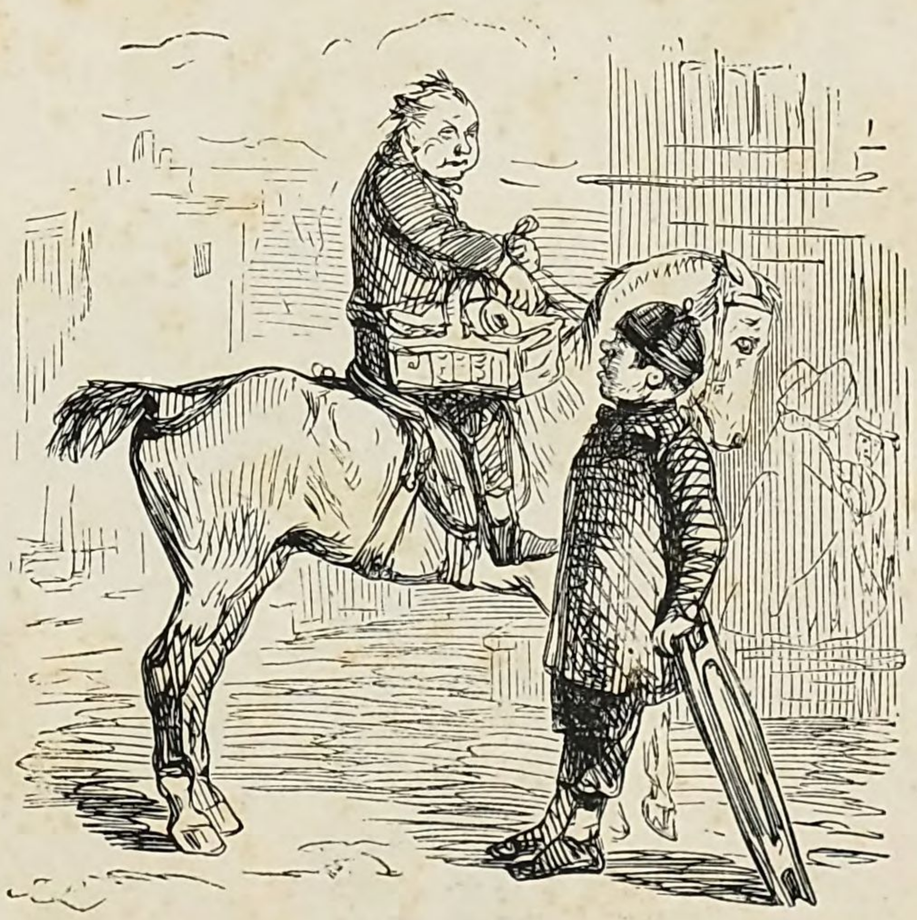
Street Boy. "THEY'VE BEEN AND GONE AND SPIKED MY PEA-SHOOTER!"



A VICTIM OF PLEASURE.

"WHAT A STUNNING MEERSCHAUM YOU'VE GOT THERE, CHARLEY!"

"YES, I THINK IT WILL BE HANDSOME BY THE TIME I'VE PROPERLY COLOURED IT."



A YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

First Butcher-Boy. "SO THEY'VE DONE AWAY WITH SMITHFEL!"

Second Butcher-Boy. "AH! THEY'LL SOON BE BOWLING OUT HALL OUR OLD INSTITOOSHUNS."

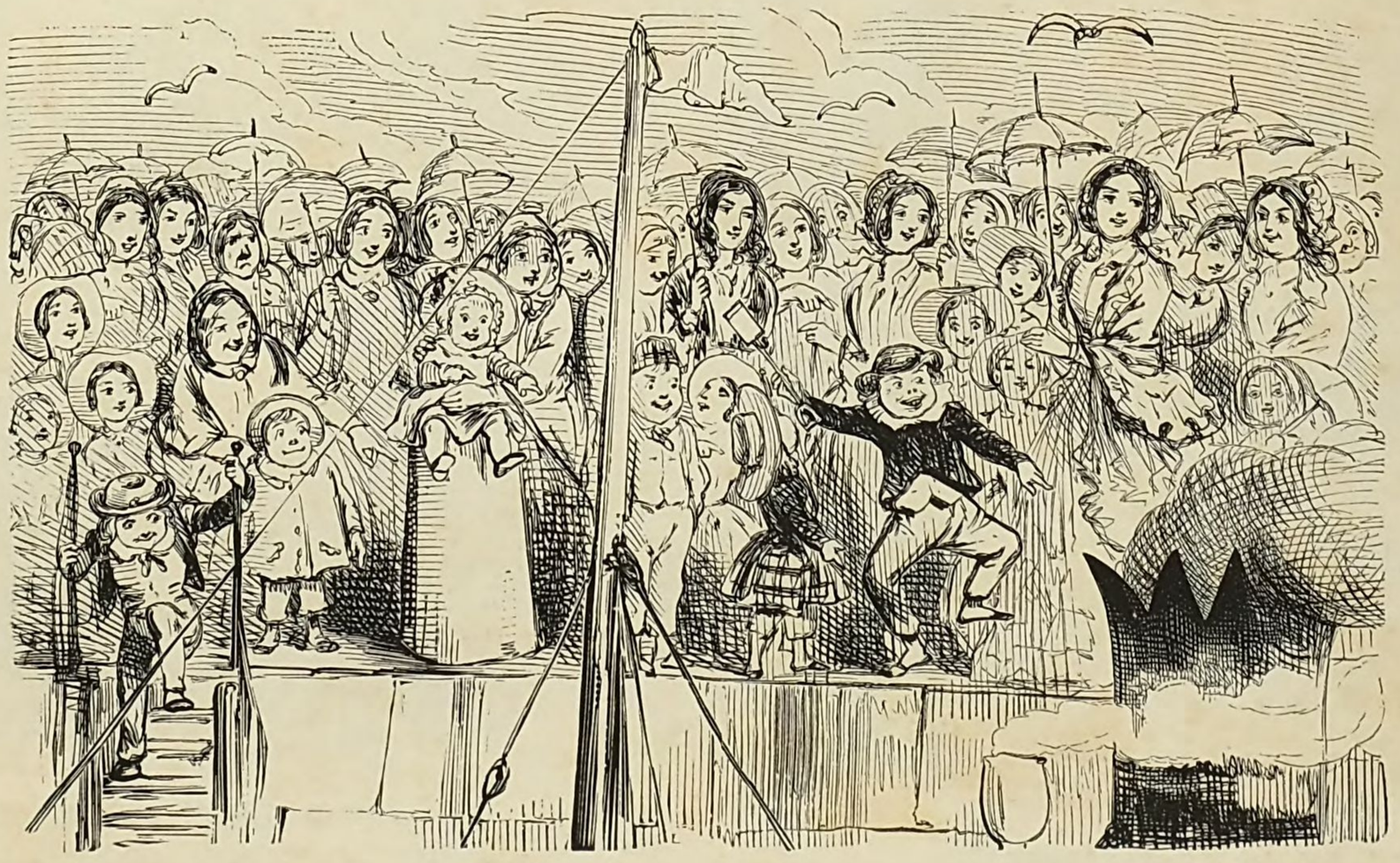
A VERY GREAT MAN.

"NOW, COLLINS YOU MUST GO OUT VERY DEEP, FOR I WANT TO TAKE A 'HEADER!'"

AQUATICS.

Flora. "WELL, BUT, TOMMY! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN ROW BOTH OF US?"

Tommy (who fancies himself a perfect Athlete in high condition). "ROW YOU! WHY, JUST YOU LOOK HERE; HERE'S A BICEPS MUSCLE FOR YOU!"



SEA-SIDE SATURDAY EVENING.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE "HUSBANDS' BOAT."

SERVANTGALISM.—No. II.

Housemaid. "WELL, SOOSAN, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND NOT TO STOP 'ERE NO LONGER TO WORK LIKE NEGROES AS WE DO!"

Cook. "NOR I, NUTHER! BUT JUST TURN THE MEAT, WILL YOU, PLEASE, THE WHILST I FINISH MY CROCHET?"

IMPROVEMENT IN IRISH AFFAIRS.

"WHOO!—WILL ANY JINTLEMAN BE SO ENGAGIN' AS TO THREAD ON THE TAIL OF ME REGISTHERED PALLYTOE?"

SERVANTGALISM.—No. III

Old Lady. "WHAT IS IT, BOY?"

Boy. "PLEASE'M—IT'S A PAIR OF WHITE SATING SHOES, AND THE LADY'S FAN WOT'S BIN MENDED —NAME OF MISS JULIER PEARLASH!"

Old Lady. "MISS!!!!!?????"

Voice from the Area. "OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT, MUM. IT'S ME!

AN IRISH HOTEL.

Traveller. "HOLLO! WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU ABOUT WITH THAT GRIDIRON?"

Chambermaid. "TO BE SURE, IT'S YER HONOUR'S BED I'M WARMING; AND AIN'T OUR WARMING-PAN ENGAGED FRYING SAUSAGES?"

SERVANTGALISM.—No. IV.

Servant Gal. "WELL, MAM—HEVERYTHINK CONSIDERED—I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T SUIT ME. I'VE ALWAYS BIN BROUGHT UP GENTEEL; AND I COULDN'T GO NOWHERES WHERE THERE AIN'T NO FOOTMAN KEP'."

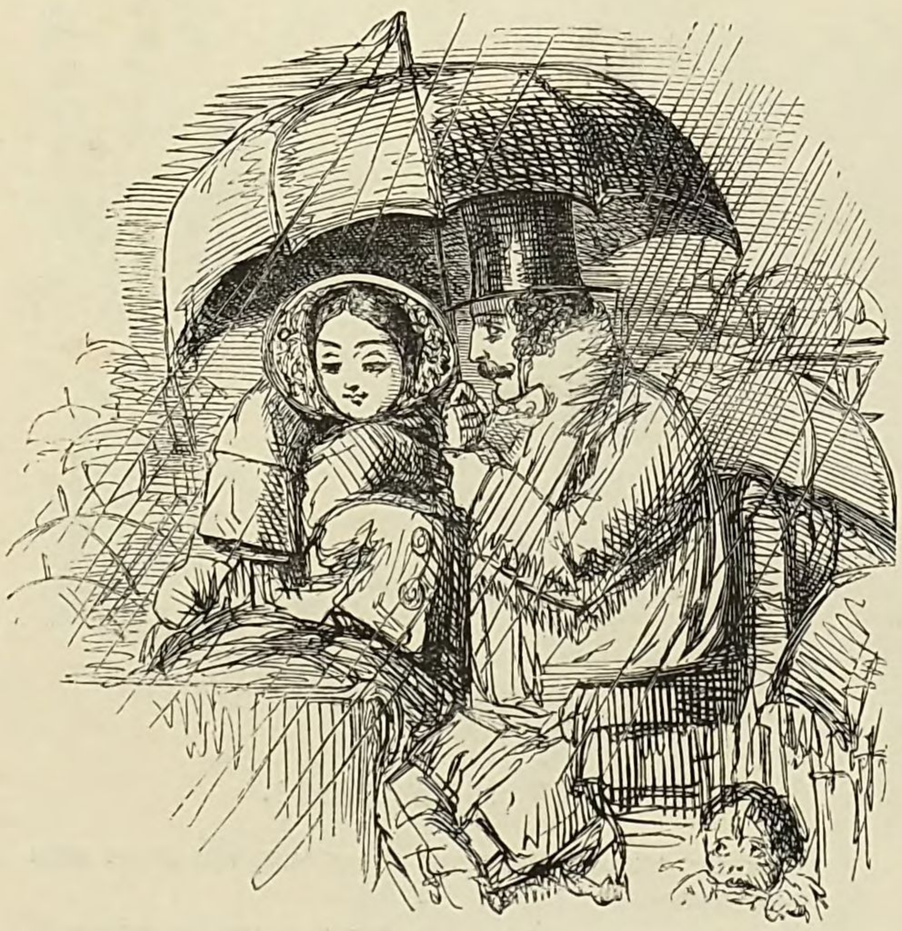
SERVANTGALISM.—No. V.

Servant Gal (who has quarrelled with her bread-and-butter). "IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, I FIND THERE'S COLD MEAT FOR DINNER IN THE KITCHEN, DID YOU EXPECT ME TO EAT IT?"

Lady. "OF COURSE I EXPECT YOU TO EAT IT, AND AN EXCELLENT DINNER, TOO."

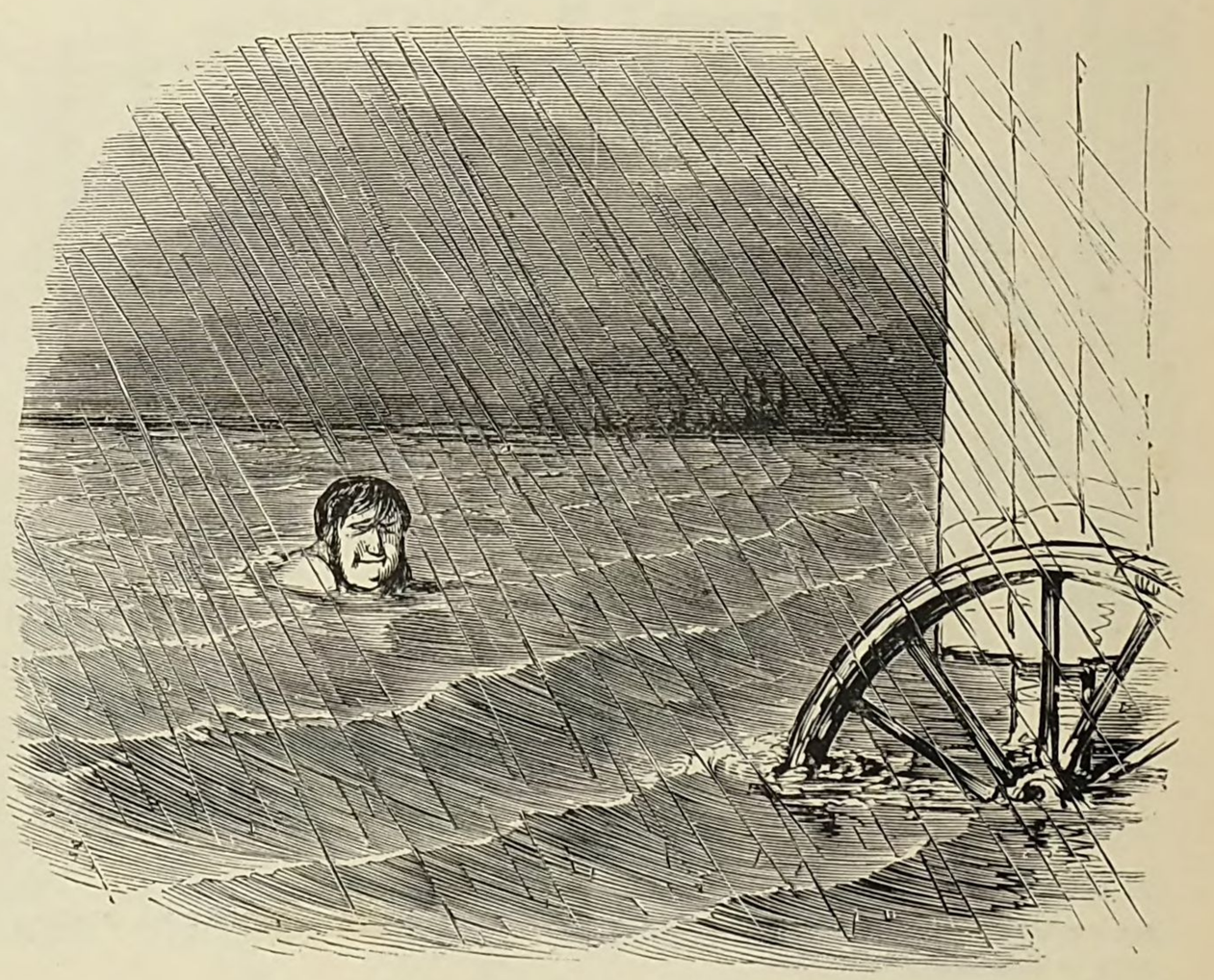
Servant. "OH, THEN, IF YOU PLEASE'M, I SHOULD LIKE TO LEAVE THIS DAY WEEK."

[*Exit idiot.*



AT ASCOT.

THE ONLY "PARTIES" WHO ENJOYED THE WET DAY.

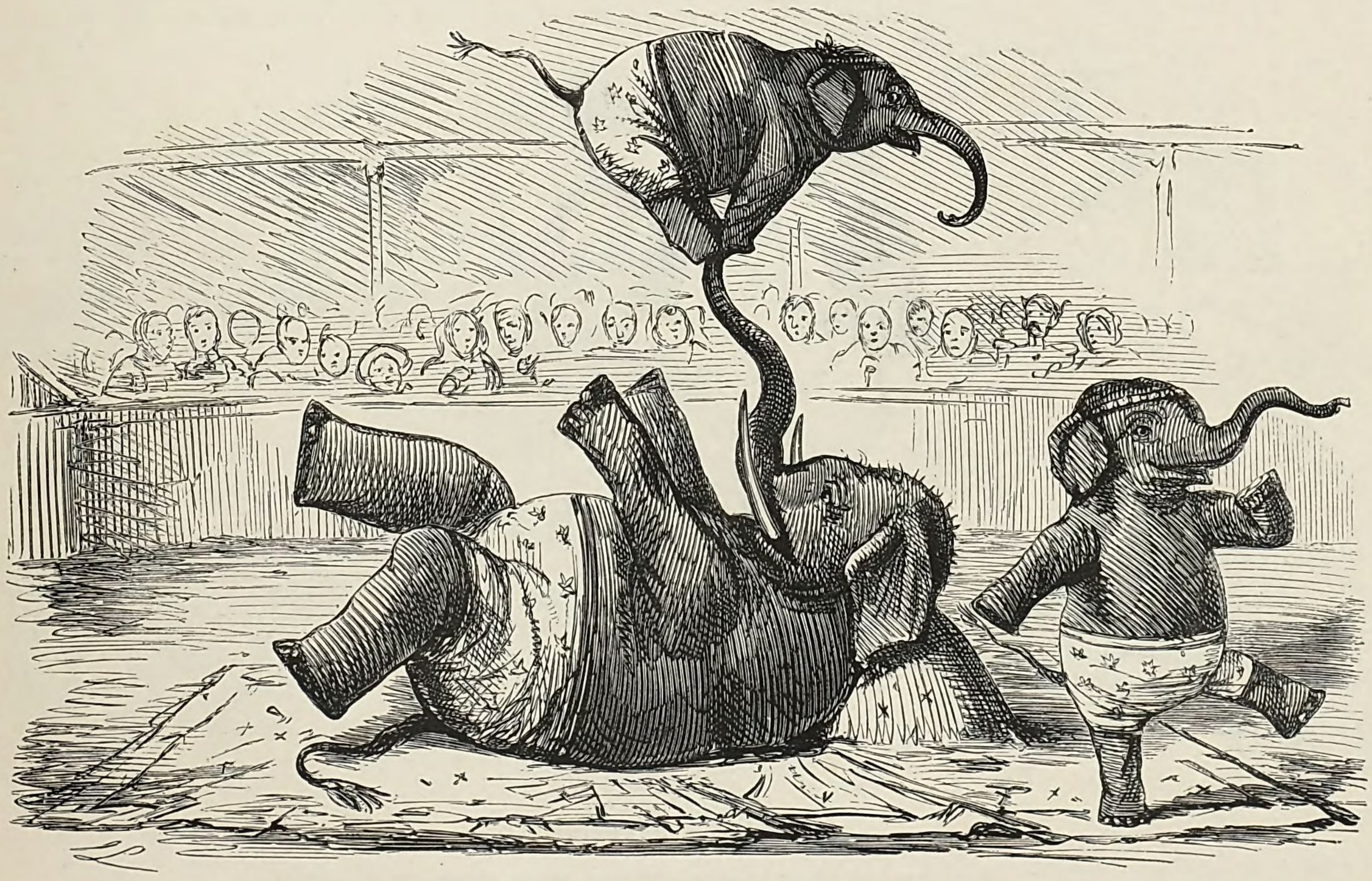


MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Enthusiast. "THIS IS REALLY ADMIRABLE!—I GET MY SWIM—AND A SHOWER BATH IN!"

SMALL BY DEGREES, AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS.

Shopman. "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR—BUT THE LADY LEFT HER PARASOL ON THE COUNTER!"
Swell. "HAW! YA—AS—NO! THAT IS, IT'S MY UMBRELLAW. THANKS! BY JOVE! HAW!"



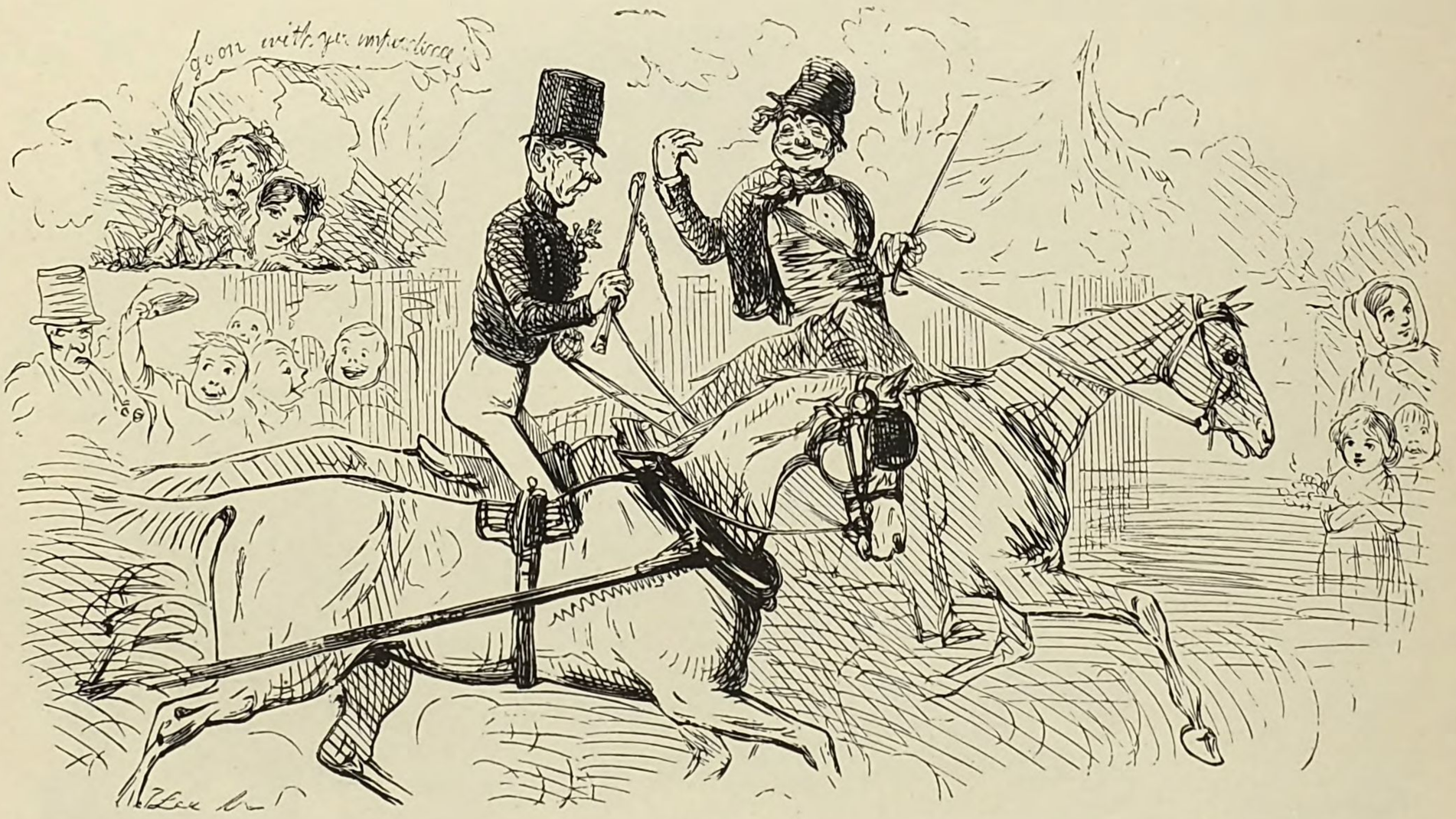
A DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENT.

THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.—No. II.

"MY EYE, TOM, WHAT A 'ORRID BORE IT MUST BE FOR THE HORFICER SWELLS, NOW WE'VE TOOK TO WEARIN' OUR MOOSTARCHERS. THE GALS CAN'T TELL US FROM THEM, NOW!"

BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

THE POPULAR AND AMUSING GAME AS AT PRESENT PLAYED IN THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARES.



A PLEASING DELUSION.

Smith. "HOLLO! POSTER, AIN'T YOU PRECIOUS DRUNK, RATHER?"

Post Boy. "DRUNK! NOT A BIT OF IT."

SERVANTGALISM.—No. VI.

Lady. "WISH TO LEAVE? WHY, I THOUGHT, THOMPSON, YOU WERE VERY COMFORTABLE WITH ME!"

Thompson (who is extremely refined). "HOH YES, MAM! I DON'T FIND NO FAULT WITH YOU, MAM—NOR YET WITH MASTER--BUT THE TRUTH *H*IS, MAM—THE *H*OTHER SERVANTS IS SO 'ORRID VULGAR, AND HIGNORANT, AND SPEAKS SO HUNGRAMMATICAL, THAT I REELY CANNOT LIVE IN THE SAME 'OUSE WITH 'EM—AND I SHOULD LIKE TO GO THIS DAY MONTH, IF SO BE HAS IT WON'T ILLCONVENIENCE YOU!"

THE SEA-SIDE HAT.

WHAT IS ENOUGH FOR ONE IS ENOUGH FOR TWO.

HOW TO ESCAPE FROM A SCOLDING WIFE.

Patient (inhaling Ether). "THIS IS REALLY QUITE DELIGHTFUL—A MOST BEAUTIFUL DREAM."

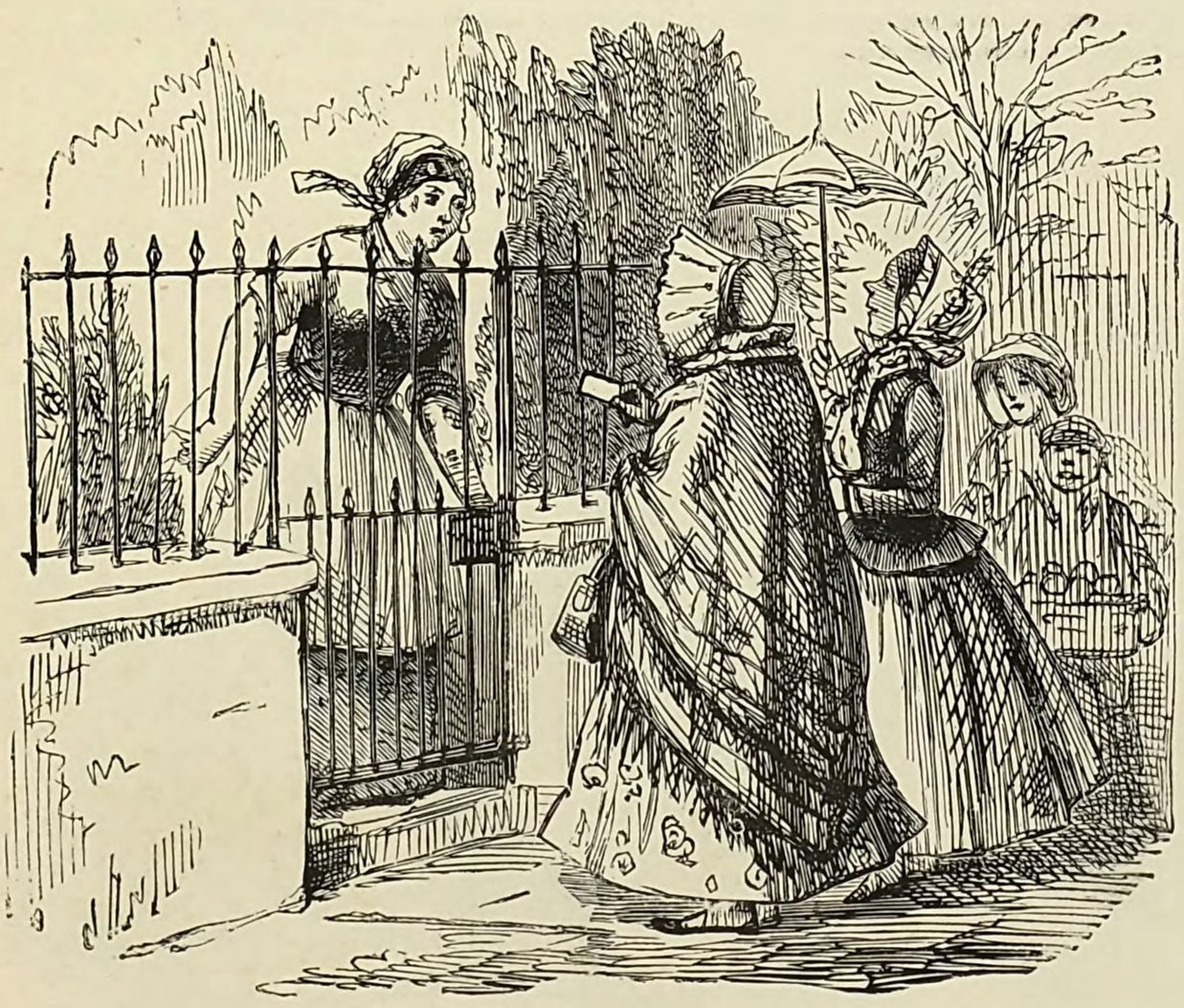
A BIT OF HIS MIND.

Edward (to his Military Cousin). "NO! I SHAN'T! I SHAN'T GO AND SHOOT BLACKBIRDS; AND I TELL YOU WHAT, MASTER CHARLEY, YOU DRAGOON SWELLS WON'T HAVE QUITE SUCH A PULL UPON US CIVILIANS NOW, FOR WE ARE ALL GOING TO GROW BEARDS AND MOUSTACHIOS."

HOW TO GET A CONNECTION.

Shopman (to Ancient Party). "YES, MISS—THANK YOU, MISS—IS THERE ANY OTHER ARTICLE, MISS?—CAN WE SEND IT FOR YOU, MISS?"

[*Old Lady thinks it* SUCH *a nice shop, and* SUCH *well-behaved young men.*



SERVANTGALISM.—No. VII.

'Ousemaid (from Town). "IS HANN JENKINS AT HOME?"

Suburban Cook. "NO, SHE HAS JUST GONE TO HER MILLINER'S!"

'Ousemaid. "THEN GIVE HER MY CARD, PLEASE, AND SAY, I 'OPE SHE GOT HOME SAFELY FROM THE BALL."

AN ALARMING MESSAGE.

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MOTHER'S TOOK THE LOTION, AND RUBBED HER LEG WITH THE MIXTURE!"

A MISTAKEN IMPRESSION.

First Young Lady. "OH, DEAR HOW DULL THE OLD TOWN IS, NOW ALL THE OFFICERS ARE GONE ABROAD!"

Second ditto (a trifle older). "H'M —FOR MY PART, I'M VERY GLAD THEY'RE GONE, FOR THEY WERE ALWAYS FOLLOWING ONE ABOUT!"

TOUCHING SIMPLICITY.

Little Wife (eagerly opening the door for dear Edwin). "OH, SEE, DEAR, WHAT I HAVE FOR YOU —I'M SURE UNCLE HAS GOT YOU AN APPOINTMENT UNDER GOVERNMENT AT LAST—FOR HERE'S A LETTER MARKED IMMEDIATE, AND *'ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE!'"* *[Poor little soul! what does she know about Rates and Taxes?*

AN AGED JUVENILE.

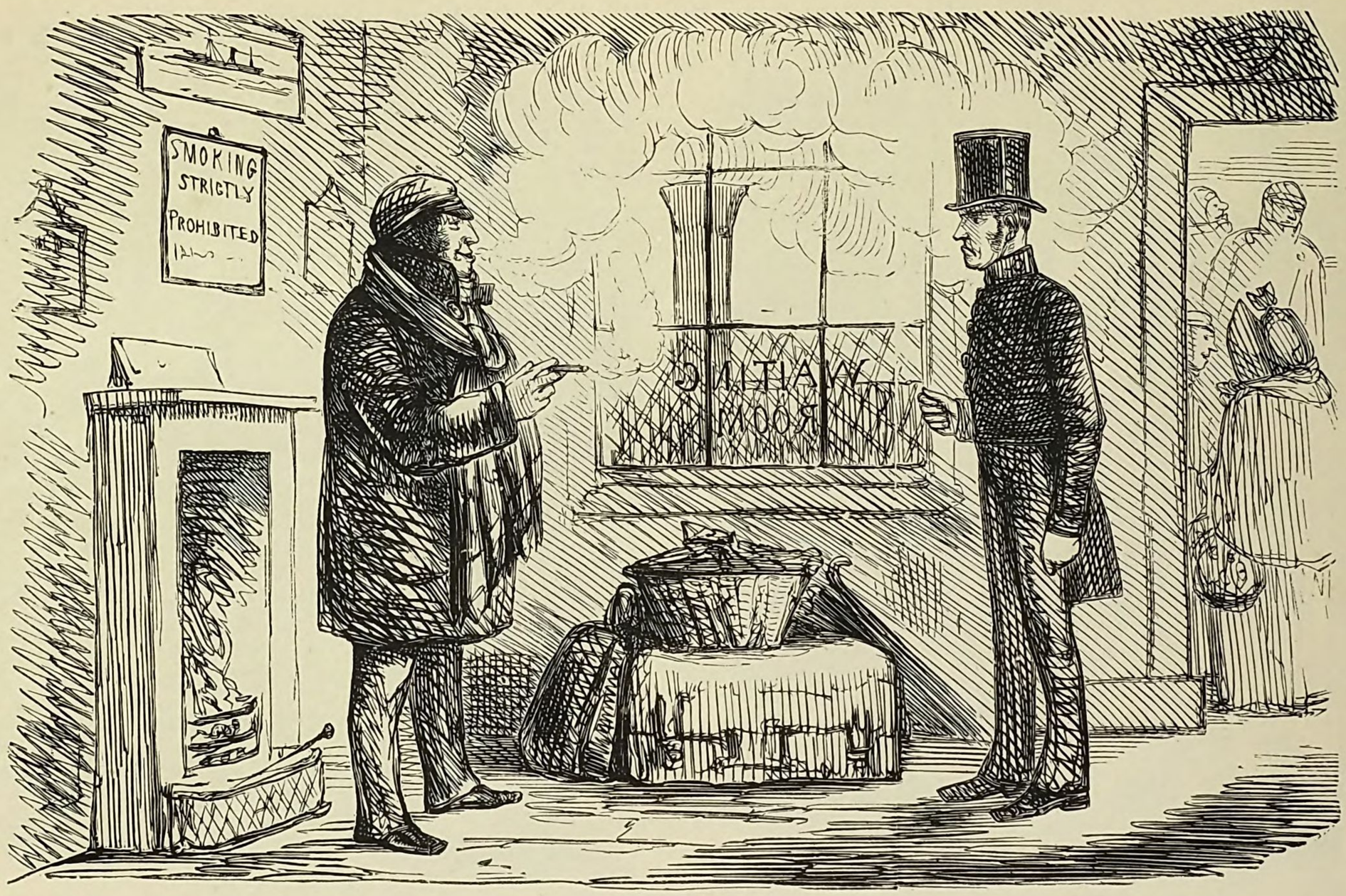
Miss Flora Macfungus. "I DARESAY YOU THINK ME A VERY ODD GIRL; AND, INDEED, MAMMA SAYS I'M A GIDDY, THOUGHTLESS CREATURE, AND"—

Partner. "OH, HERE'S A VACANT SEAT, I THINK."

JUDICIOUS!

"STAND ON MY HEAD, MARM, FOR A PENNY."

"NO, LITTLE BOY—THERE IS A PENNY FOR KEEPING RIGHT END UPWARDS."



GOOD REASONS.

Railway Official. "YOU'D BETTER NOT SMOKE, SIR!"

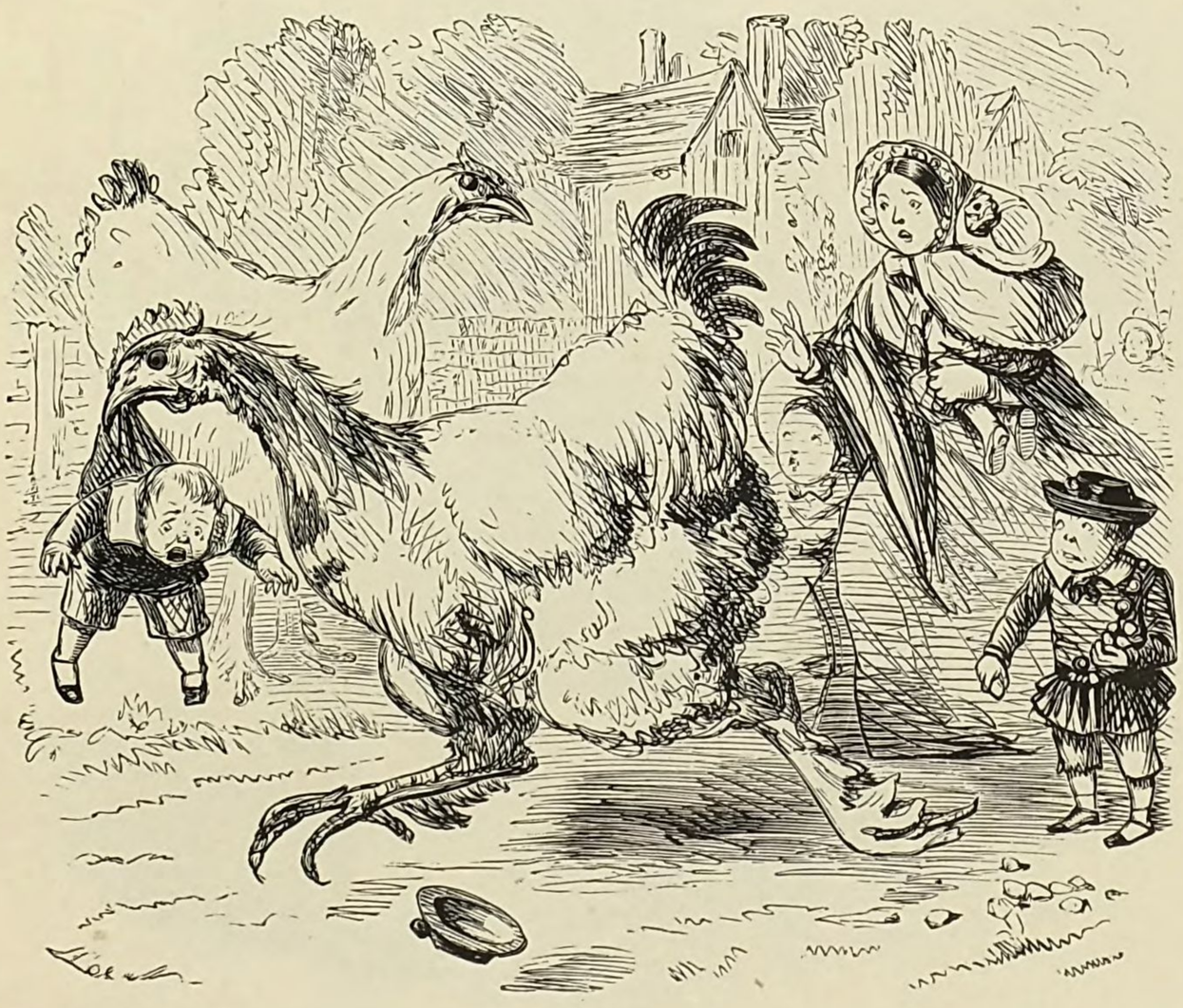
Traveller. "THAT'S WHAT MY FRIENDS SAY."

Railway Official. "BUT YOU *MUSN'T* SMOKE, SIR!"

Traveller. "SO MY DOCTOR TELLS ME."

Railway Official (indignantly). "BUT YOU *SHAN'T* SMOKE, SIR!"

Traveller. "AH! JUST WHAT MY WIFE SAYS."



POULTRY FANCIES.

NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY A "COCHIN" IT FOR THROWING STONES AT THE FOWLS.

INDISCRETION.

Lydia. "DON'T, HORACE.—LOOK AT OLD TOMKINS SITTING AT HIS WINDOW."

QUITE A NOVELTY.

Amiable Experimentalist. "MAKES A DELICIOUS SIDE-DISH, DOESN'T IT? BUT IT IS NOT THE COMMON MUSHROOM; IT'S A LARGE FUNGUS CALLED THE AGARICUS PROCERUS. IT GROWS SOLITARY IN HEDGE-ROWS, IS CALLED COLUBRINUS, FROM THE SNAKE-LIKE MARKINGS ON ITS STEM. THE PILEUS IS COVERED WITH SCALES, WHICH ARE FORMED BY THE BREAKING-UP OF THE MUD-COLOURED EPIDERMIS, AND—— *[General panic takes place.*

CURIOUS MODE OF CONDUCTINC A RETAIL ESTABLISHMENT.

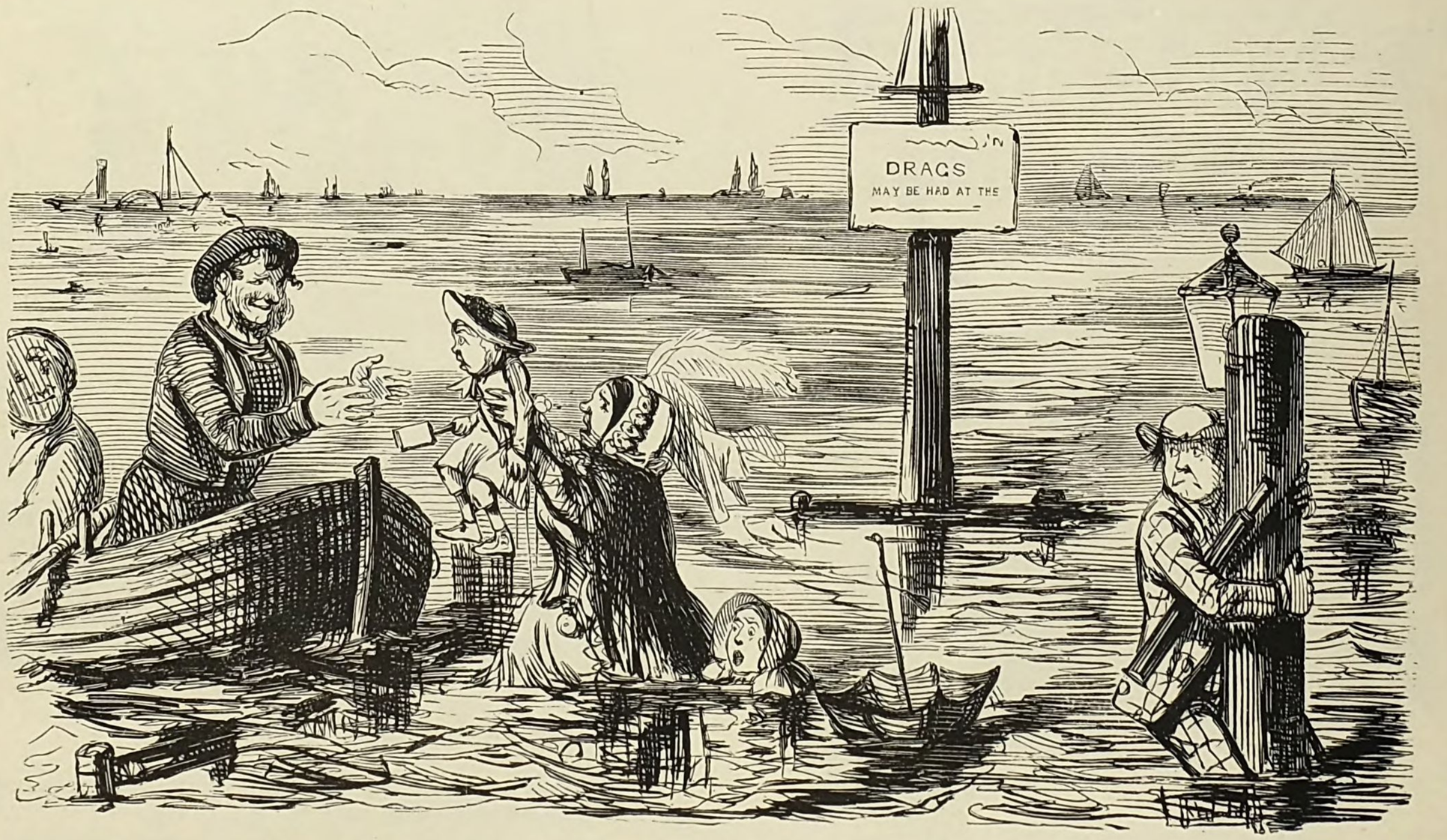
A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Old Gentleman. "WHY, FREDERICK, WHAT A DISGRACEFUL STATE YOU'RE IN, SIR!—WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?"

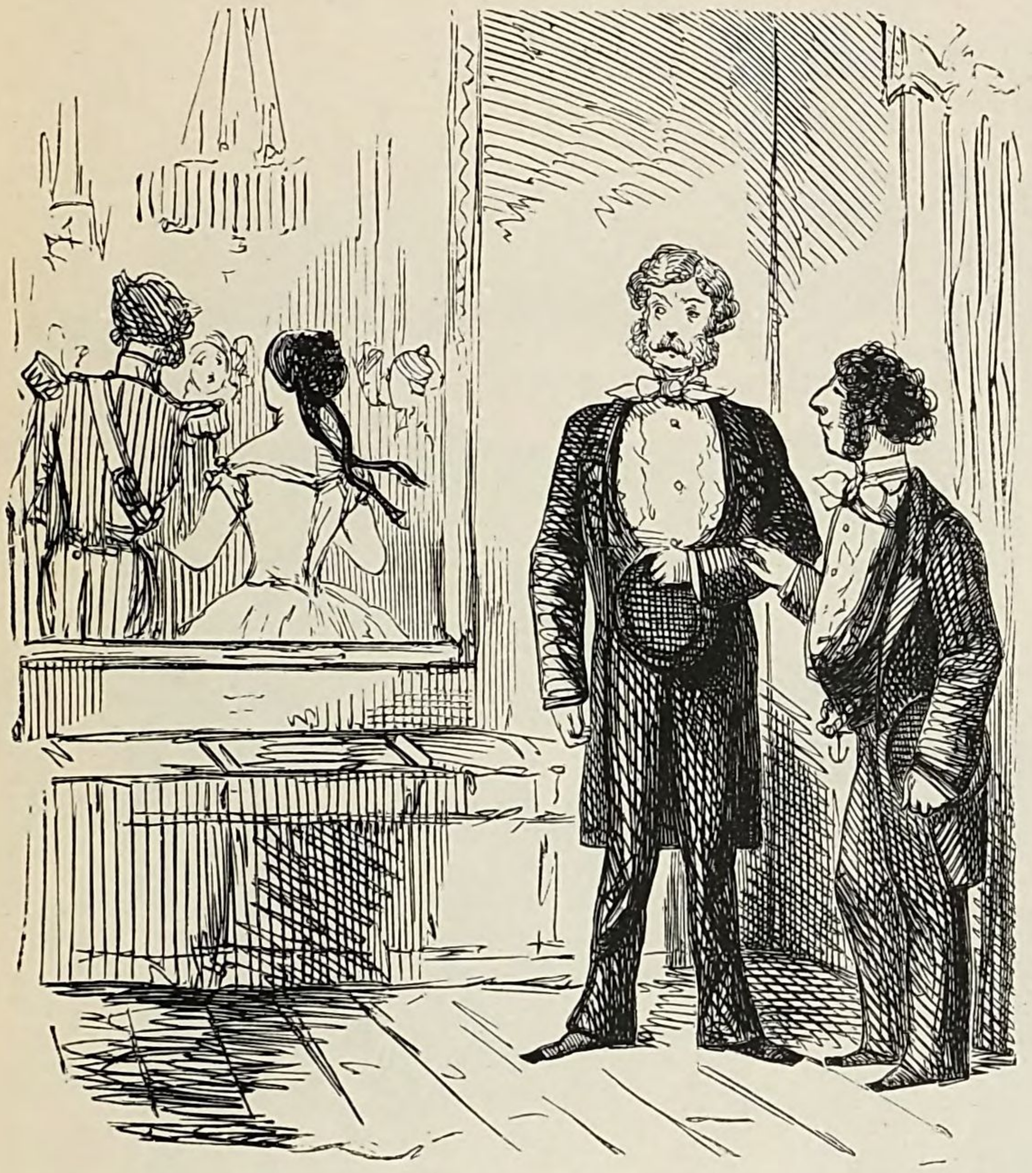
Frederick. "COULDN'T—GET A SEAT—SO—I'VE BEEN—TO—TH'—CLUB."

AQUATICS.

Small Boy. "NOW, THEN! ALL TOGETHER!"



OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE.—MARGATE.



EFFECTS OF SALT WATER, AS OBSERVED AT THE REGATTA BALL.

Weatherspoon, Esq. (of the Oriana, R.Y.S.). "I SAY, TOM, WHAT'S THAT LITTLE CRAFT WITH THE BLACK VELVET FLYING AT THE FORE, CLOSE UNDER THE LEE-SCUPPERS OF THE MAN-OF-WAR?"

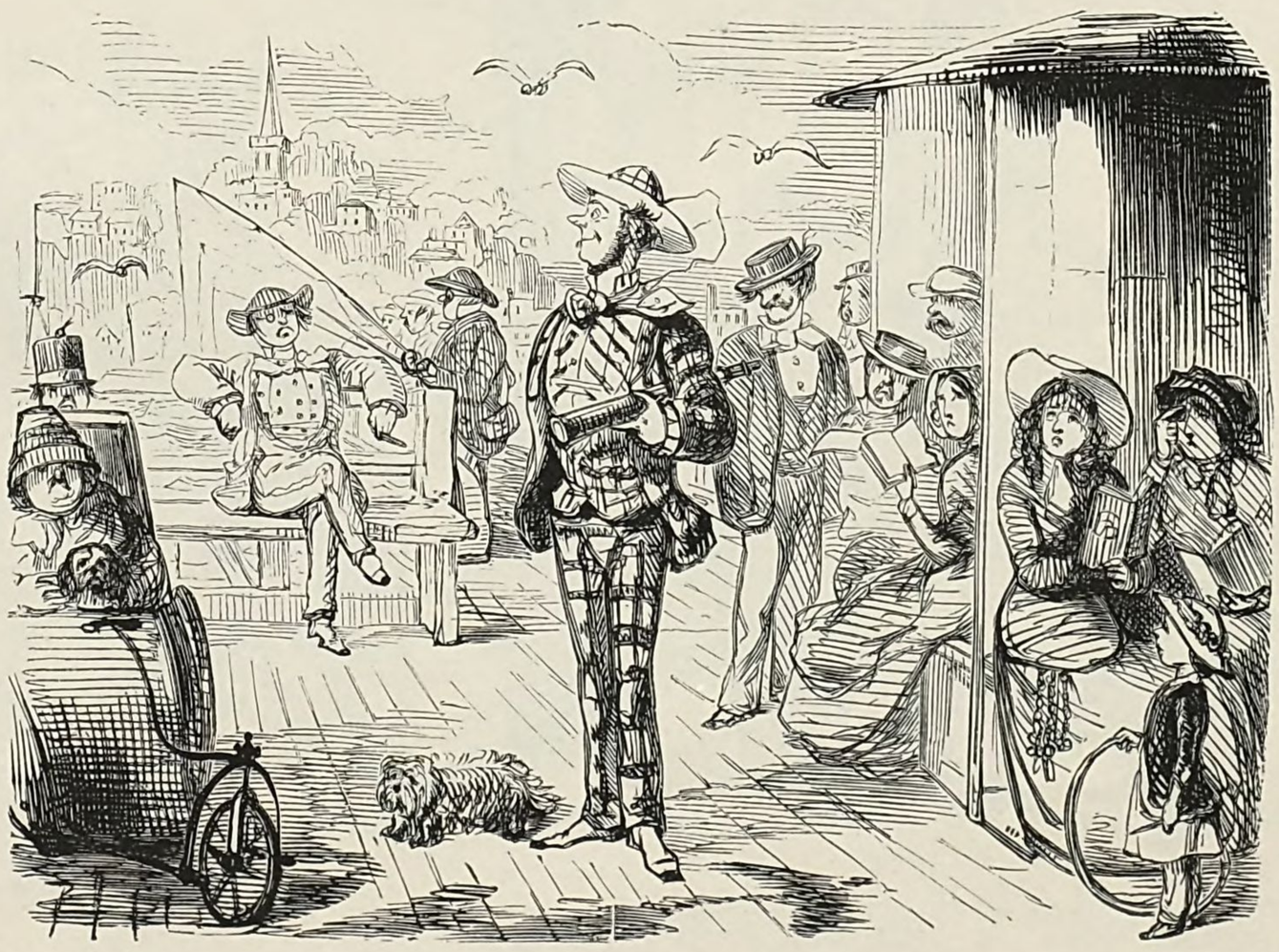
Honourable Binnacle (of the Matilda, R.V.Y.C.). "WHY, FROM HER FORE AND AFT RIG, AND THE CUT OF HER MAINSAIL, I SHOULD SAY SHE'S DOWN FROM THE PORT OF LONDON; BUT I'LL SIGNAL THE COMMODORE TO COME AND INTRODUCE US."

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

"WE KNEW HOW IT WOULD BE—GIRLS HOLDING THOSE GREAT ROUND HATS OVER THEIR EYES, SO THAT THEY CAN'T SEE WHERE THEY ARE GOING.—WHY HERE'S FLORA PLUMLEY RUN RIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF *THAT* YOUNG HORACE SPANKER, WHO HASN'T A PENNY."—*Extract from our Aunt's Letter.*

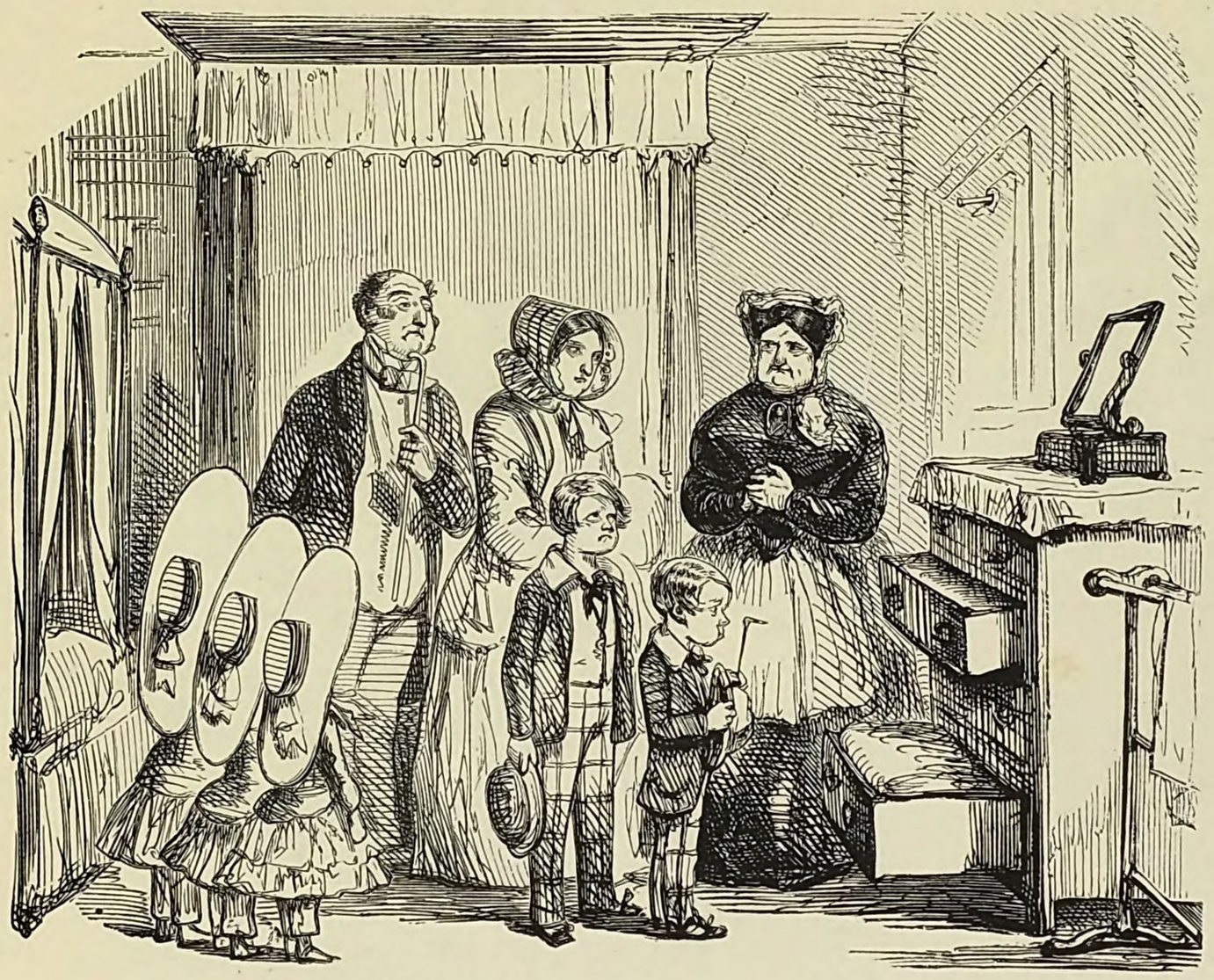
OFF THE FORELAND.

Old Lady (loquitur). "NOW, MY GOOD MAN, I HOPE YOU ARE SURE IT WOULD REALLY DO ME GOOD, BECAUSE I CANNOT TOUCH IT BUT AS MEDICINE!"



THE NEW ARRIVAL.

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—1851.



No. I.—*CROWDED STATE OF LODGING-HOUSES.*

Lodging-house Keeper. "ON'Y THIS ROOM TO LET, MEM. A FOUR POST—A TENT—AND A VERY COMFORTABLE DOUBLE-BEDDED CHEST OF DRAWERS FOR THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN."

No. II.—*YOUNG ENGLAND.*

"DOOCED GRATIFYING, AIN'T IT CHARLES, TO SEE SA MUCH IN-DASTRY?"

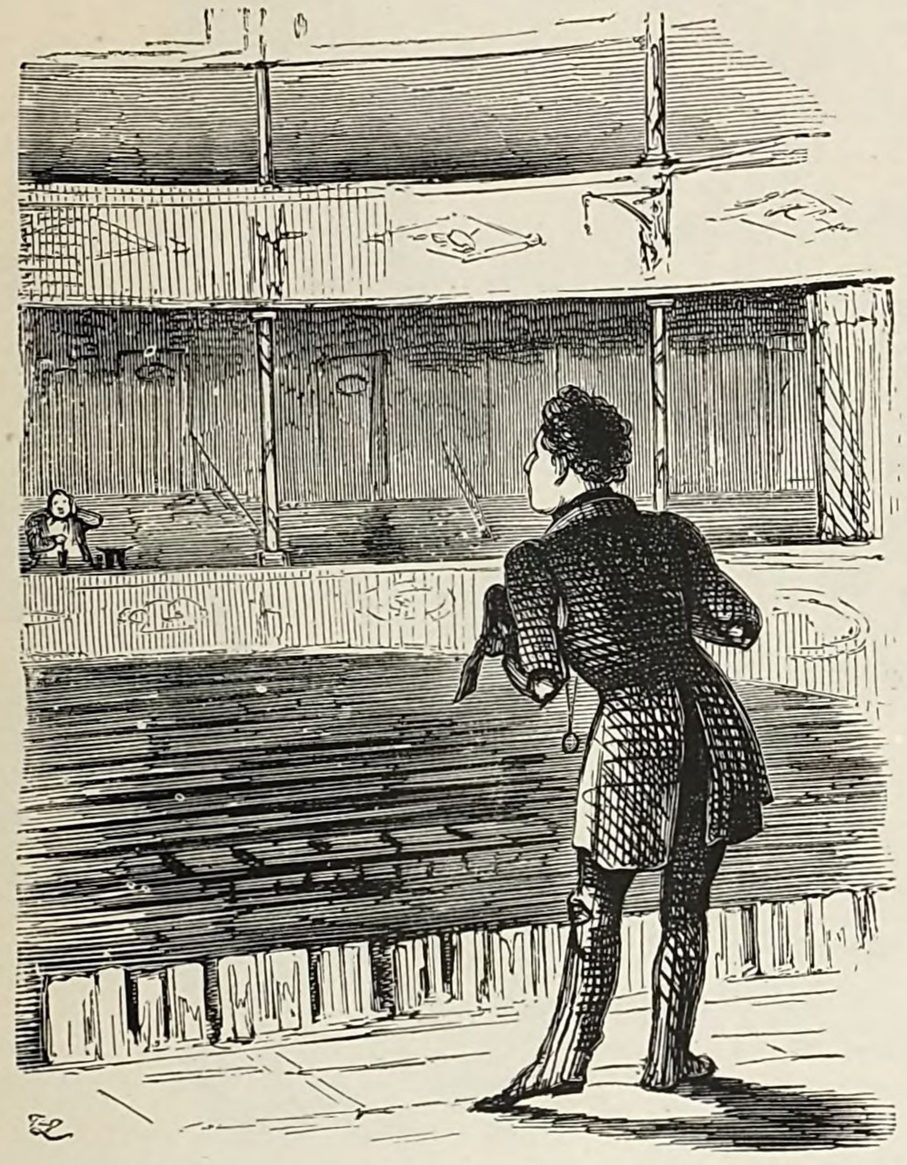
No. III.—*PUZZLED VISITORS.*

"MON DIEU, ALPHONSE! REGARDEZ-DONC. COMMENT APPELLE-T-ON CETTE MACHINE LÀ?"
"TIENS, C'EST DRÔLE—MAIS JE NE SAIS PAS."

No. IV.—*WONDERFUL OBJECTS.*

A GENTLEMAN FROM THE COUNTRY MISTAKES THE CRYSTAL SENT BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE FOR THE KOH-I-NOOR DIAMOND.

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—1851.



No. V.—*THEATRICAL DEPRESSION.*

Manager. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—A—I MEAN RESPECTED INDIVIDUAL,—IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE GREAT ATTRACTION OF THE EXHIBITION OR CRYSTAL PALACE, I BEG TO ANNOUNCE TO YOU THAT THIS RIDICULOUS FARCE OF OPENING MY THEATRE WILL NOT BE REPEATED; AND YOUR ORDER WILL BE RETURNED TO YOU ON APPLICATION AT THE BOX-OFFICE."

No. VI.—*A STAGGERER FOR AN EXCURSIONIST.*

Foreigner (with profuse gesticulation). "PARDON, M'SIEU! FAUT-IL ALLER A DROITE, A GAUCHE, OU EN FACE, POUR ME RENDRE À PEEK-A-PEEK-A-DELEE?" *(Piccadilly.)*

No. VII.—*HOTELS ARE QUITE FULL.*

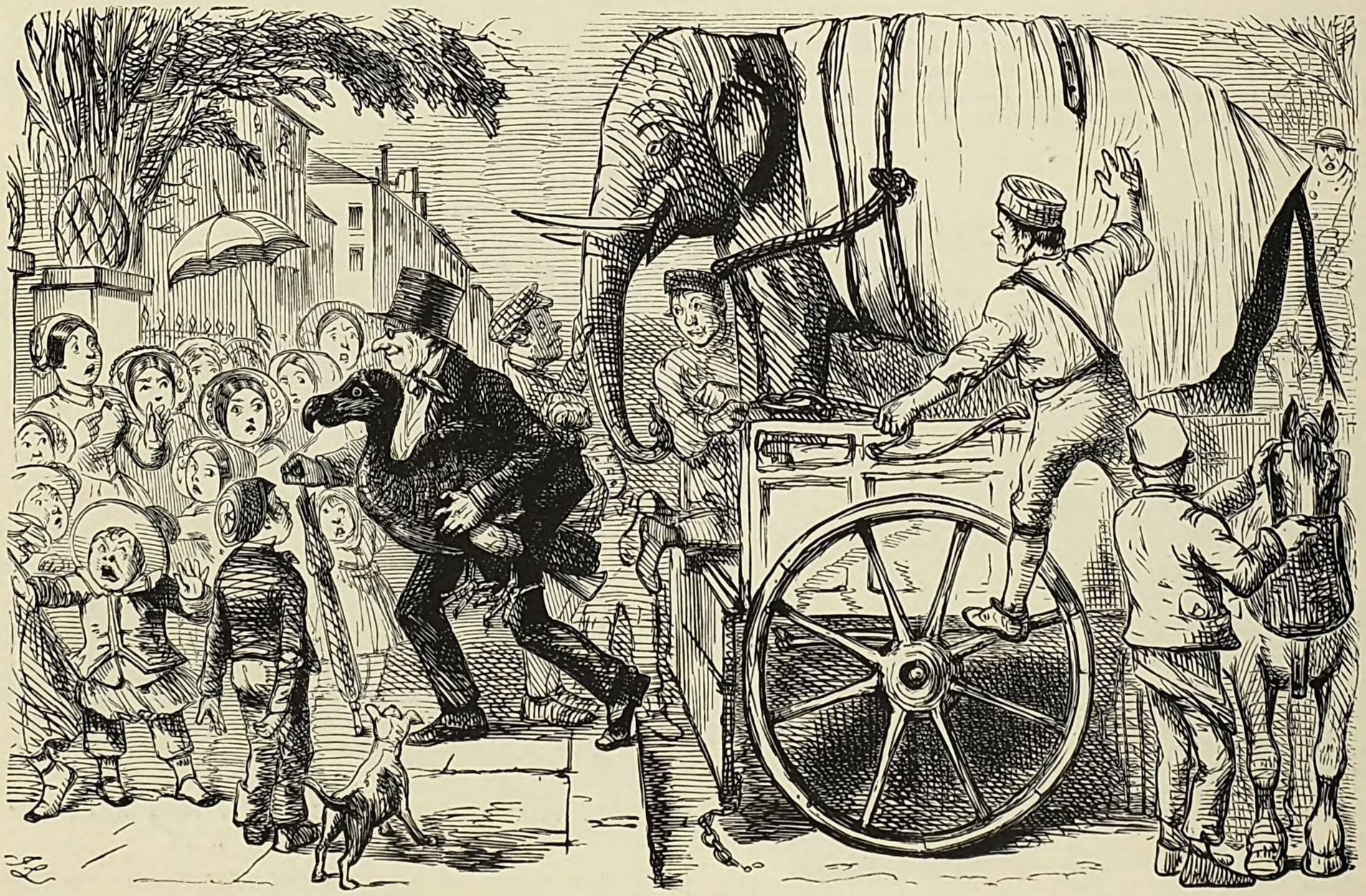
Waterman. "VAT TIME WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR HOT WATER, SIR?"

No. VIII.—*AWFUL RESULT OF GIVING A SEASON TICKET TO YOUR WIFE.*

Mary. "PLEASE, SIR, COOK'S GONE OUT FOR A NOLIDAY; AND MISSUS DIDN'T SAY NOTHING ABOUT NO DINNER, SIR. MISSUS WENT EARLY TO THE EXHIBITION WITH SOME LUNCH IN A BASKET, AND SAID SHE SHOULDN'T BE HOME UNTIL TEA TIME."

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—1851.

No. IX.—*THE LOOKING-GLASS DEPARTMENT.*



No. X.—*A DELICATE ATTENTION.*

AN OLD GENTLEMAN, ANXIOUS THAT HIS WIFE SHOULD POSSESS SOME TRIFLE FROM THE GREAT EXHIBITION, PURCHASES (AMONGST OTHER THINGS) THE STUFFED ELEPHANT, AND THE MODEL OF THE DODO.

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—1851.

No. XI.—*NEW FASHIONS.*

Hatter. "YOU COULDN'T HAVE A MORE BECOMING HAT, SIR—AND THEY'LL BE A GREAT DEAL WORN AT THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION."

No. XII.—*SINCERE GRIEF AT THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.*

Omnibus Man. "OH, WHAT A HORRID SHAME TO PULL DOWN SUCH A B-B-B-BE-AUTIFUL B-B-B-UILDING!"

No. XIII.—*THE LADIES AND THE POLICE—THE BATTLE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.*

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—1851.

No. XIV.—*AN INTERESTING COUPLE.*

THEY CAN'T THINK WHERE MAMMA CAN HAVE GOT TO—THEY HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR HER EVERYWHERE.

[*N.B. The most remote Refreshment-room selected.*

No. XV.—*REFRESHMENT ROOM.*

Visitor. "PINT O' BEER, MISS, PLEASE."

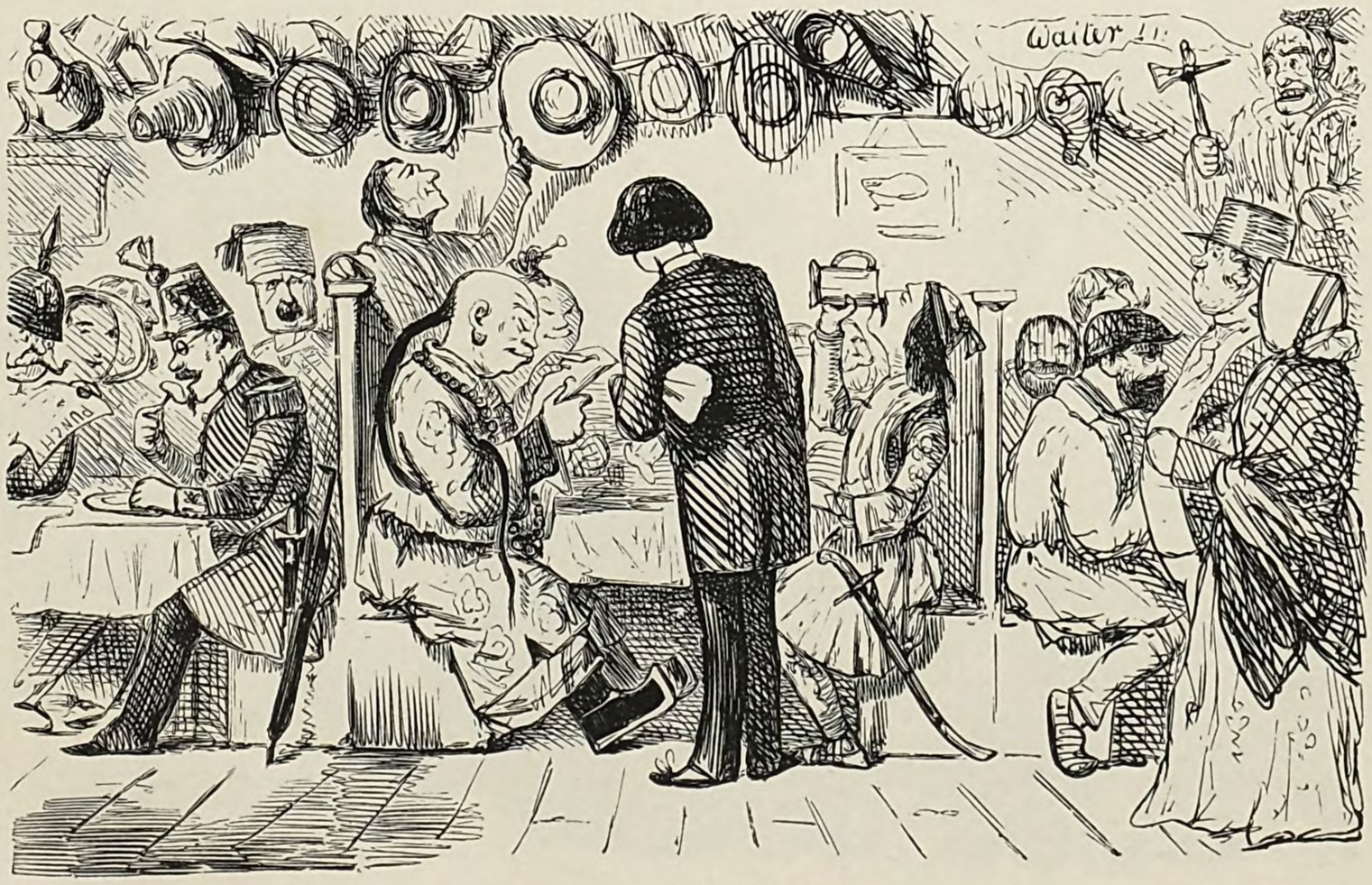
Miss. "DON'T KEEP IT. YOU CAN HAVE A STRAWBERRY ICE AND A WAFER."

No. XVI.—*THE NORTH-AMERICAN LODGERS IN 1851.*

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—1851.

No. XVII.

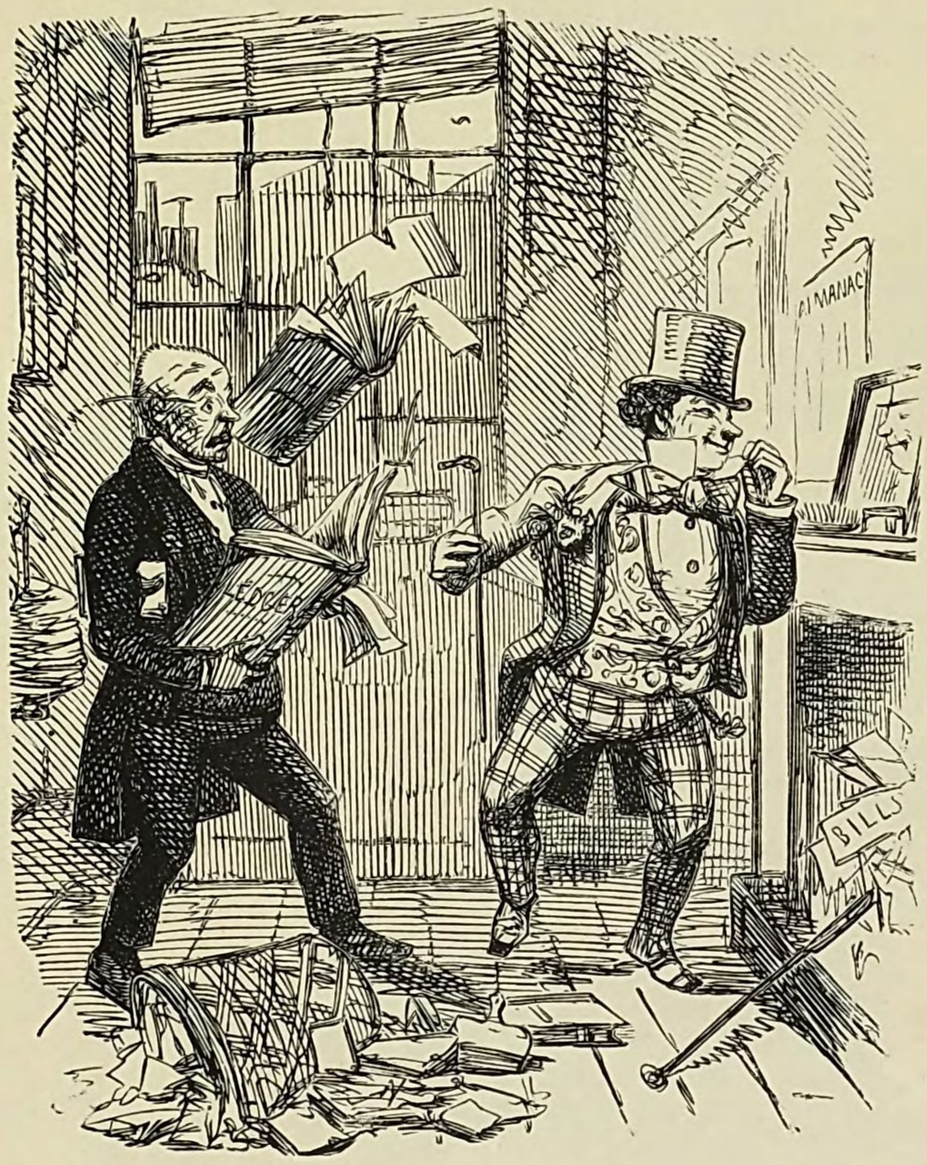
PERFIDIOUS ALBION LETS HIS DRAWING-ROOM FLOOR TO A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.—THE RESULT.



No. XVIII.—*DINING-ROOMS.*

Waiter (to Chinaman). "VERY NICE BIRD'S-NEST SOUP, SIR?—YES, SIR!—RAT PIE, SIR, JUST UP—YES, SIR!—AND A NICE LITTLE DOG TO FOLLER—YES, SIR!"

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—1851.



No. XIX.

HERE YOU HAVE A REPRESENTATION OF THAT NOBLE CHARACTER, THE BRITISH MERCHANT, TAKING LEAVE OF HIS SENSES—AND HIS BUSINESS—TO LOUNGE ABOUT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

No. XX.

THE TRADESMAN AT THE WEST END IS OBLIGED TO GIVE UP HIS TRADE, AND BREED POULTRY.

No. XXI.

BRITANNIA HAS THE INDUSTRY OF ALL-THE-WORLD AND HIS WIFE, TO SPEND A FEW MONTHS WITH HER.

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—1851.

No. XXII.

THE CRUSH ROOM AT THE OPERA.—"MR. CHAWBACON'S CART STOPS THE WAY!"

No. XXIII.

MR. CHAWBACON "COMING DOWN."

No. XXIV.

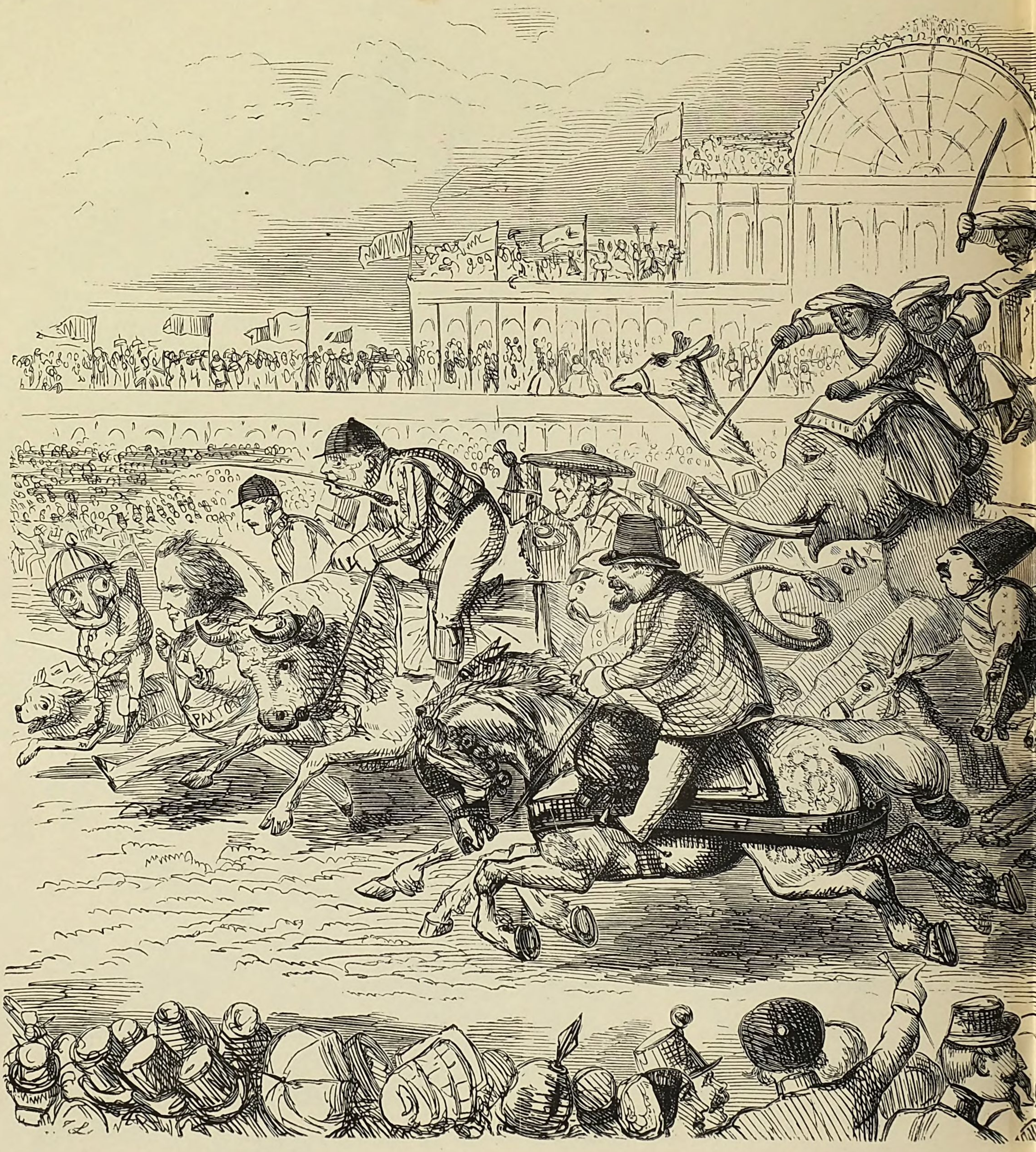
FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO HAS BEEN HONOURABLY MENTIONED BY PRINCE ALBERT!

"HONOURABLY MENTIONED, INDEED! IS THAT ALL? SCANDALOUS!"

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—1851.

No. XXV.

DINNER-TIME AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



No. 1

THE GREAT DERBY RACE FOR EI

GREAT EXHIBITION.—1851

XXVI.

GHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE.

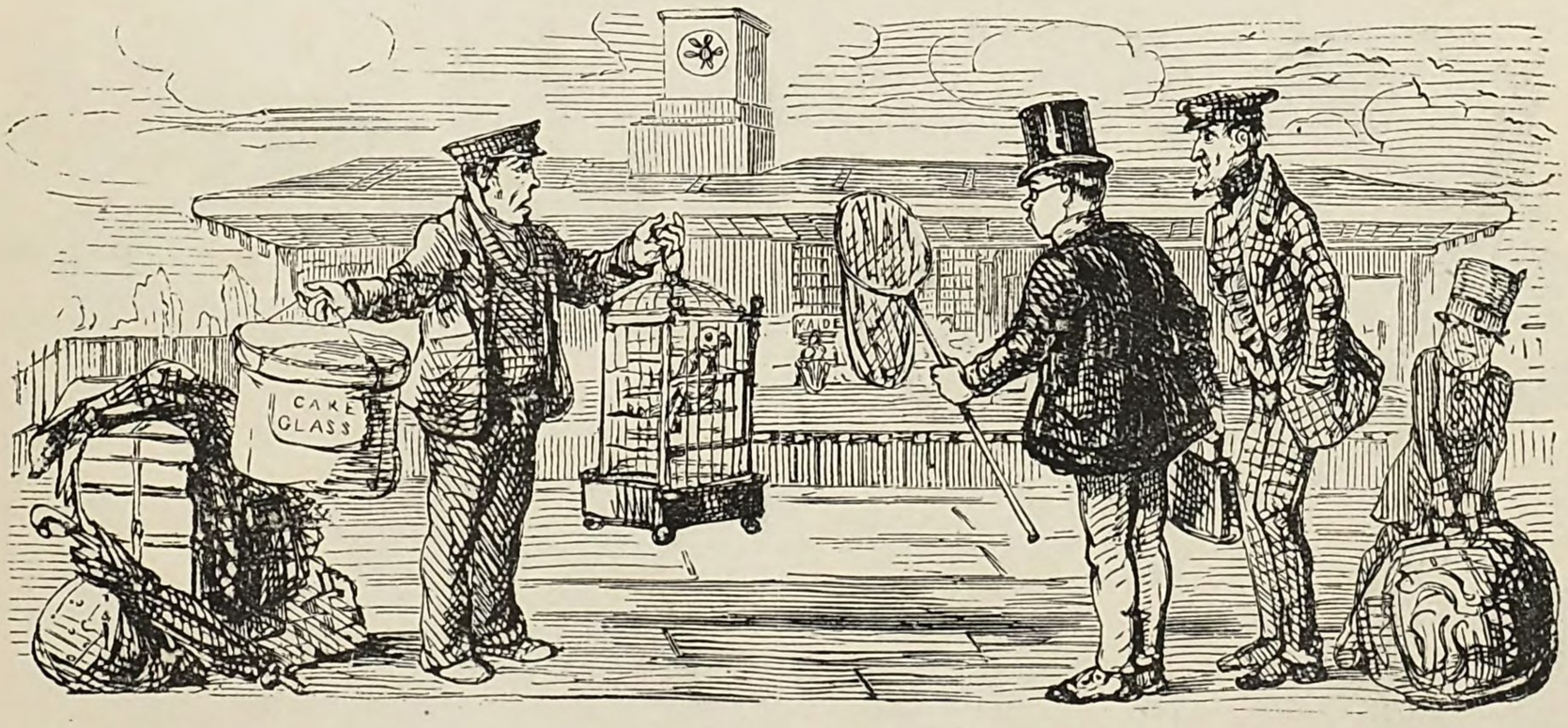
FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

Assiduous Young Curate. "WELL, THEN, I DO HOPE I SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SEEING BOTH OF YOU NEXT SUNDAY!"

Miner. "OI, THEE MAY'ST COAM IF 'E WULL. WE FOIGHT ON THE CROFT, AND OLD JOE TANNER BRINGS TH' BEER."

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH THEM?

Youthful Costermonger. "NOW THEN, GUV'NER, 'AVE THE LAST ROPE FOR A PENNY!"



RAILWAY MISERIES.

Porter. "IS THIS YOUR LUGGAGE, SIR?"

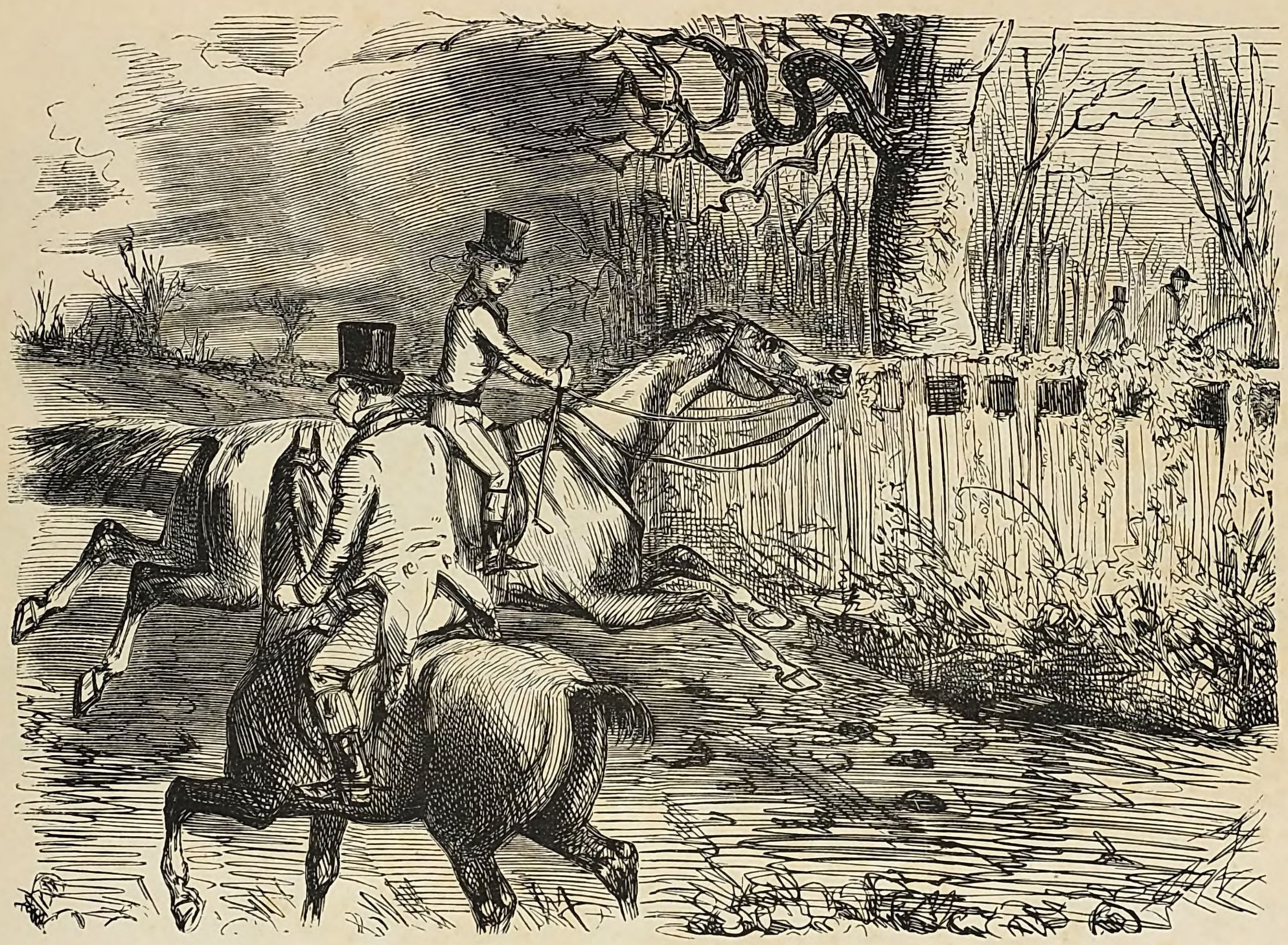
Piscator. "CONFOUND IT, NO! WE WANT SOME FISHING-RODS, A CAN OF LIVE-BAIT, AND A HAMPER."

Porter. "OH—DO YOU, SIR? WHY, THEY'RE GONE ON TO BRISTOL."

SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. VIII.

Cook. "WELL, TO BE SURE, MUM! LAST PLACE I WERE IN, MISSIS ALWAYS KNOCKED AT THE DOOR AFORE SHE COME INTO *MY* KITCHEN!!"

THE ST. BERNARD MASTIFF. A HAPPY DOG—RATHER!

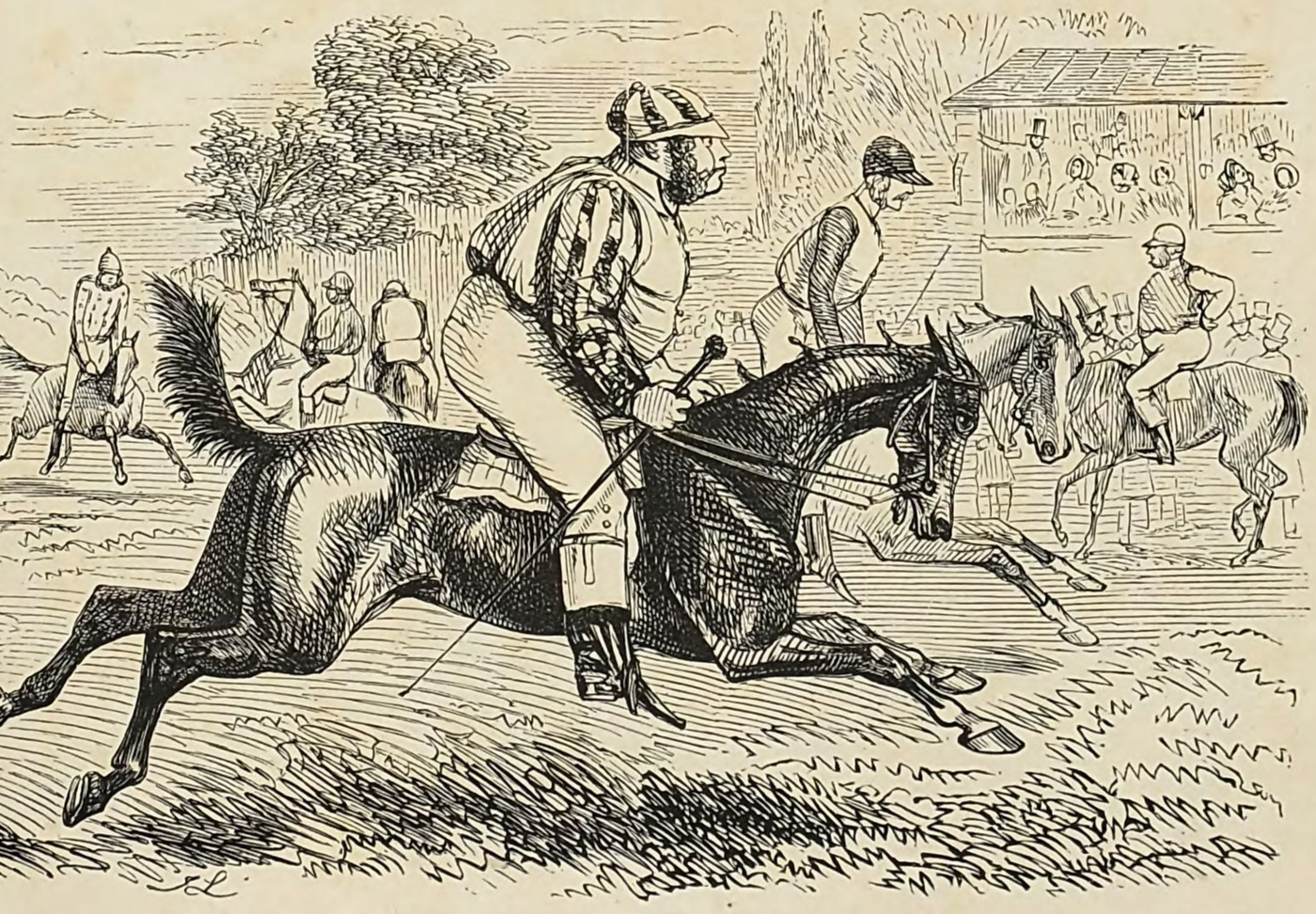


PRUDENCE AND IMPRUDENCE.

Old Gentleman. "A VERY NASTY JUMP, THAT! I SHALL GO ROUND BY SHUFFLER'S BOTTOM."

Juvenile. "COME ALONG, OLD MAN! FOLLOW ME, AND I'LL SHOW YOU ALL THE SPORT."

[*Exit* YOUNG HOPEFUL *over the palings.*



COUNTRY RACES.

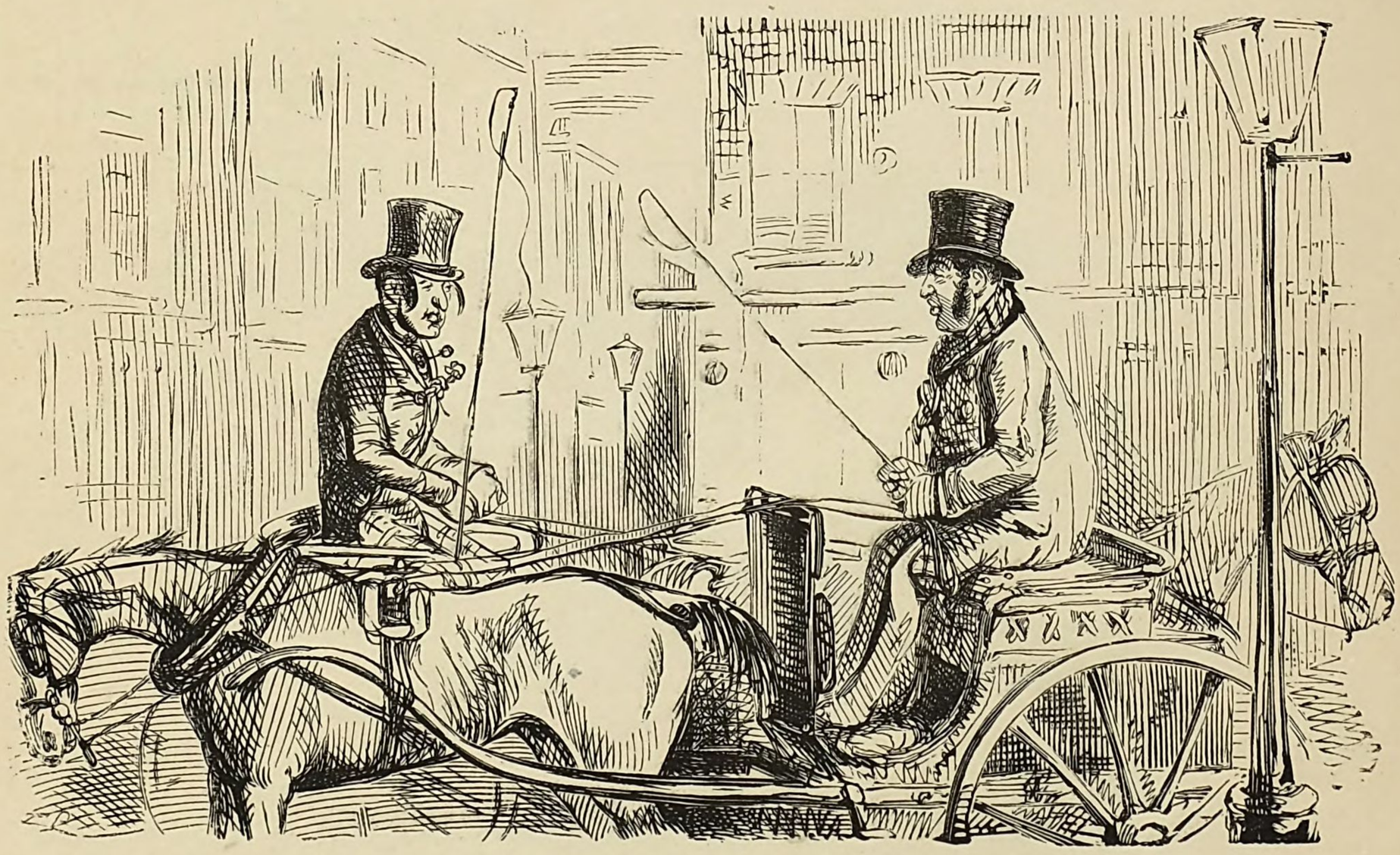
GENTLEMEN RIDERS, WHO ARE SO LIKE PROFESSIONAL JOCKS, YOU CAN HARDLY TELL THE DIFFERENCE!

FRIENDLY, BUT VERY UNPLEASANT.

Lively Party (charging ELDERLY GENTLEMAN *with his umbrella).* "HULLO, JONES!"
[*Disgust of* ELDERLY PARTY, *whose name is* SMITH.

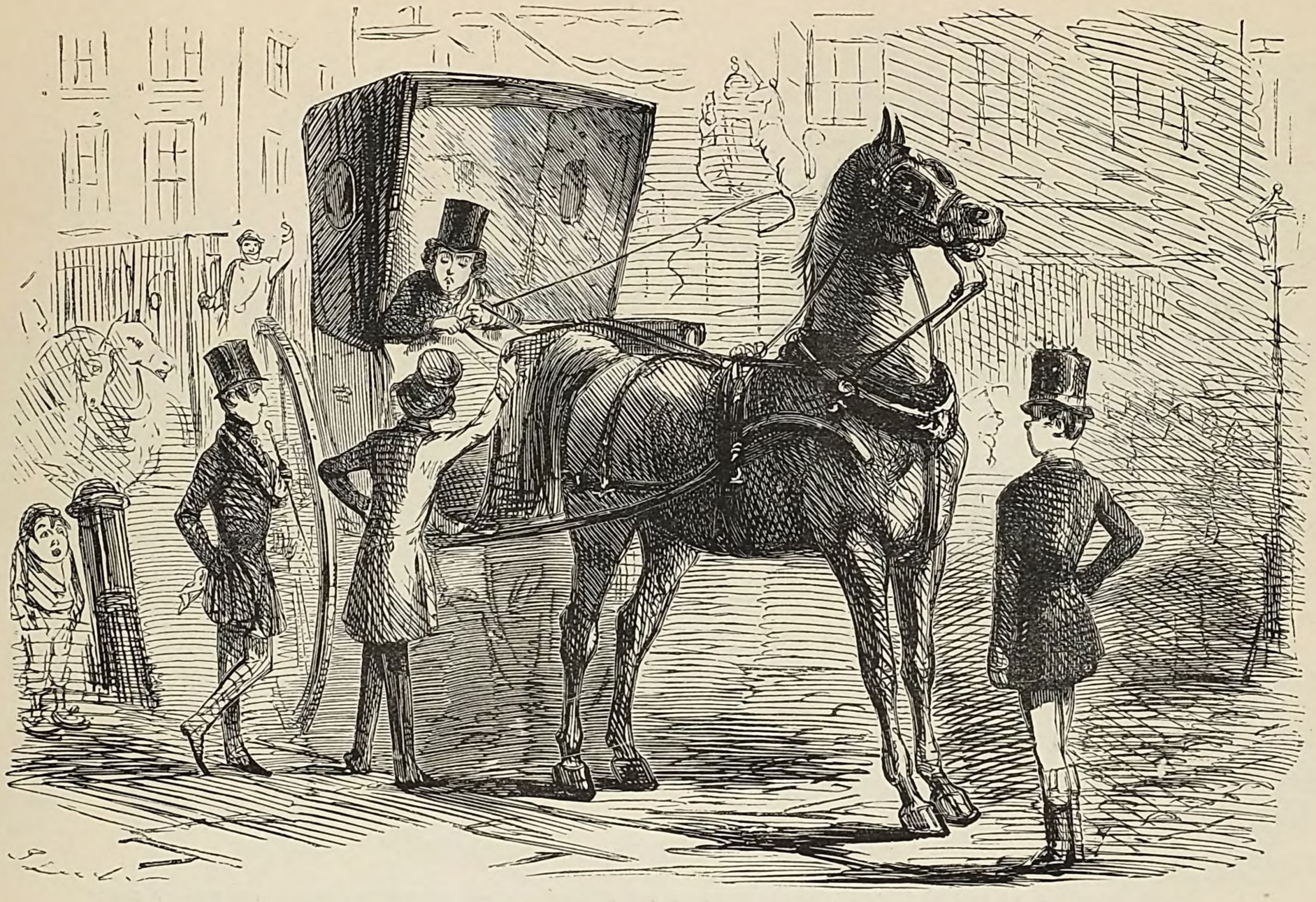
AN EASY FORECAST.

Gipsy. "HAVE YOUR FORTUNE TOLD, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN?"
Pretty Gent. "OH! LAWK! DON'T MENTION IT!"



GOING OUT ARRESTING.

"VELL, AARON, MY TEAR, 'AVE YER 'AD ANY SPORT?"
"PRETTY VELL. I'VE BAGGED FOUR ALLOTTEES AND TWO PROVISIONALS"



A GREAT MISFORTUNE.

First Juvenile (in Cab). "WELL, CHARLEY, HAVE YOU HAD IT OUT WITH THE OLD BOY?"

Second Juvenile. "YA—AS; AND—AW—WHAT DO YOU THINK THE UNDUTIFUL OLD GOVERNOR SA—AYS?"

First Juvenile. "HAVEN'T THE LEAST ID—EAW."

Second Juvenile. "WHY, HE SA—AYS I MUST DO SOMETHING TO GET MY OWN LIVING!"

First Juvenile. "OH LAW! WHAT A HORRID BAW!"

WHERE IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS.

Engineer. "DON'T BE ALARMED, MA'AM, IT'S ONLY A DUMPY LEVELLER."

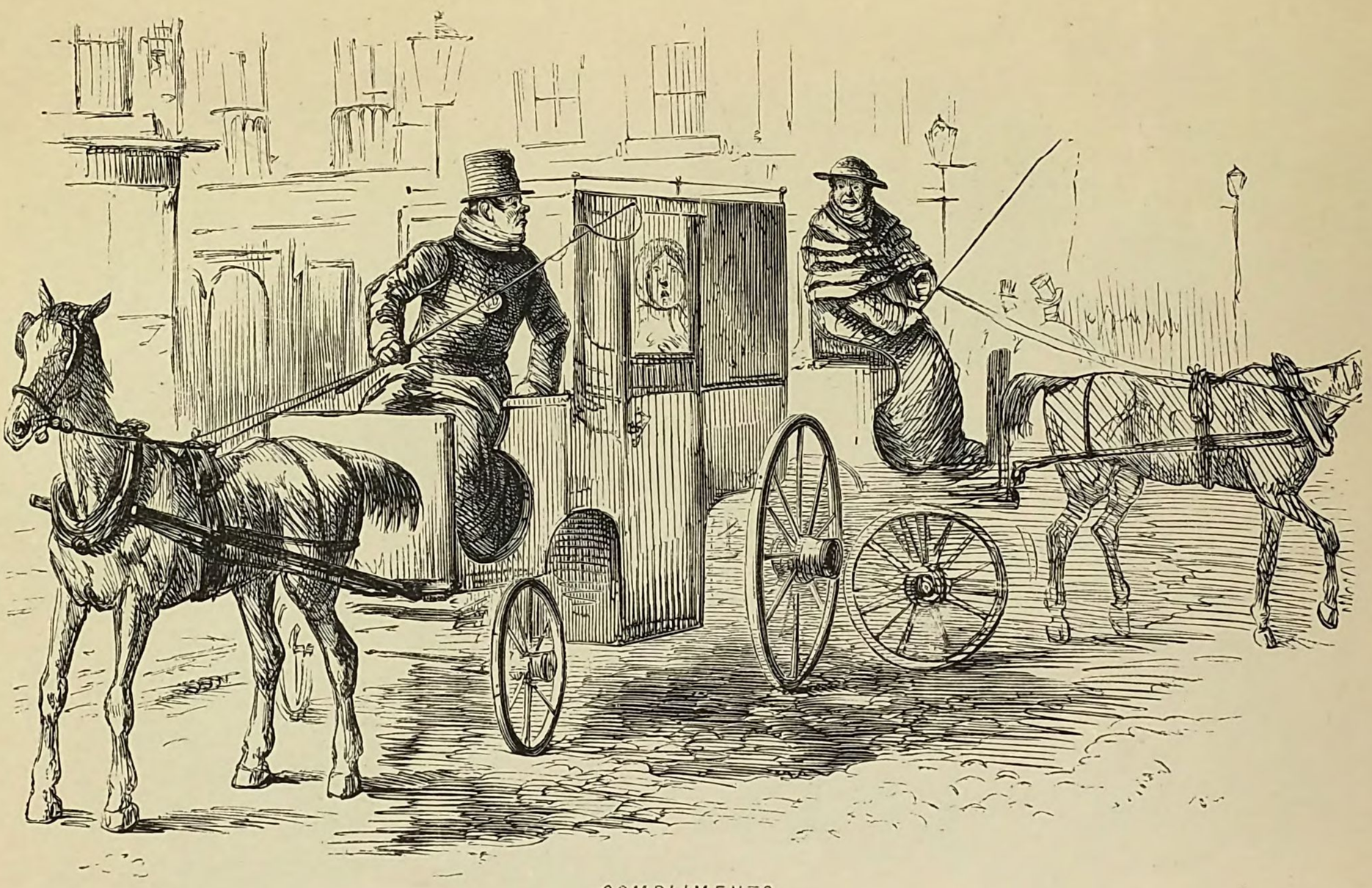
Old Lady. "LAW! DEAR NOW! WELL, I'M SURE I THOUGHT IT WAS A BLUNDERBUST. BUT DON'T FIRE IT OFF, YOUNG MAN, TILL I'M GOT BY, FOR I WAS ALWAYS TERRIBLE FEARED OF GUNS."

MARCH OF LUXURY.

Customer. "HI! JAMES."

Potboy. "NOW THEN, WHAT IS IT?"

Customer. "JUST POP MY ARF-AN-ARF IN THE HICE FOR A MINIT THAT'S A GOOD LAD."



COMPLIMENTS.

First Cabby (who is run up against). "NOW, THEN! 'VHERE DID YOU PICK UP THAT OLD STRAWBERRY POTTLE YOU CALLS A CAB?"

Second Cabby (who retorts). "SAME PLACE WHERE YER FOUND THAT BIT OF OLD RAG YER CALLS A 'ORSE."

VISIT TO THE ANTEDILUVIAN REPTILES AT SYDENHAM—MASTER TOM STRONGLY OBJECTS TO HAVING HIS MIND IMPROVED.

A HORRIBLE IDEA.

First Languid Swell. "GOOD GWACIOUS, ALFRED! ARE YOU ILL?"

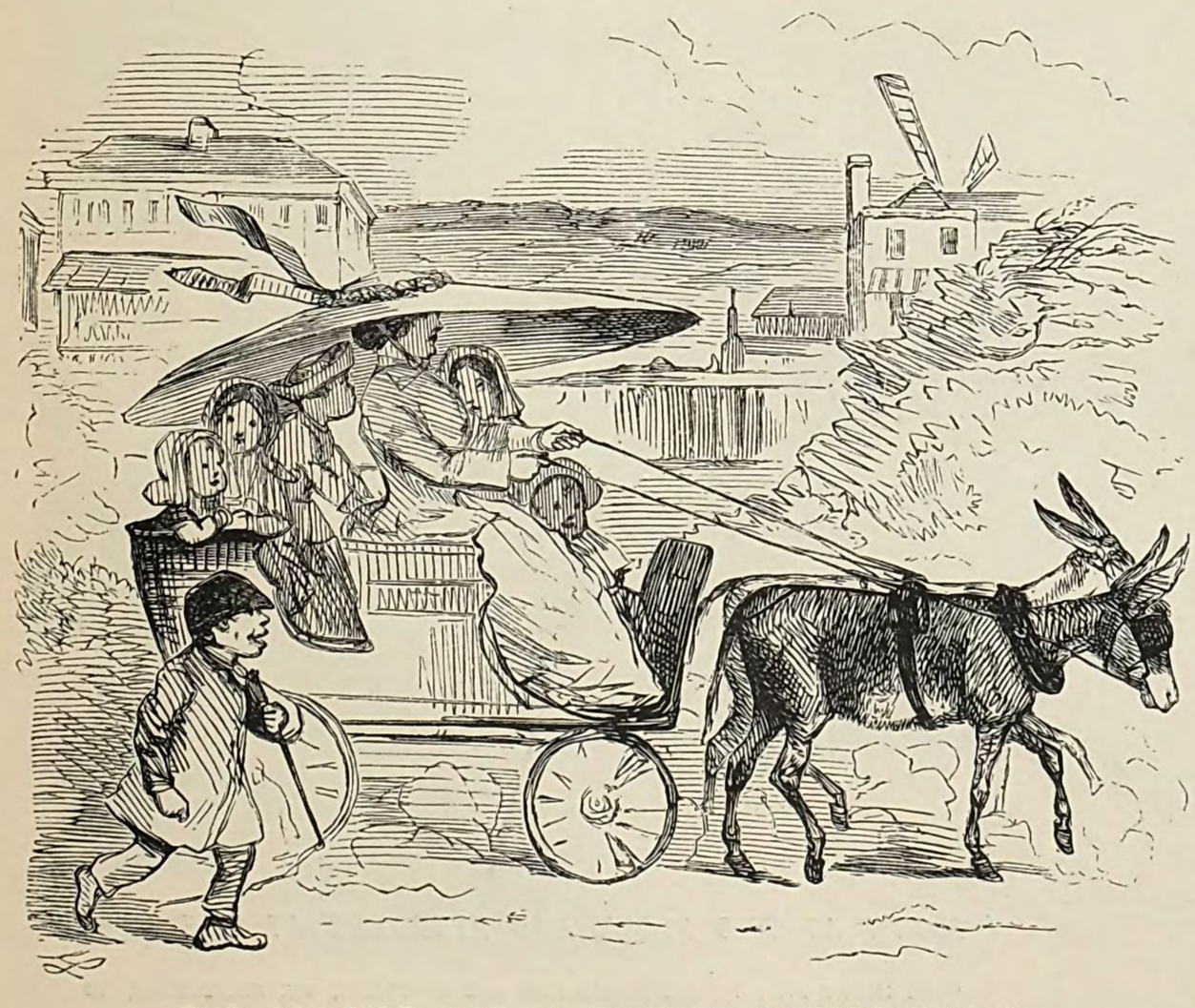
Second ditto, ditto (gasping). "ILL! AW! YES! NO! I SHALL BE ALL RIGHT DIRECTLY. BUT—I—CONFESS—THE—SIGHT OF THAT FEMALE'S UMBRELLAW—COMPLETELY—FLAWED ME—MY DEAR CHARLES—CONCEIVE BEING OBLIGED TO CARRY—BUT NO, THE THOUGHT IS—TOO HORRIBLE!" *[They shudder, and walk on.*

FINE BUSINESS, INDEED! THE WRETCH!

Master of the House. "OH! MARY! WHAT IS THERE FOR DINNER TO-DAY?"

Mary. "I THINK, SIR, IT'S COLD MUTTON, SIR."

Master of the House. "H'M!—OH! TELL YOUR MISTRESS, WHEN SHE COMES IN, THAT I MAY POSSIBLY BE DETAINED IN THE CITY ON BUSINESS, AND SHE IS ON NO ACCOUNT TO WAIT DINNER FOR ME."



THE SEA-SIDE HAT—A HINT TO MATERFAMILIAS.

A FRESH MORNING.

IMPUDENCE.

Horse-Guard. "NOW, YOU BOY! YOU MUSN'T HANG ABOUT HERE."

Boy. "OH! YES, MR. HANGABOUT. I SUPPOSE I MAY SET MY WATCH BY YOUR CLOCK, AS WELL AS ANY OTHER GENT."

GORGEOUS SPECTACLE.

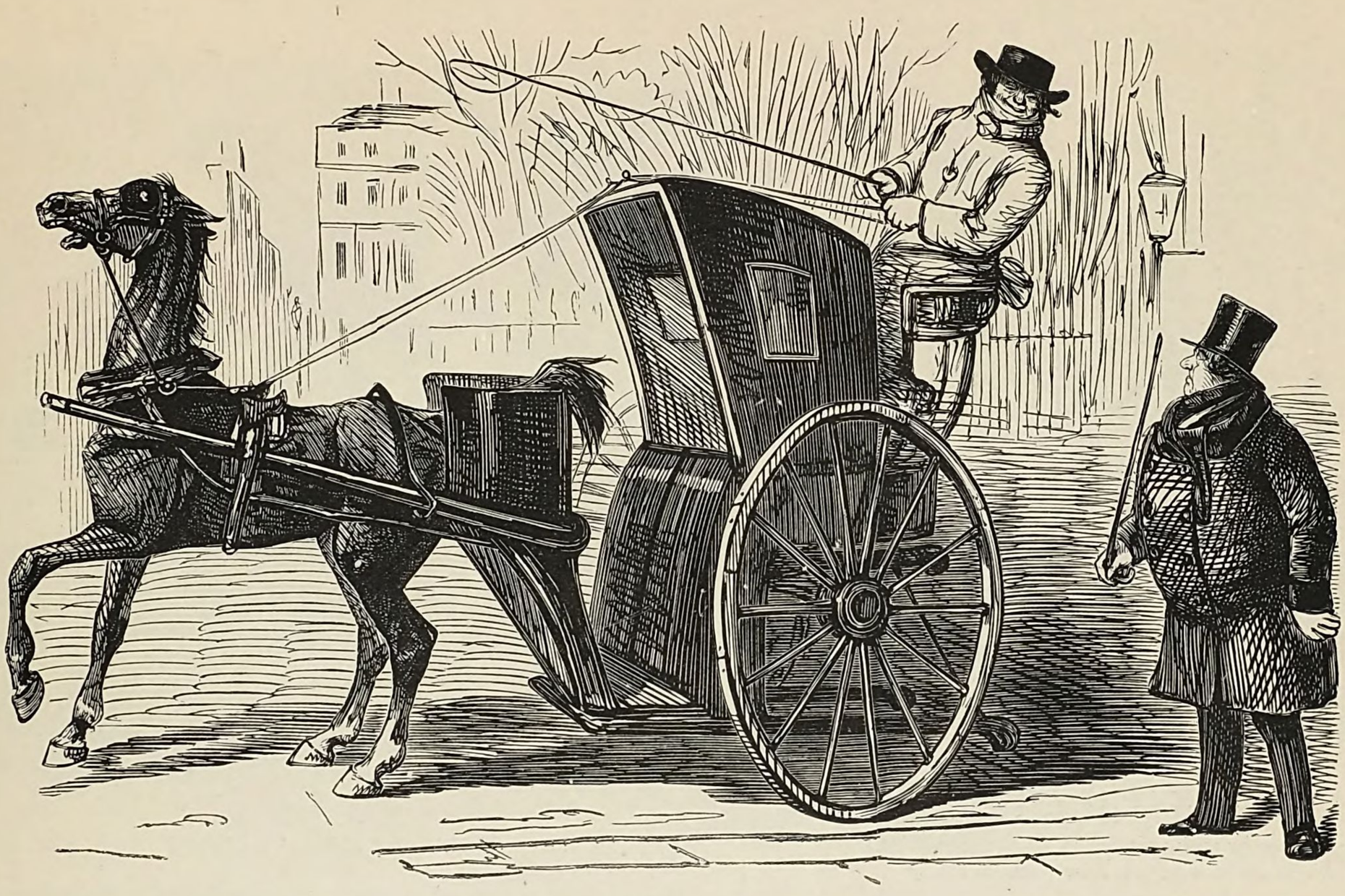
Sarah Jane. "OH, BETSY, COME 'ERE, AND BRING HISABELLER! WE CAN SEE THE 'OOFS OF THE 'ORSES!!"

NATIVE POLITENESS.

Boy (to be-witch-ing Old Lady of Fashion). "WAS YOU A LOOKING FOR A BROOM, MARM?"

"YOUTH AT THE PROW, AND PLEASURE AT THE HELM."

"THE HAPPY PAIR THEN STARTED FOR THE CONTINENT, VIA FOLKESTONE, TO SPEND THE HONEYMOON."



VERY ACCOMMODATING.

Cabman. "WANT A CAB, SIR? TAKE YER ANYVERE, ANY DISTANCE, ANY PRICE, AND WHEN YER PLEASE. TROT YER DOWN TO VITECHAPEL OR 'ACKNEY, OR SPIN YER ALONG LIKE ONE O'CLOCK TO HEGHAM, STAINES, OR WINDSOR."

PROBABLE RESULT OF THE COCHIN CHINA FOWL MANIA.

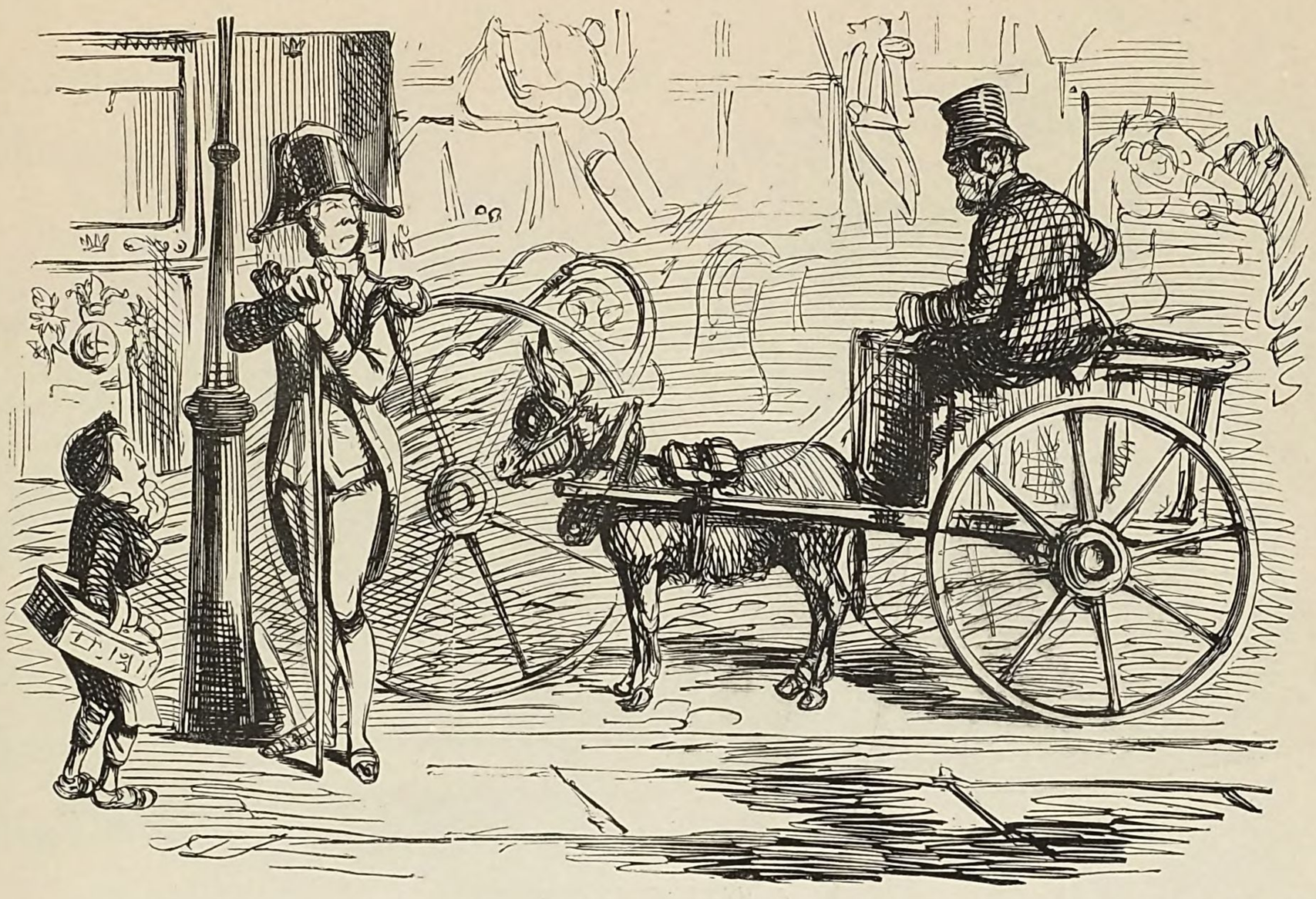
TOO POPULAR BY HALF.

Boy (singing). "LOVER-LY LUCY NEAL, OH LOVER-LY LUCY NEAL, HIF I 'AD YOU BY MY SI-I-HIDE, 'OW 'APPY I SHOULD FEEL!"

TASTE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.—VILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

Young Lady (who ought to know better). "NOW, WILLIAM, YOU ARE NOT LOW ENOUGH YET. BEGIN AGAIN AT 'HE TOOK THE COLD PIZEN.'"

THE BATTLE OF THE PIANOS.



FAMILIARITY.

"NOW, THEN, THOMAS, TELL YOUR OLD MAN TO PULL ON A PEG, AND LET ME GET UP TO MY PAWNBROKER'S!"

APPROPRIATE.

First Citizen. "I SAY, BILL—I WONDER WHAT HE CALLS HISSELF?"

Second Ditto. "BLOWED IF I KNOW!—BUT I CALLS HIM A BLOATED HARISTOCRAT."

MIGHT VERSUS RIGHT.

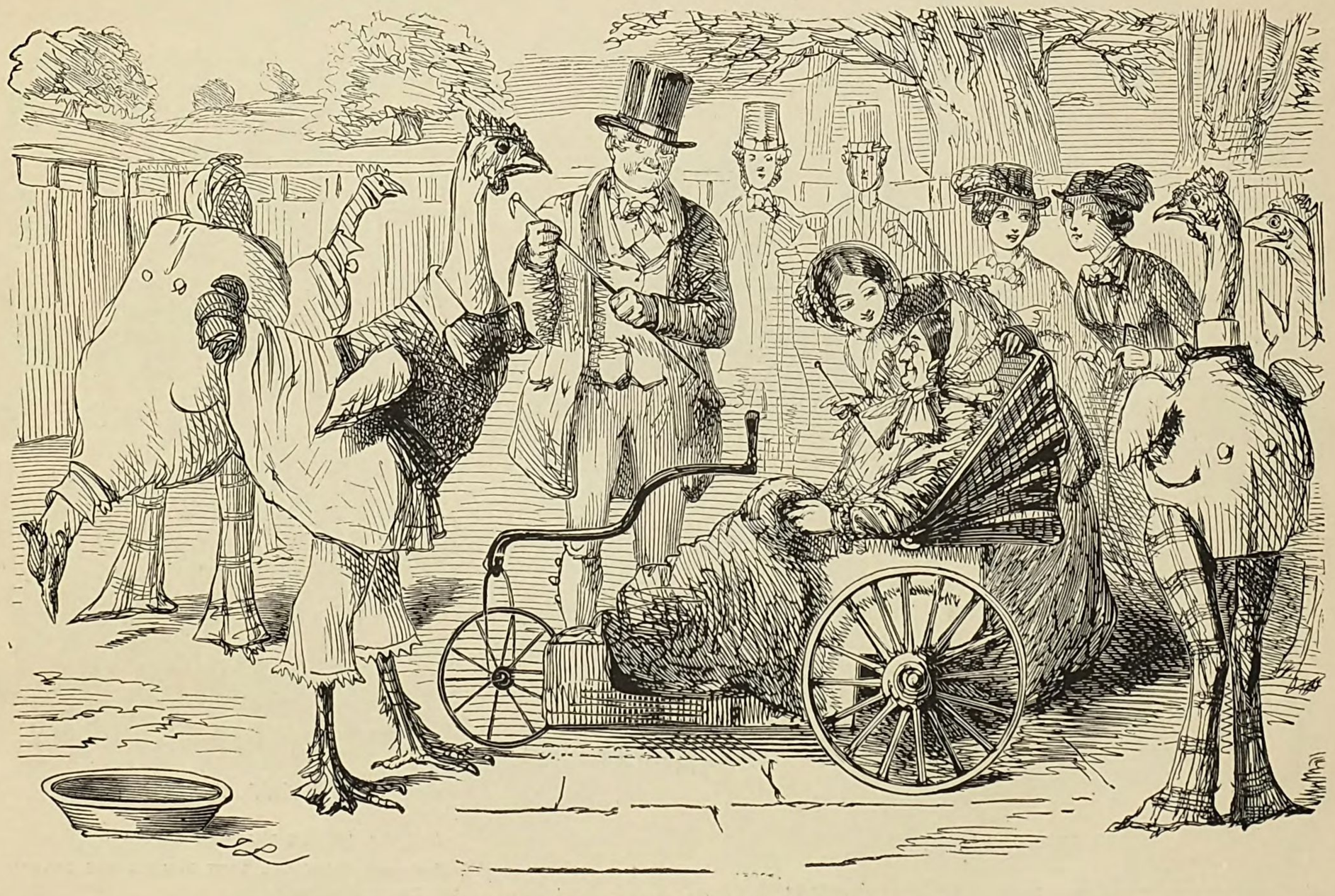
Navigator. "WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?"

Policeman. "WHY, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE STATION HOUSE, IF YOU DON'T MOVE ON."

Navigator. "*YOU* TAKE ME TO THE STATION-HOUSE? TEN ON YOU MIGHT!".

A HANSOM OFFER.

Cabman (condescendingly). "HAMPSTEAD! LET'S SEE—THE FARE'S ABOUT NINE BOB, AS NEAR AS MAY BE; BUT, AS I WANT A DRIVE IN THE FRESH HAIR MYSELF, SUPPOSE WE SAY THREE 'ARF CROWNS?"



POULTRY FANCIES.—THE PETS.

Old Lady. "WELL, HE *HAS* GROWN; AND, REALLY, I THINK HE MIGHT LEAVE OFF THOSE FROCKS, AND HAVE A SUIT OF CLOTHES LIKE HIS BROTHERS."

TRAVELLERS' REQUISITES.

Railway Porter. "ANY LUGGAGE, SIR?"

Traveller. "YAS—CARPET-BAG AND CIGAR-CASE."

MOST DISTRESSING.

POOR STUBBS!—JUST AS HE MEETS THOSE NICE GIRLS HE ADMIRED SO AT M.'S PARTY, AN ENORMOUS BLACK SETTLES ON HIS NOSE. HE LOSES ALL PRESENCE OF MIND.

HOW TO FLATTER A GENT.

Mr. Noses. "GOT ANY OLD CLOTHES, SIR? *(whispers)* ANY LEFT-OFF UNIFORMS, CAPTAIN?"

EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENT.

Man of Refinement. "NOW DON'T, MY GOOD MAN—PRAY DON'T!—I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO SAY. YOU ARE GOING TO SAY 'YA!—HA!—SPARRER-GRASS.' DO ALLOW ME TO PERSUADE YOU TO CALL IT ASPARAGUS—AND HERE IS SIXPENCE FOR YOU."

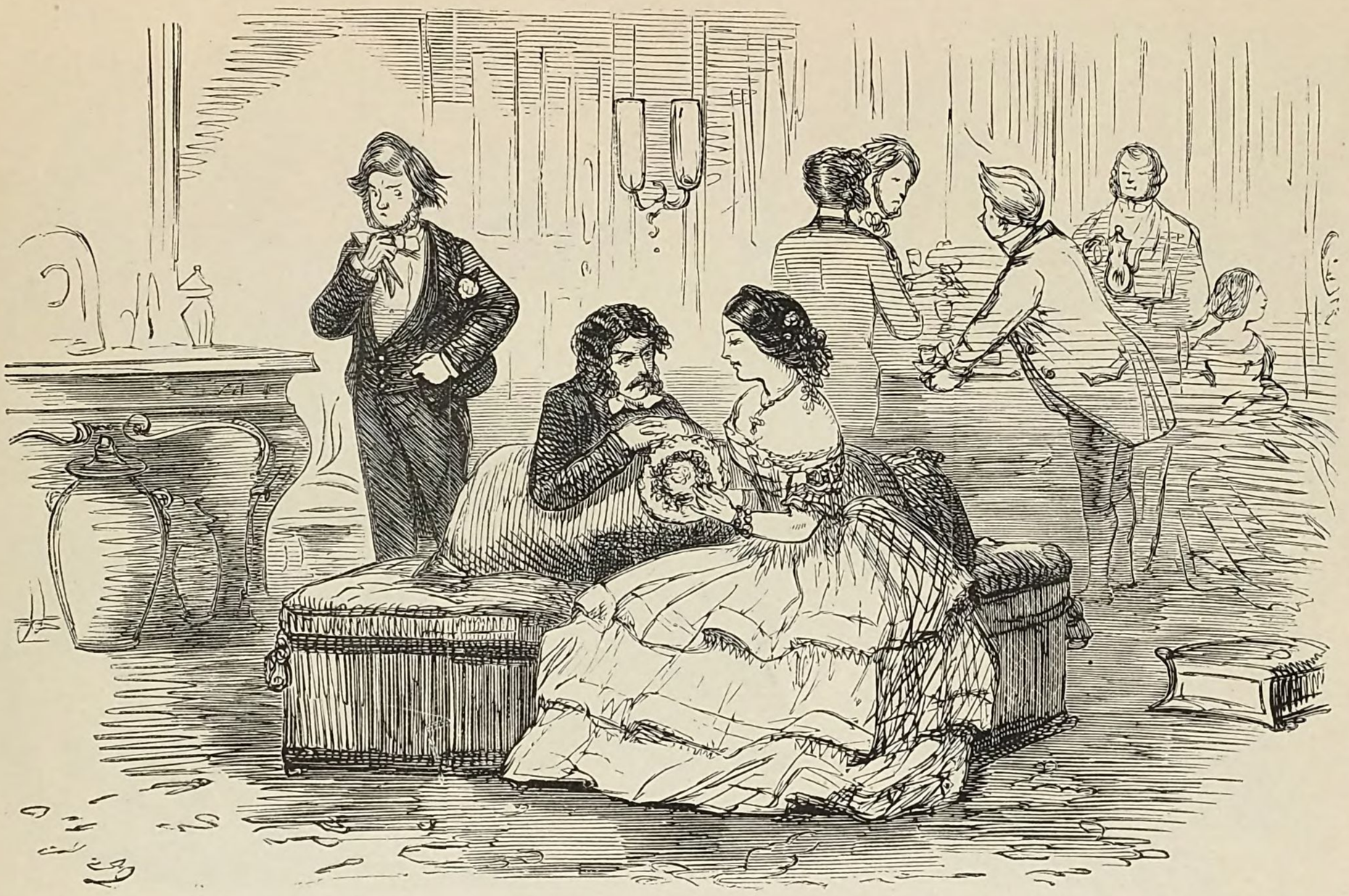
AN EXCITED NIMROD,

HAVING BEEN THROWN OUT, IS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT HE HAS COME UP WITH SOME OF THE TAIL HOUNDS—"HUIC FOR-R-A-D-E—FOR-R-A-A-D THEN!"

[*Great demonstration of disgust on the part of Old Gentleman out shooting.*

FLY-FISHING.

MR. BUNGLE ALWAYS MAKES HIS FLIES ON THE BANK OF THE STREAM. HERE IS ONE OF HIS MOST SUCCESSFUL EFFORTS.

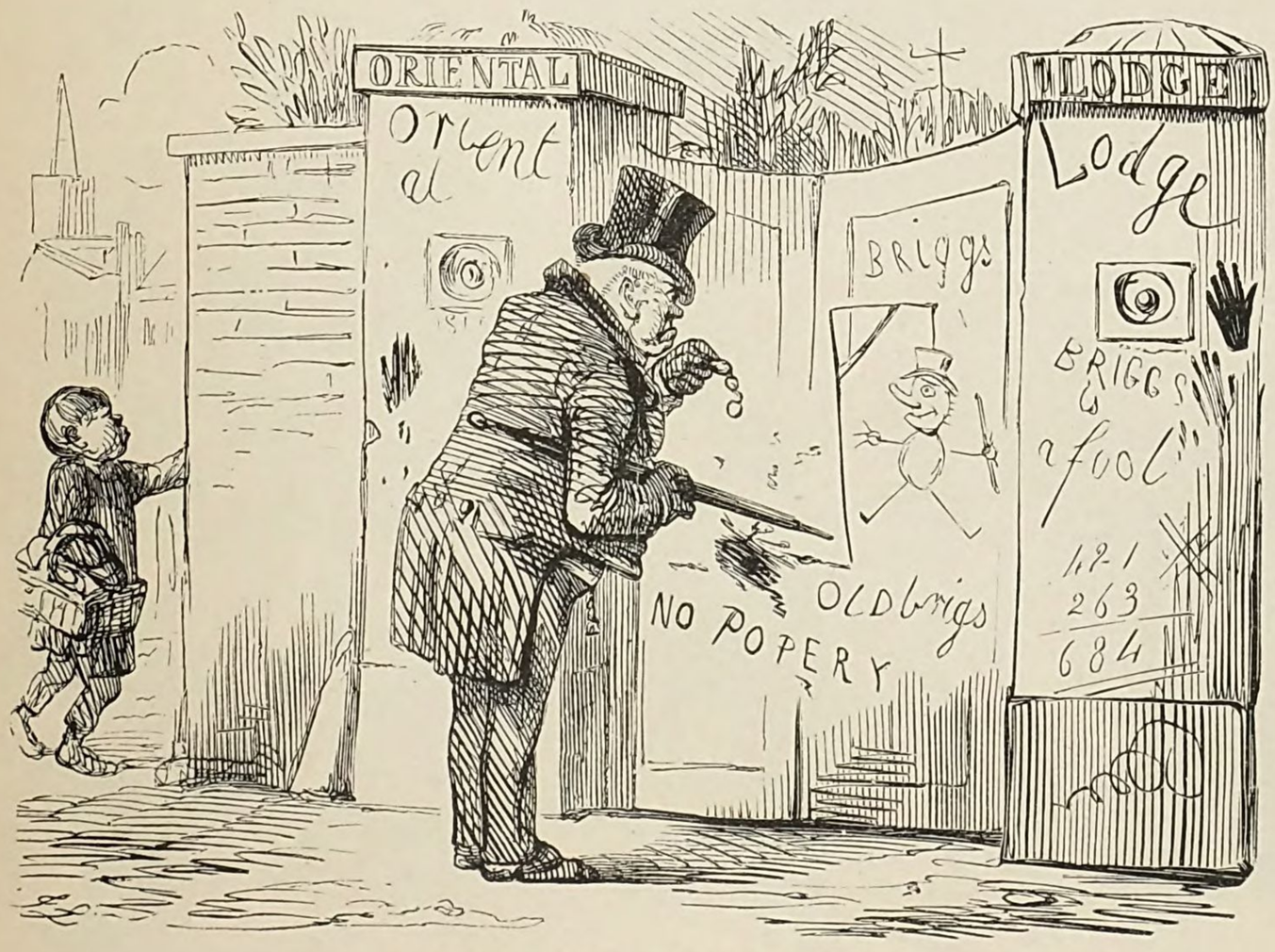


"ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE," &c.

Young Lady (whose birthday it is). "OH, YES! I HAVE HAD A GREAT NUMBER OF NICE PRESENTS; BUT I WONDER WHO SENT ME THIS BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET?"

Handsome Party (with moustaches, presence of mind, and great expression of eye). "AND CAN'T YOU GUESS?" *(Sighs deeply.)*

[N.B. Poor BINKS, *who was at all the trouble and expense of getting the said bouquet from Covent Garden, is supposed to be watching the effect of his gift with some anxiety.*

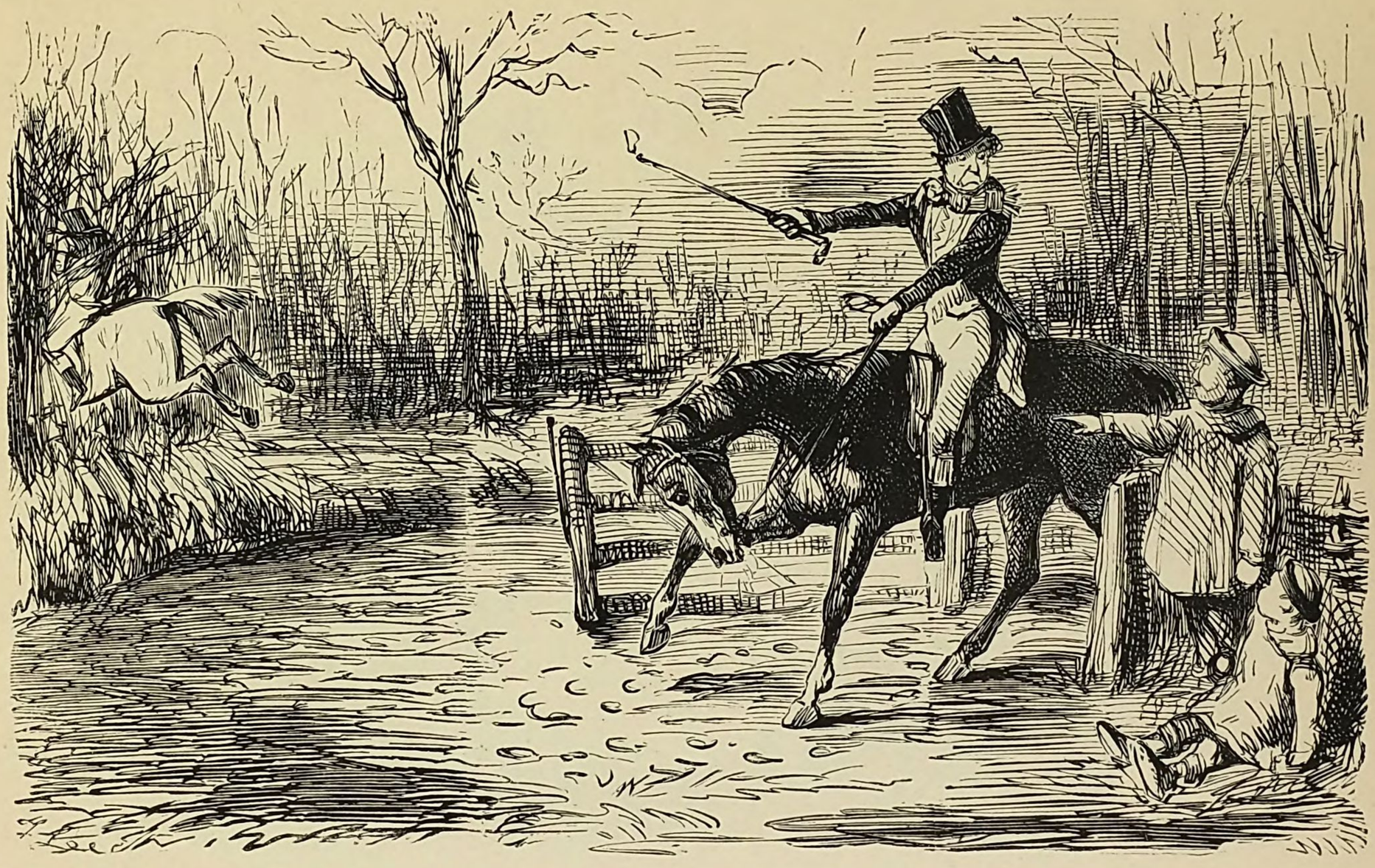


PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

THE INTELLIGENT READER IS REQUESTED TO IMAGINE THAT THE GATES IN THE ABOVE CARTOON HAVE JUST BEEN THOROUGHLY CLEANED, AND FRESH PAINTED ON HIS RETURN FROM THE CITY, MR. BRICCS FINDS THAT RUDE BOYS (TOTALLY REGARDLESS OF HIS FEELINGS) HAVE BEEN FARTHER DECORATING THEM.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MAN IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE TAKEN THE WRONG TURNING—THAT'S ALL!

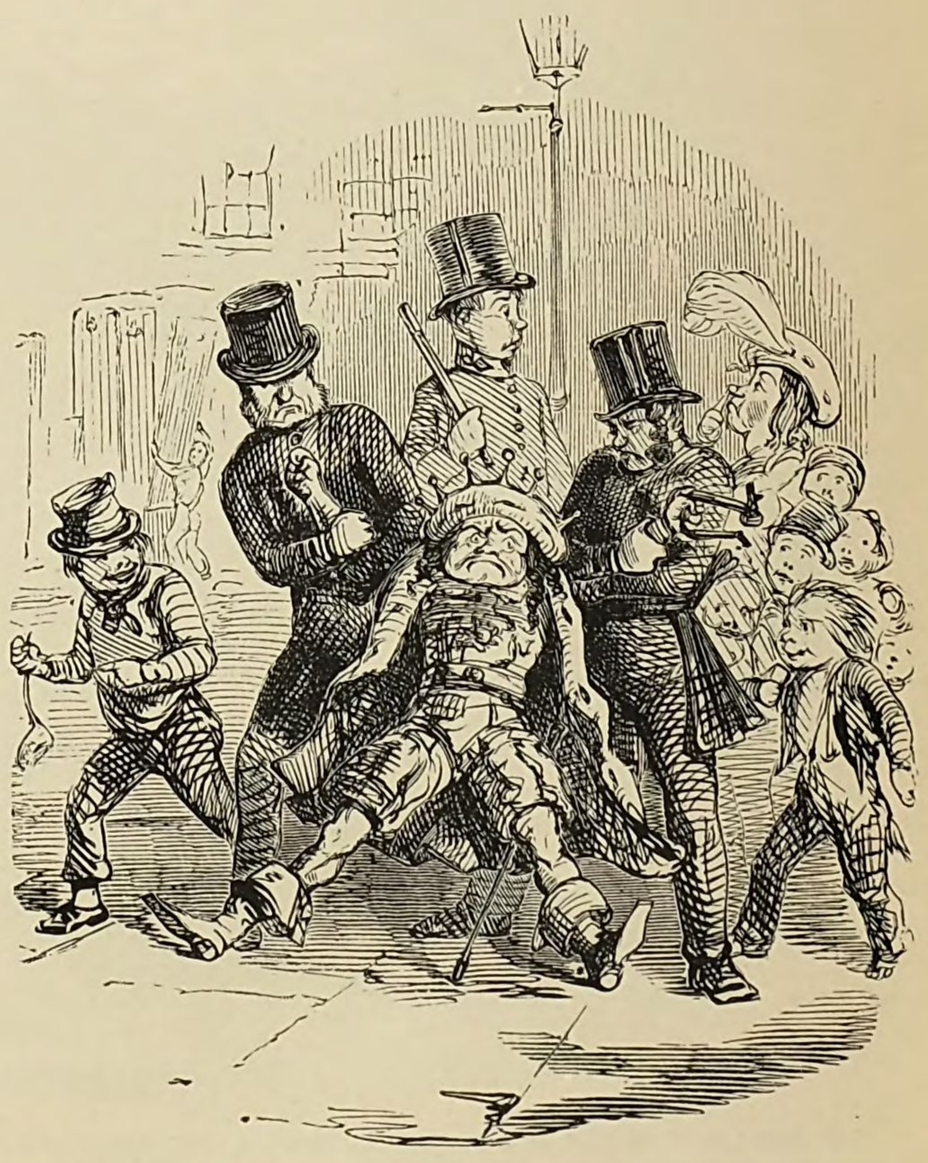


A ROUGH COUNTRY.

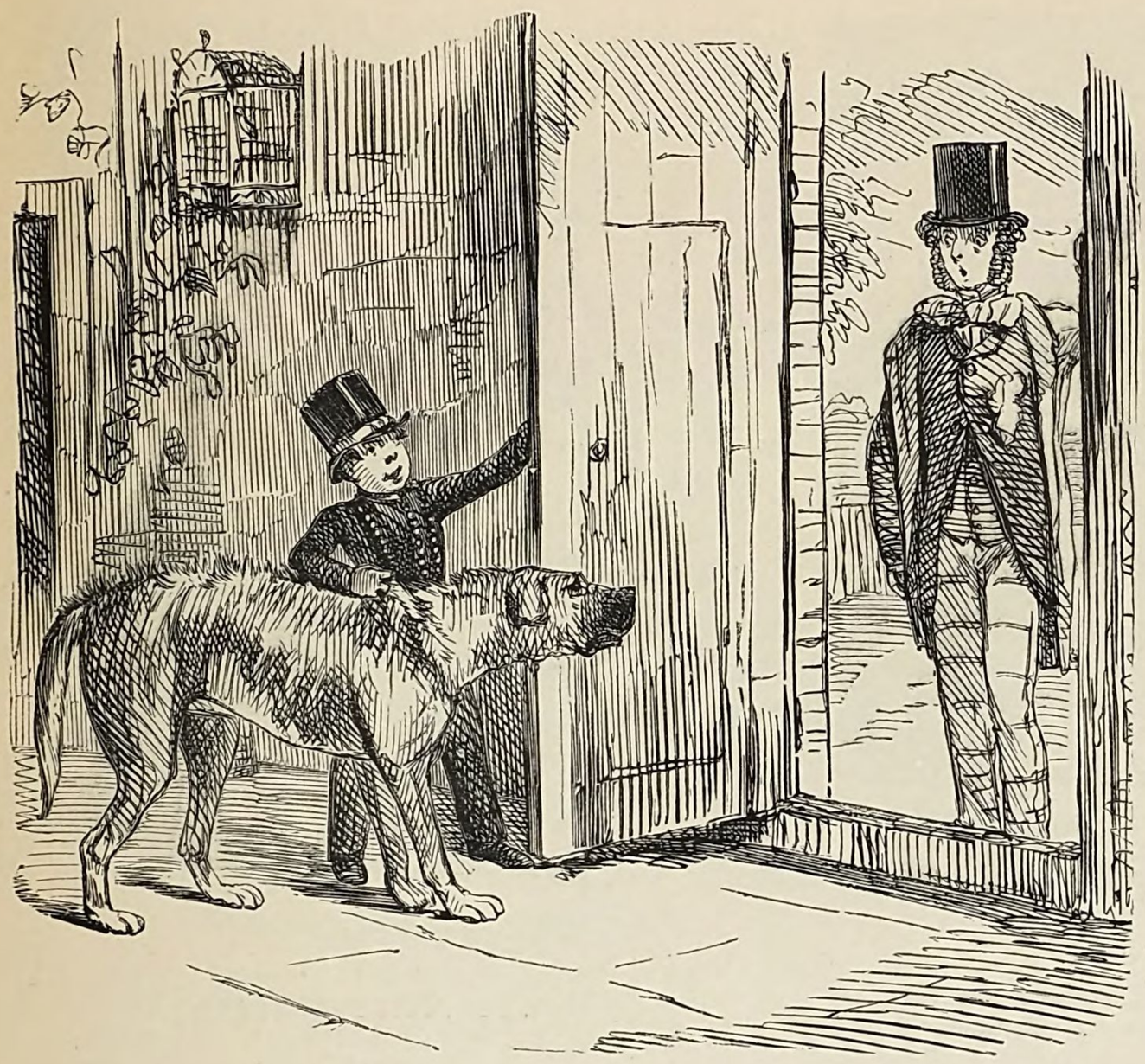
Boy. "NOA, SIR! THERE AIN'T NO OTHER GATE OUT O' THIS VIELD, YOU MUST FOLLER THAT GENTLEMAN ON THE GRAY HORSE."
Fox Hunter. "WHAT, THAT GENT? OH! THANK YER!"

SUGGESTIVE OF A PICTURESQUE FIGURE.

Stout Old Gentleman. "A SHOWER-BATH MAKE YOUR HAIR IN A MESS! NOT A BIT OF IT, IF YOU WEAR AN OIL-SKIN CAP LIKE THIS, AS I DO."



THE RETURN FROM A MASQUERADE.



DOUBTFUL.

Boy. "COME IN, SIR! YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE AFRAID! I'VE GOT HIM QUITE TIGHT."

A CAUSE FOR REPROOF.

Lady (severely). "JANET, I MUST DESIRE YOU TO GO AT ONCE AND DRESS YOUR HAIR IN A BECOMING MANNER, AND NOT TO IMITATE ME SO ABSURDLY."

AWKWARD CONSEQUENCES OF REMOVING THE SOLDIERS FROM KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

Housemaid. "IF YOU PLEASE 'M, ME, AND COOK, AND MARY, WISHES TO LEAVE, THIS DAY MONTH, MA'AM."

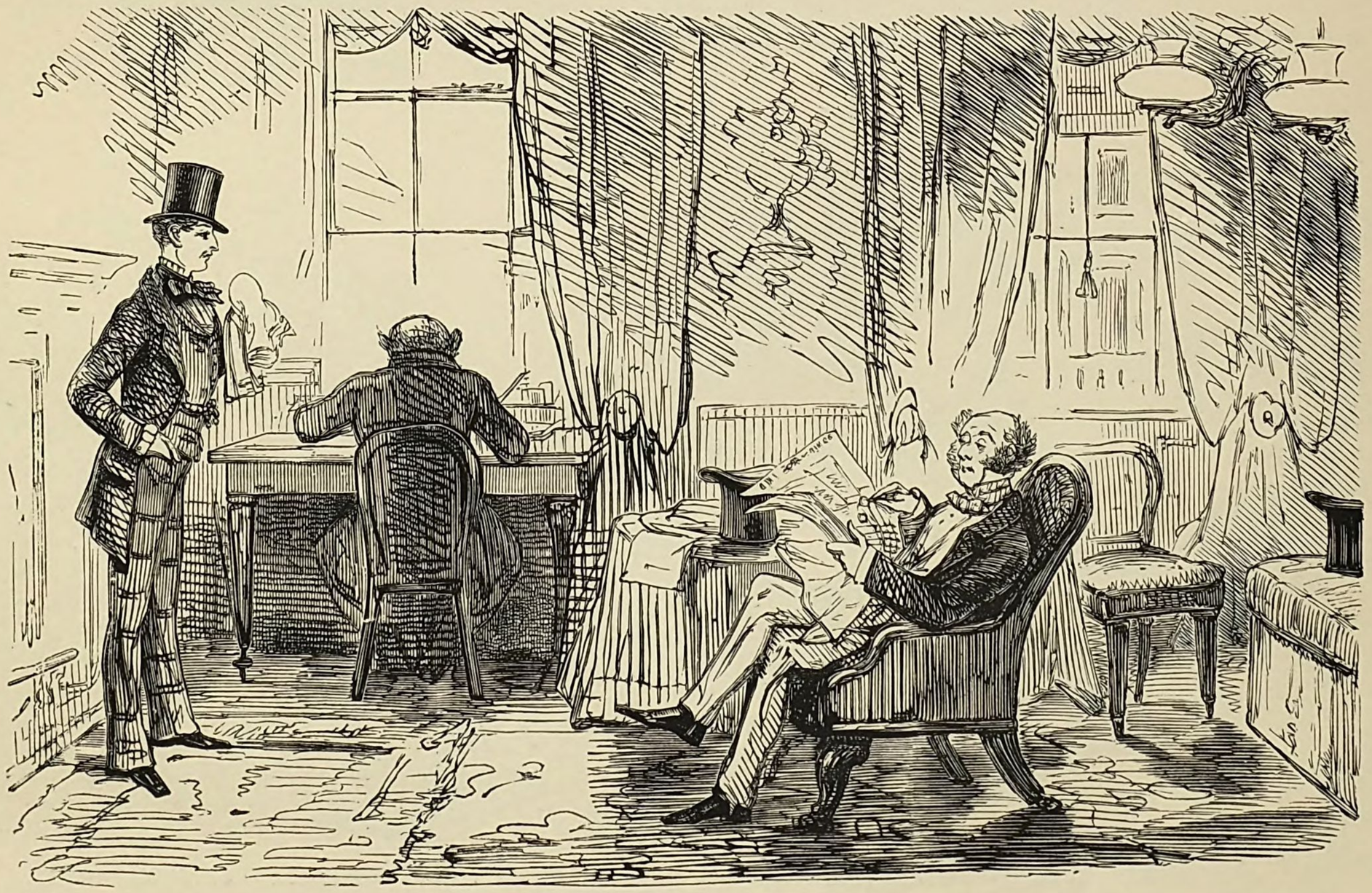
REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES.

Mary. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, IF YOU'VE DONE WITH THE INK, WILL YOU LET WILLIAM HAVE IT TO CLEAN YOUR BOOTS? BECAUSE IT'S ALL THE BLACKING WE'VE GOT IN THE HOUSE."

THE CONSTITUTIONAL WALK.

Lady. "DEAR, DEAR, IT'S COMING ON TO RAIN! RUN, JAMES! QUICK, AND FETCH AN UMBRELLA, AND TWO PARASOLS. I'M AFRAID MY POOR DEAR COCHINS WILL GET THE RHEUMATISM."

THE DOCILE HUSBAND.



A MAN OF OPINION.

M.P. "DID YOU SEE THIS ADMIRABLE SUGGESTION IN THE PAPER, TO PULL DOWN THE TEMPLE BAR?"

Swell. "PULL DOWN THE TEMPLE BAR! A MOST EARNESTLY HOPE NOT—WHY, GOOD GWACIOUS! IT'S THE PWINCIPAL BARWIER BETWEEN US AND THE HORWID CITY!"

JEALOUSY.

Chorus (of Nice Young Ladies). "OH! OF ALL AND OF *ALL* I NEVER! ISN'T IT THE *DARLINGIST*, SWEETEST, PRETTIEST, LITTLE DEAR DARLING DARLING! OH! DID YOU EVER!!"

Solo (by horrid plain-spoken Boy.) "H'M! *I* THINK IT'S A NASTY, UGLY LITTLE BEAST, FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A CAT OR A MONKEY." [*Sensation.*

A NICE TEAM.

A BRILLIANT IDEA.

Matilda. "OH, LOOK YE HERE, TOMMY! S'POSE WE PLAY AT YOUR BEING THE BIG FOOTMAN, AND ME AND LIZZERBUTH 'LL BE THE FINE LADIES IN THE CARRIDGE!"

AN EXPERIENCED VETERAN.

Managing Mamma. "MY GOODNESS, ELLEN, HOW WRETCHEDLY PALE YOU LOOK! FOR GOODNESS' SAKE BITE YOUR LIPS AND RUB YOUR CHEEKS."

EXTREME DELICACY.

Exquisite in Cab. "AW—BE KIND ENOUGH, IF YOU PLEASE, TO FETCH—AW—AN—AW—UMBRELLAW, AND HOLD IT OV-AW ME WHILE I—AW—GET OUT."

THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

AWFUL APPARITION TO A GENTLEMAN WHILST SHAVING, IN THE EDGEWARE ROAD.

THE POULTRY MANIA.

Miss ——. "GOOD GRACIOUS, EMILY. WHAT HORRID FRIGHTS!"

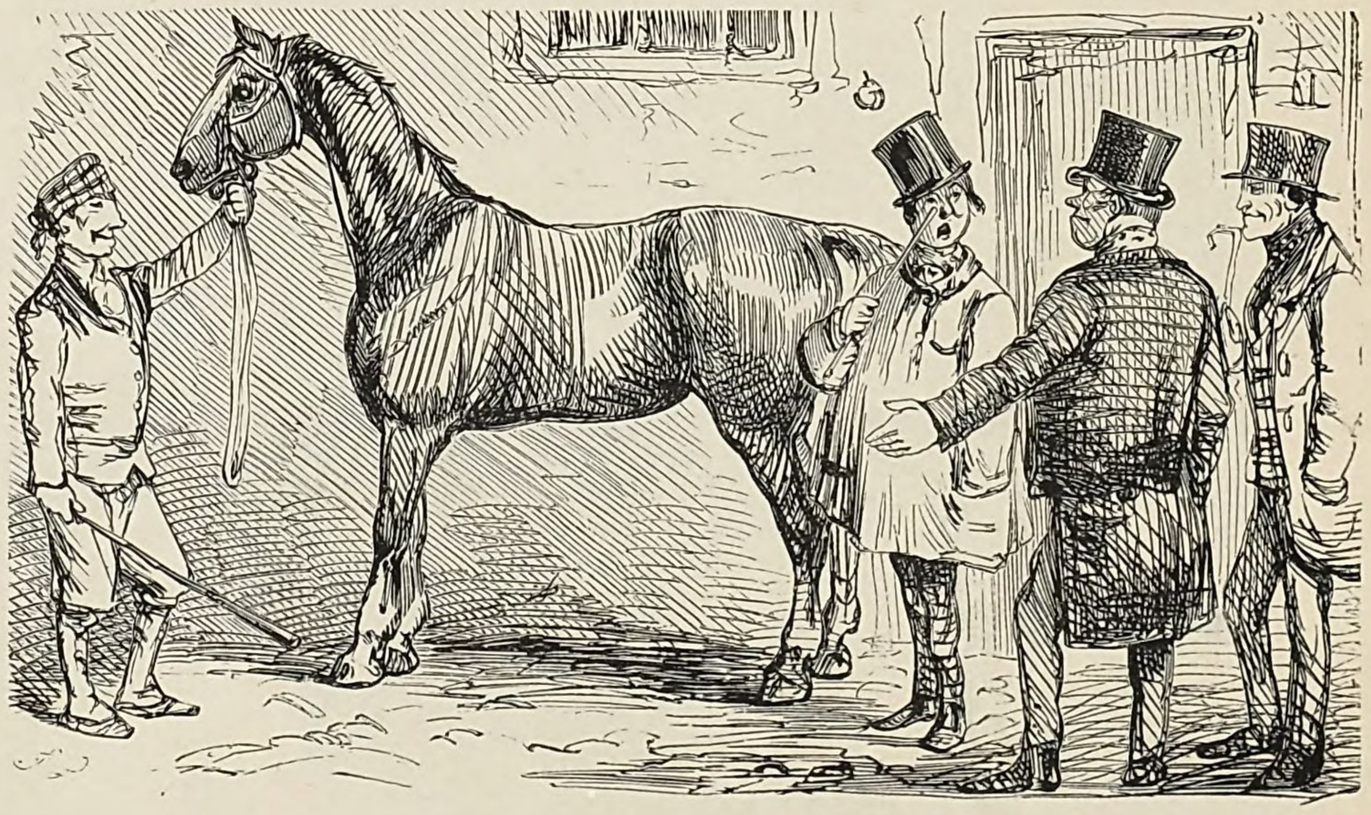
Emily. "FRIGHTS? MY DEAR? WHY THEY ARE LOVELY COCHIN CHINA FOWLS, AND WORTH—OH! EVER SO MUCH"

COMPLIMENTARY.

Bus Driver. "NOW THEN, OUT OF THE WAY, YOU TWO!"

AN INQUIRING MIND.

Omnibus Driver. "REELY NOW! AND SO THE 'LECTRIC FLUID TAKES A MESSAGE BETWEEN DOVER AND CALAIS. *(Inquiringly.)* PRAY, SIR, WOT'S IT LIKE? IS IT ANYTHING LIKE BEER, FOR EXAMPLE?"



SOMETIMES YOU "PICK UP" HUNTERS FOR NEXT TO NOTHING.

Dealer. "THERE NOW! YOU WANT A HUNTER. THERE HE IS. HE'S QUIET, WELL-BRED, AND LAW! WITH YOUR WEIGHT, HE'S UP TO ANY HOUNDS, AND AN *UNCOMMON* CLEVER FENCER!"

Sporting Gent. "OH! COME NOW! THAT *WON'T* DO. I'VE HEARD OF A 'ORSE DANCING; BUT I'M NOT SO JOLLY GREEN AS TO BELIEVE A 'ORSE CAN FENCE, YOU KNOW!"

A LUCID EXPLANATION.

Passenger. "SIXPENCE! WHY, IT'S MARKED UP THREEPENCE!"

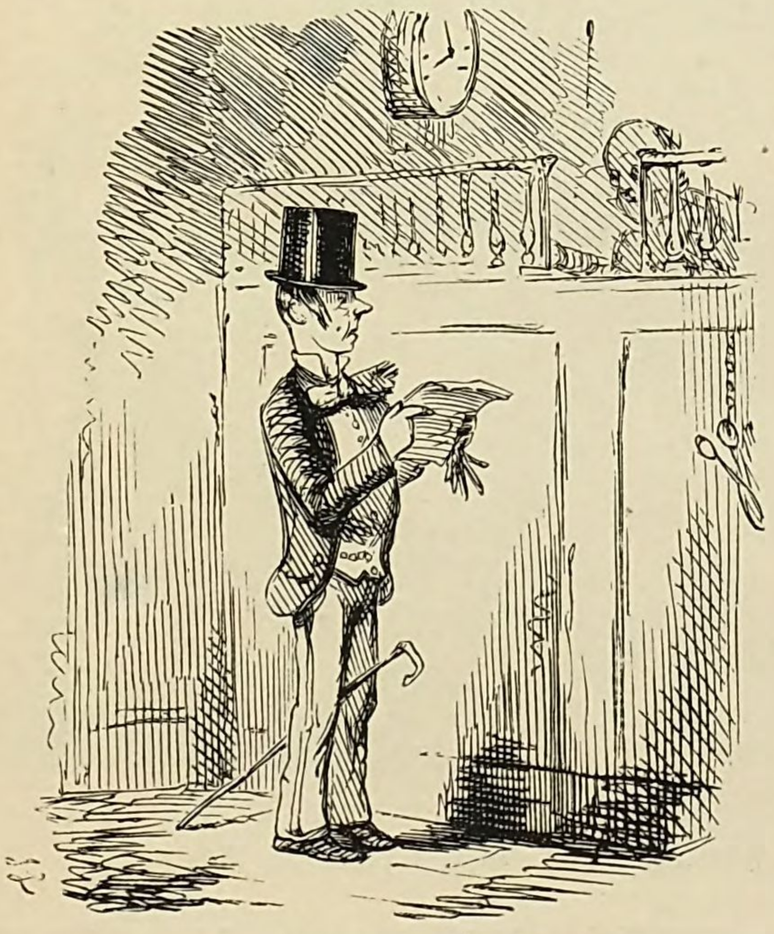
Conductor. "YES, SIR. THREPPUNSE WHEN YOU DON'T GET IN BETWEEN CHARING CROSS AND THE BANK, OR FROM TUESDAYS TO MILE END DOWN TO THE GATE BY UNGERFOD, OR EDGER ROAD TO BLACK LION LANE OR RATHBONE PLACE AND BLACKWALL RAILWAY—OR ELSE YOU MUST GET OUT AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, OR YOU CAN GO TO PIMLICO ALL THE WAY IF YOU LIKE—BEYOND THAT DISTANCE—IT'S SIXPUNSE!"

PERFECT SINCERITY, OR THINKINGS ALOUD.—No. IV.

Genius. "BY THE WAY, DID YOU GLANCE OVER THAT ARTICLE OF MINE ON 'THE INTELLECT OF WOMAN, AND HER SOCIAL POSITION?' I DON'T CARE TWOPENCE ABOUT YOUR OPINION; ONLY IF YOU CAN SAY SOMETHING FAVOURABLE OF COURSE I SHALL BE PLEASED."

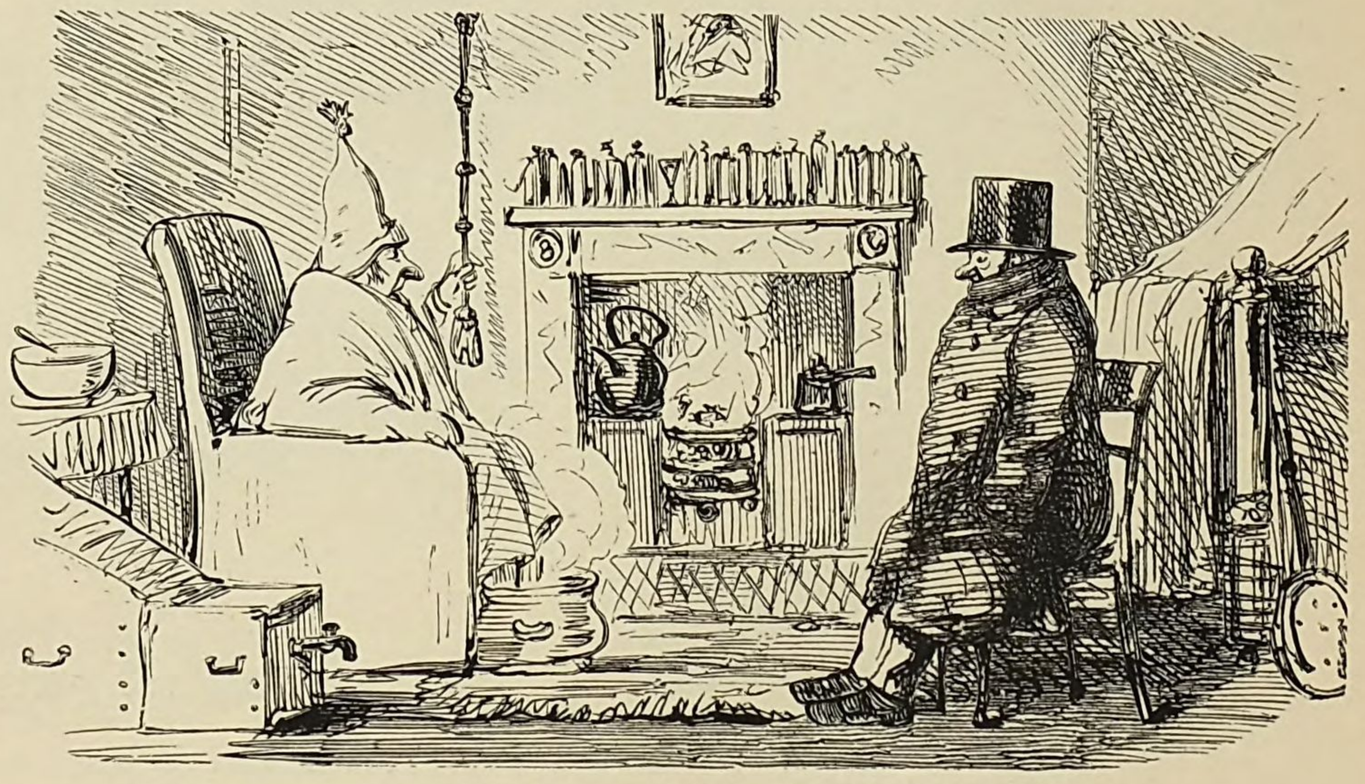
Common Sense. "WHY, I TRIED IT, BUT UPON MY LIFE I FOUND IT SUCH CONTEMPTIBLE RUBBISH, THAT I COULDN'T GET ON; AND, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I THINK THAT A SNUG LITTLE THING IN THE CHEESEMONGERING LINE WOULD BE MORE IN YOUR WAY THAN LITERATURE."

Genius. "AH! YOU MUST BE A FOOL!"



THE AGONY COLUMN.

"I WISH, MISTER, YOU WOULD BE SO GOOD AS TO STOP THE PRESS AND PUT THIS IN A GOOD PLACE (*reads*): *'Hemily, Don't delay, but return to yer broken-arted Adolphus, or there's no knowing what may be the consequence!!!"*



THE INFLUENZA.

"THIS IS REALLY VERY KIND OF YOU TO CALL. CAN I OFFER YOU ANYTHING—A BASIN OF GRUEL, OR A GLASS OF COUGH MIXTURE? DON'T SAY NO."

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

Gent. "WAITER! CHOP AND A PINT OF STOUT; AND LOOK SHARP."

Waiter. "OH, YES! IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY LOOK SHARP."

BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.

Mr. Brown. "PRAY, JANE, WHAT ON EARTH IS THE REASON I AM KEPT WAITING FOR MY BREAKFAST IN THIS WAY?"

Jane. "PLEASE, SIR, THE ROLLS ISN'T COME, AND THERE'S NO BREAD IN THE HOUSE!"

Mr. Brown. "NOW, UPON MY WORD! HOW CAN YOU ANNOY ME WITH SUCH TRIFLES? NO *BREAD*, THEN BRING ME SOME *TOAST*."

[*Exit* JANE *in dismay.*

A FOOLISH AND A BETTING MAN.

A WISER AND A BETTER MAN.

MISUNDERSTANDING.

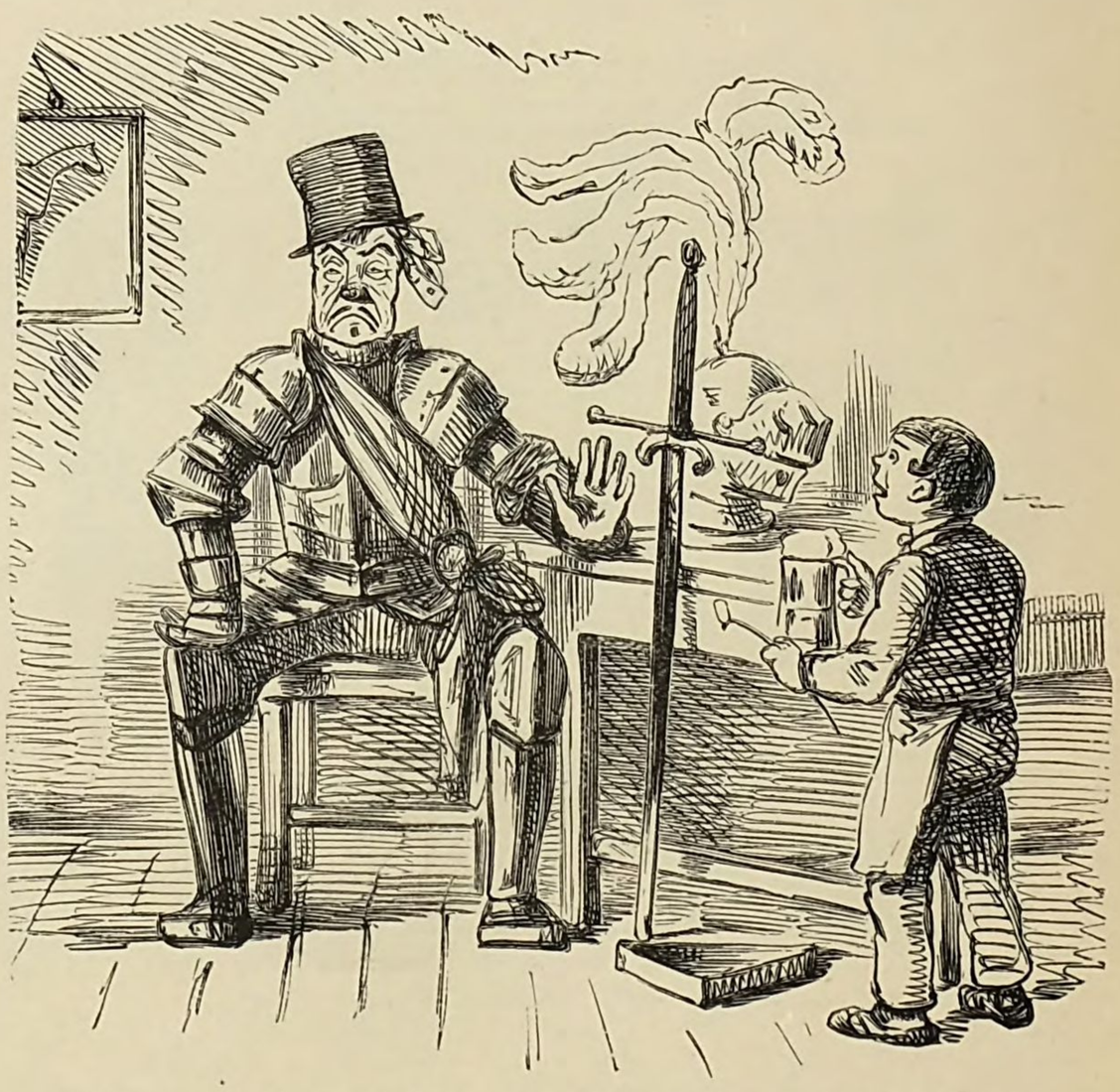
Railway Porter. "FIRST CLASS, SIR?"
Unfortunate Oxonian. "NO! PLUCKED!"

PLEASANT!

Affectionate Little Wife (who has made many abortive attempts to fathom the secrets of Freemasonry). "WELL, BUT DEAR! TELL ME *ONE* THING. DO THEY PUT YOU INTO A COFFIN?"

INSULTING A SCOTCHMAN.

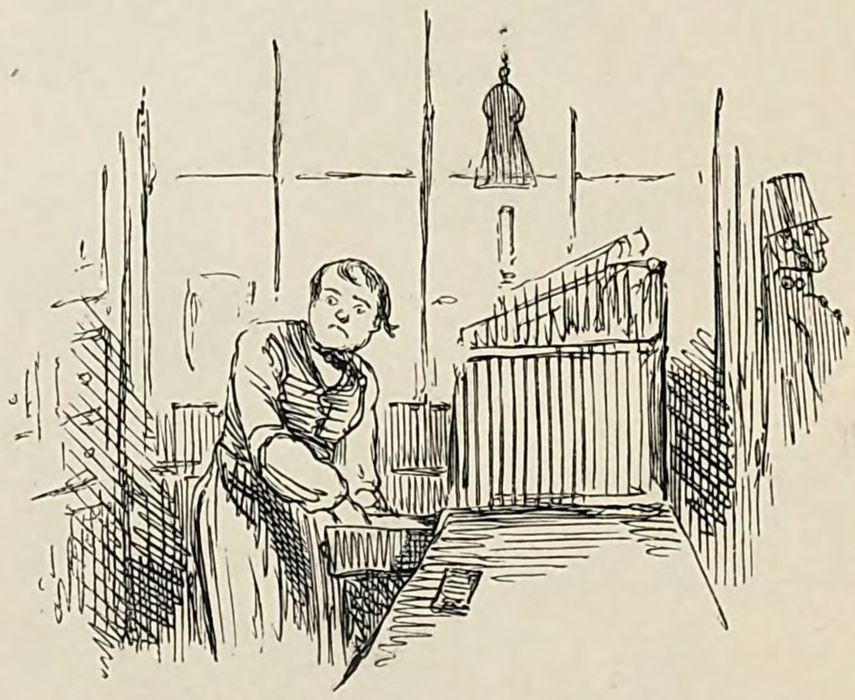
Boy. "HERE YOU AIR, SIR! THREE PAIR O' TROWSER STRAPS FOR SIXPENCE."



THE MAN IN BRASS LAMENTING THE DECLINE OF THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

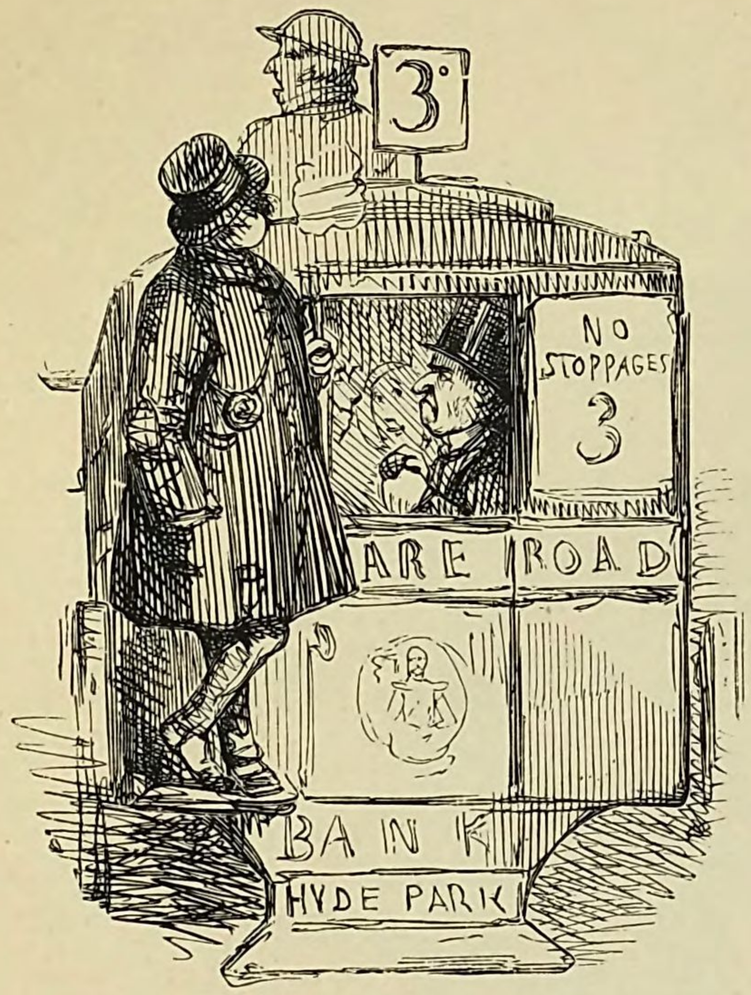
"BOLTED!"

THE BETTING FEVER.



ONE OF THE EFFECTS OF THE BLACKGUARD BETTING OFFICES.

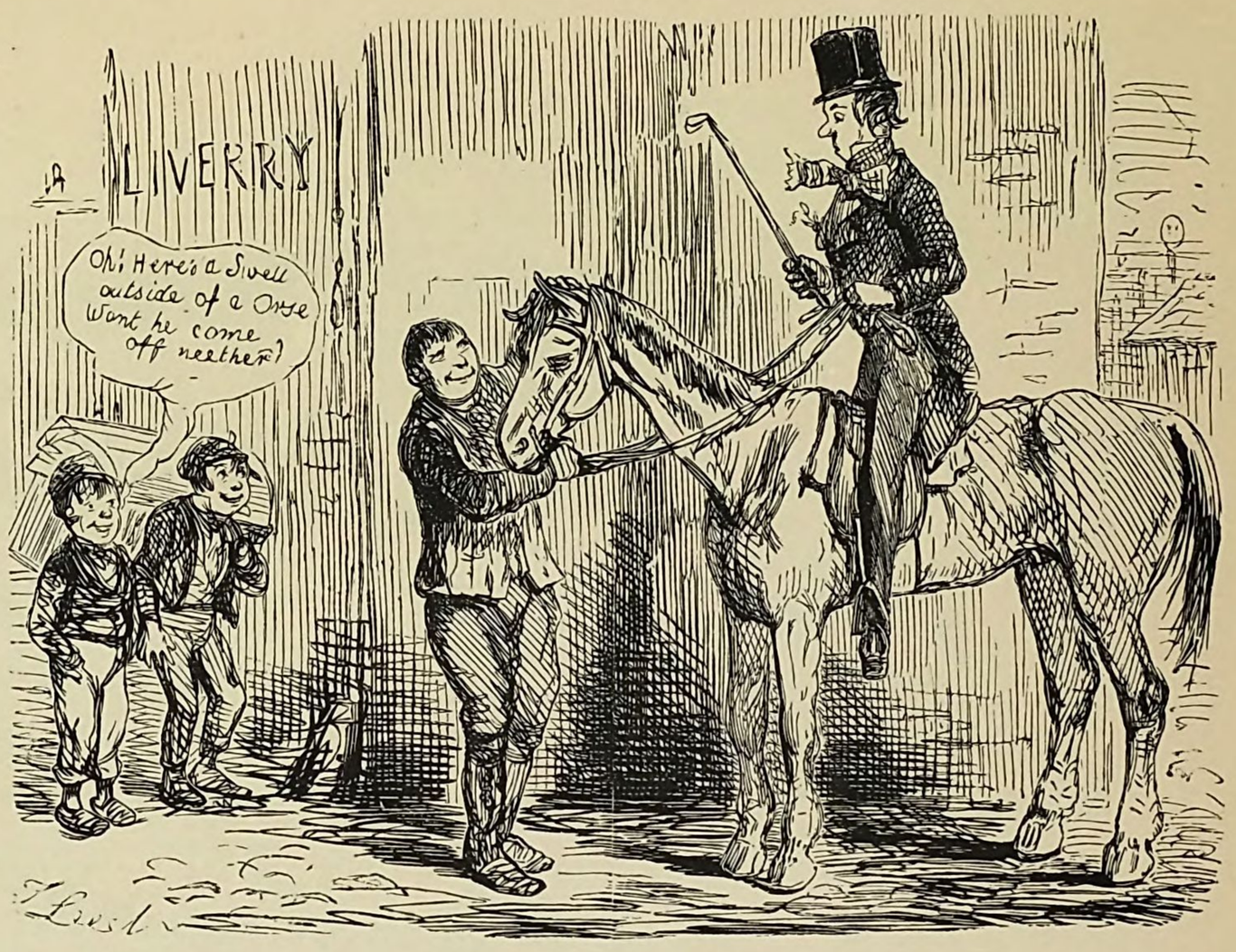
Sporting Character. "I DON'T EXACTLY LIKE ROBBING MASTER, BUT I MUST MEET MY ENGAGEMENTS."



PEPPERING A GENT.

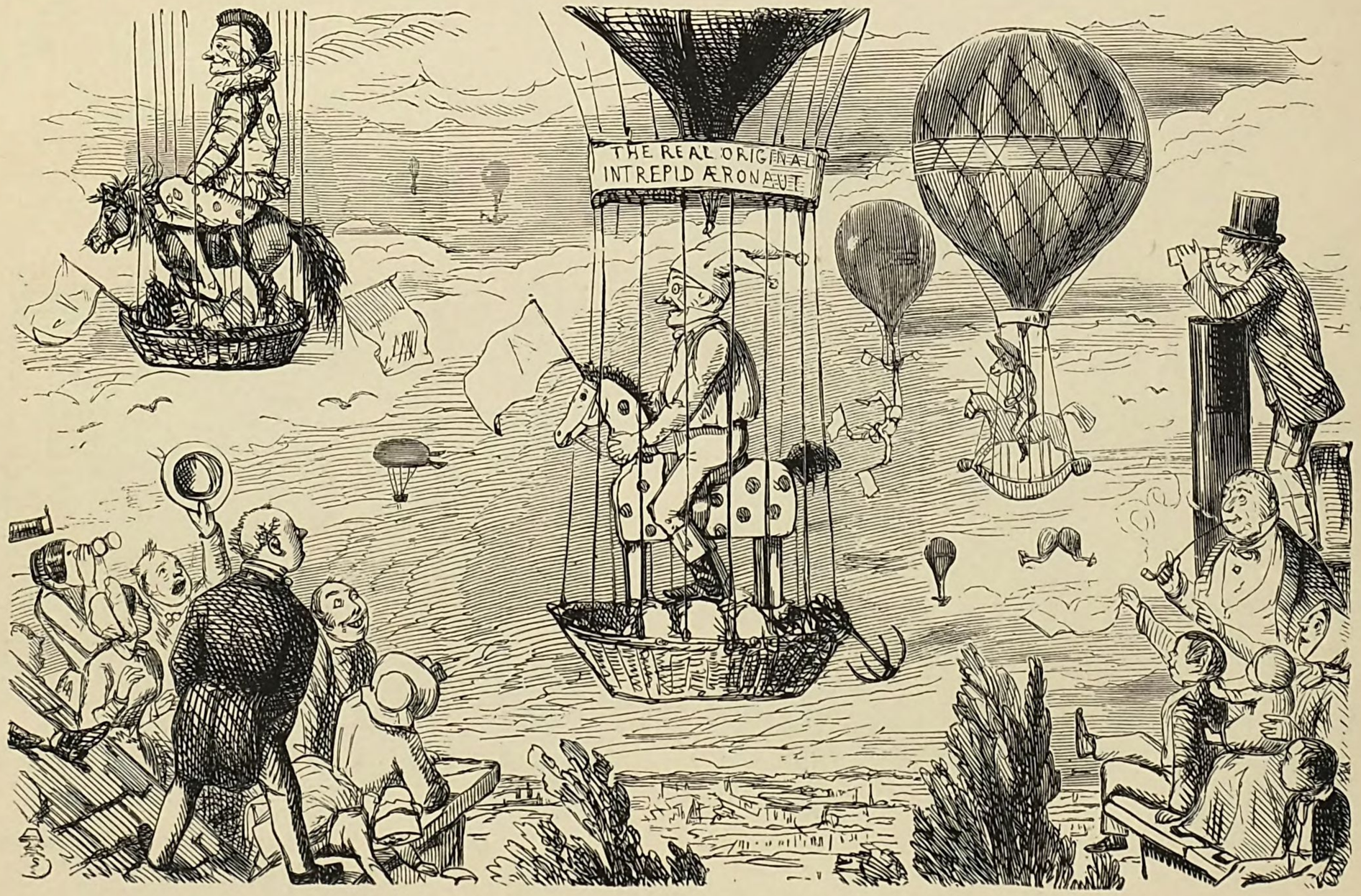
Conductor (very loud). "GO ON, BILL; HERE'S THAT UGLY OLD COVE, WOT ALWAYS KICKS UP SUCH A ROW, AND MAKES HISSELF SO DISAGREEABLE, JUST GOT IN!"

Driver. "OH, HAS HE? I'VE A DOOCED GOOD MIND TO PITCH HIM OVER, AND BREAK HIS STUPID OLD 'ED!!"



GAMMON.

Ostler. "PLEASE TO TAKE 'IM GENTLY OVER THE WOOD-PAVEMENT, SIR; FOR HE'S WERRY FRESH THIS MORNING."



BALLOONING.

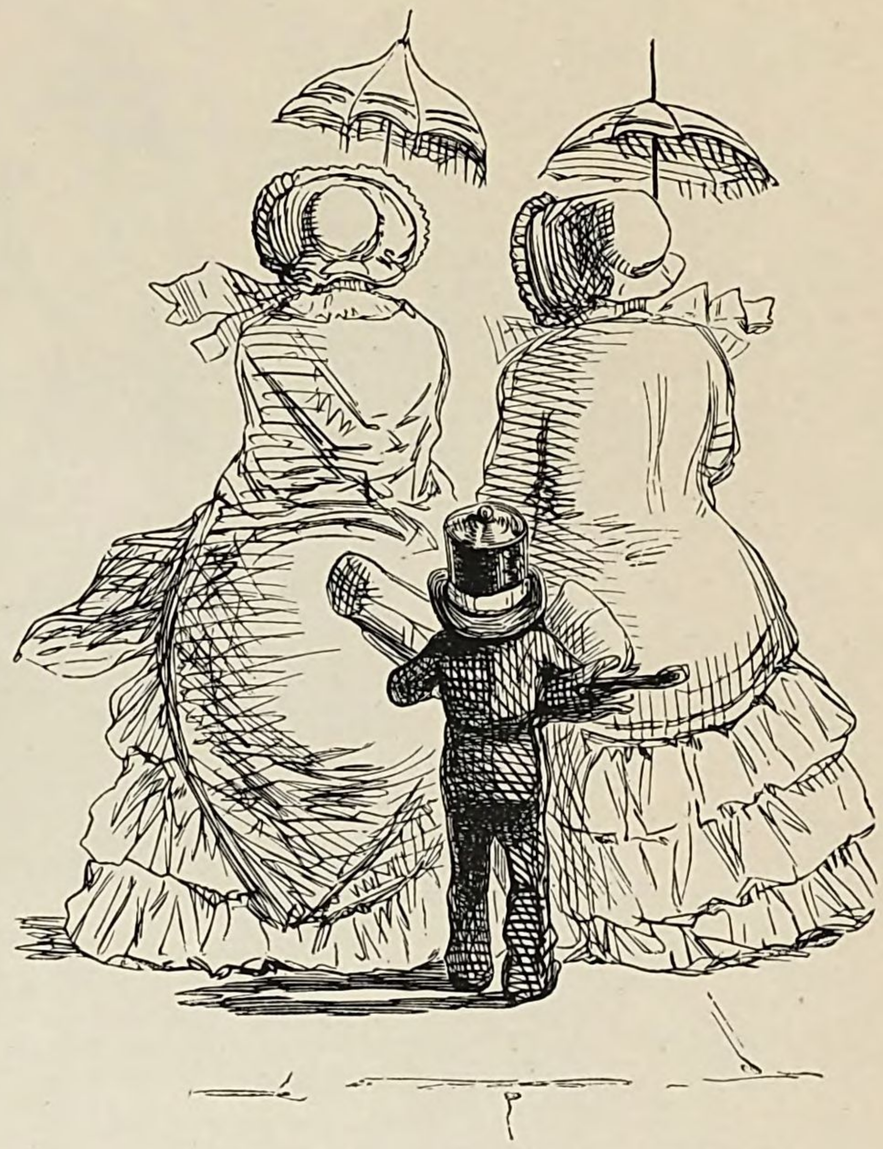
EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

(AFTER A GREAT DEAL OF COAXING AND PERSUASION, MASTER TOM IS PREVAILED UPON TO PAY HIS QUARTERLY VISIT TO THE DENTIST. INCONSIDERATE AND VULGAR STREET BOYS UNFORTUNATELY PASS AT THE MOMENT HIS OBJECTIONS ARE OVERCOME.)

First Inconsiderate Street Boy. "OH CRIKEY! IF HERE AIN'T A CHAP GOIN' TO HAVE A GRINDER OUT. MY EYE, WHAT FANGS!"

Second Inconsiderate Do. Do. "OH, I WOULDN'T BE 'IM. WON'T THERE BE A *SCR-E-W-A-U-N-CH* NEETHER!"

[*And of course* MASTER TOM *relapses into his previous very obstinate state.*



WHO WOULDN'T KEEP A FOOTMAN?

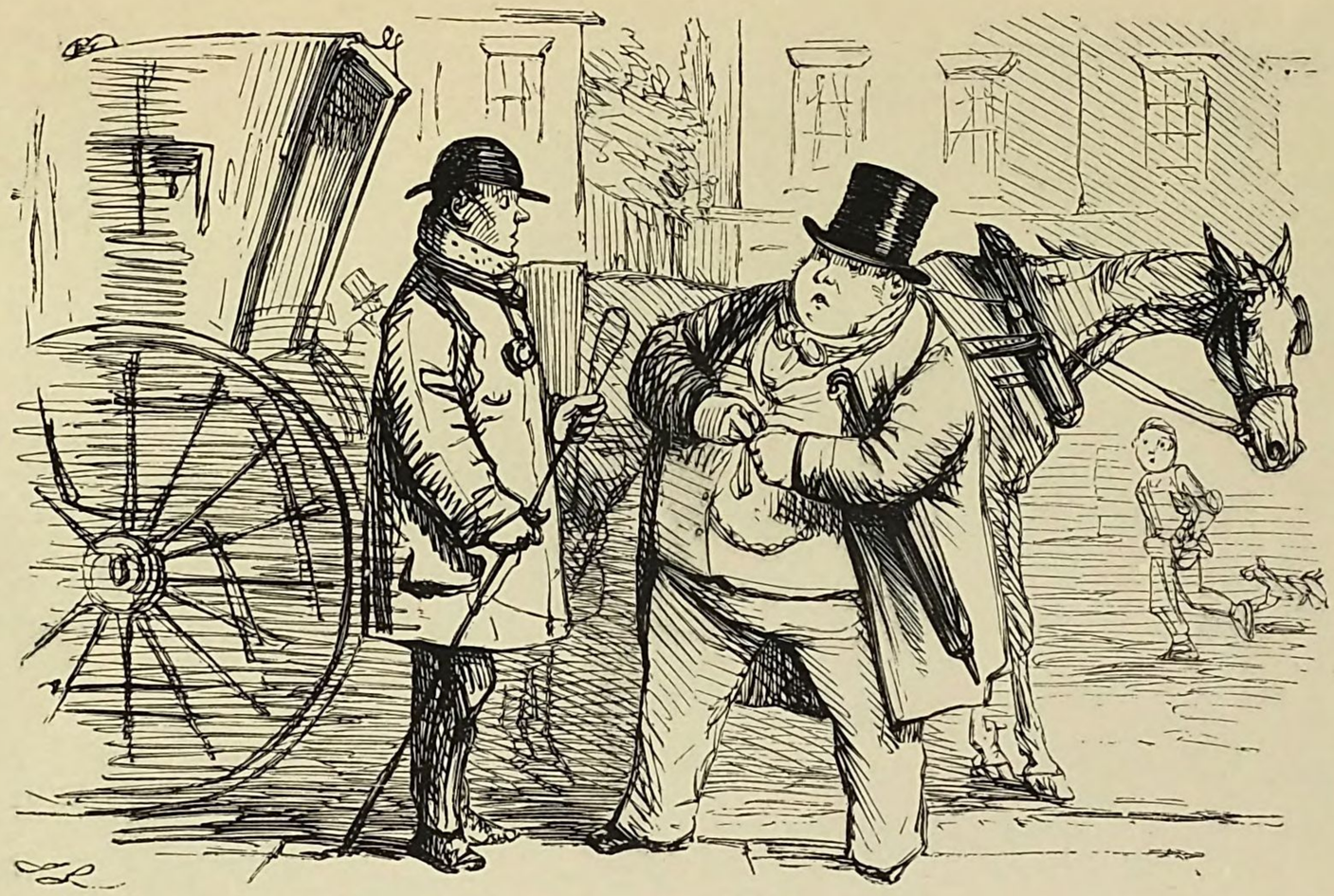
DELIGHTFUL OUT-DOOR EXERCISE IN WARM WEATHER.

RUNNING AFTER "ANOTHER FOUR!" AT CRICKET, AMIDST DERISIVE SHOUTS OF "NOW THEN, BUTTER-FINGERS!"—"OH! OH!"—"THROW IT IN! LOOK SHARP!"—"QUICK! IN WITH IT!" &C., &C.

A SMART YOUTH.

Old Gentleman. "BLESS MY HEART! THIS VIBRATION OF THE CARRIAGE IS VERY UNUSUAL! PRAY, MY LITTLE MAN, HAVE YOU ANY APPREHENSION OF ACCIDENTS ON RAILWAYS?"

Juvenile. "OH, NONE IN THE LEAST; AND ESPECIALLY WITH SUCH A FAT OLD BUFFER AS YOU TO BE SHOT AGAINST."



AN UNREASONABLE COMPLAINT.

Indignant Party. "WHAT? A SHILLING FOR THE TWO MILES, AND A SIXPENCE BESIDES! WHY, YOU DON'T CALL ME AN EXTRA PERSON?"

Cabman. "OH! DON'T I THO'!"

BY THE "SAD SEA WAVES."

TABLEAU REPRESENTING A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, WHO FANCIES HE IS ALONE, AND TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY OF GOING THROUGH THE LAST SCENE OF "*LUCIA.*"

N.B. The Young Gentleman's voice is of the most feeble and uncertain quality.

THE GREAT CHARTIST DEMONSTRATION.

No. I.—*A LOYAL CITIZEN.*

Magistrate. "NOW, SIR, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"
Nervous Gent. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR; BUT I WISH TO BE SWORN IN AS A CH-CH-CHARTIST—I MEAN AS A SP-SP-SPECIAL C-CONSTABLE!"

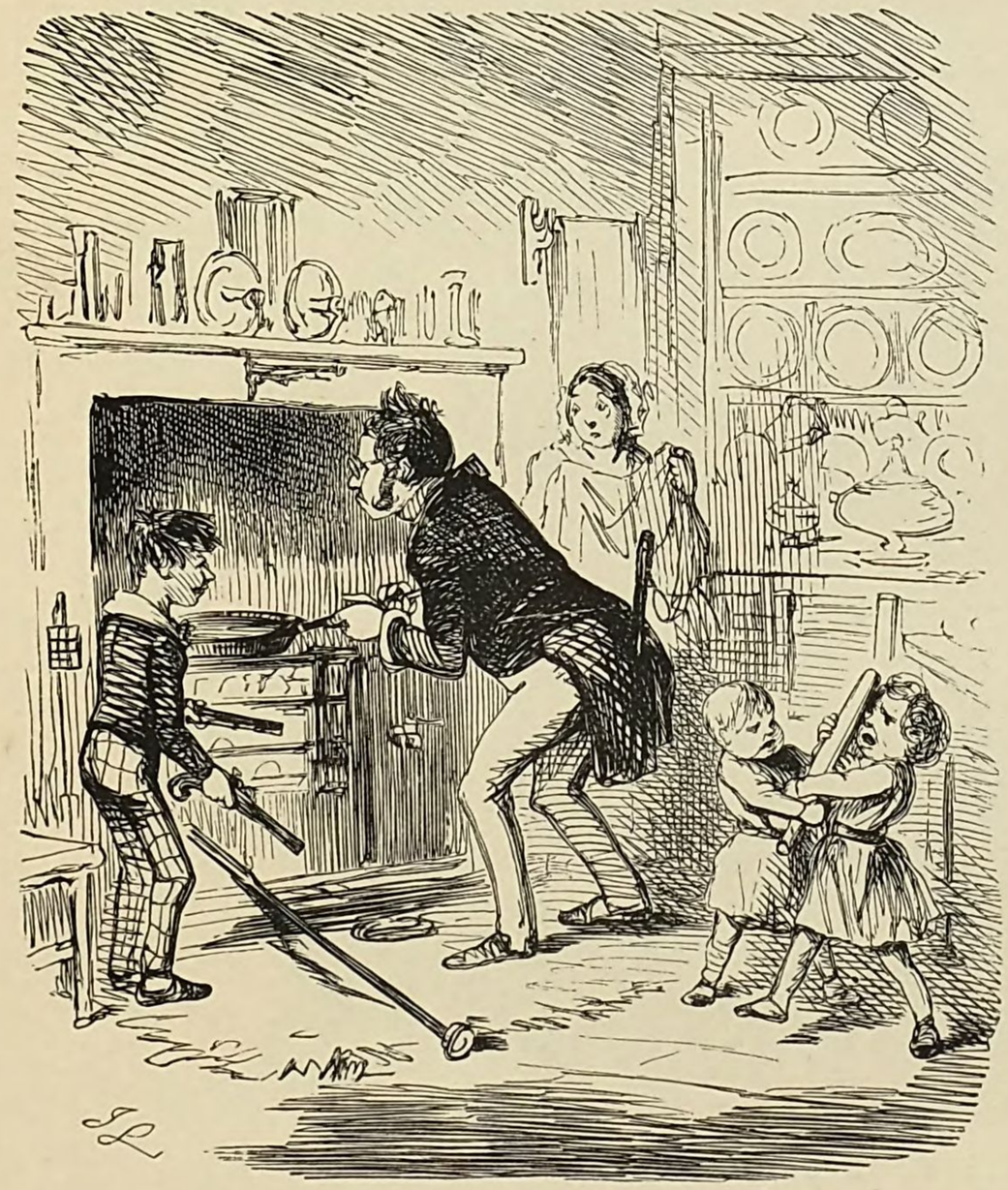
No. II.—*SPECIAL CONSTABLE GOING ON DUTY.*

Time—Two in the Morning.

Captain of the Beat. "OH! WE HAVE JUST LOOKED IN TO SAY THAT IT IS YOUR TURN TO GO ON DUTY. THE ROOKERY AT THE BACK OF SLAUGHTER'S ALLEY IS YOUR BEAT, I BELIEVE. YOU WILL LOSE NO TIME, IF YOU PLEASE. FOR IT'S A DREADFUL NEIGHBOURHOOD, AND ALL THE POLICE HAVE BEEN WITHDRAWN—INDEED, SEVERAL MOST BRUTAL AND SAVAGE ATTACKS HAVE TAKEN PLACE ALREADY!"

THE GREAT CHARTIST DEMONSTRATION.

No. III.—*DISTRIBUTION OF THE STAVES.*



No. IV.—*PREPARING FOR ACTION.*

SPECIAL CONSTABLE DRYING HIS GUNPOWDER IN THE FRYING-PAN.

No. V.—*RELIEF DUTY.*

Special's Wife. "CONTRARY TO REGULATIONS, INDEED! FIDDLESTICKS! I MUST *INSIST*, FREDERICK, UPON YOUR TAKING THIS HOT BRANDY-AND-WATER. I SHALL BE HAVING YOU LAID UP NEXT, AND NOT FIT FOR ANYTHING."

THE GREAT CHARTIST DEMONSTRATION.

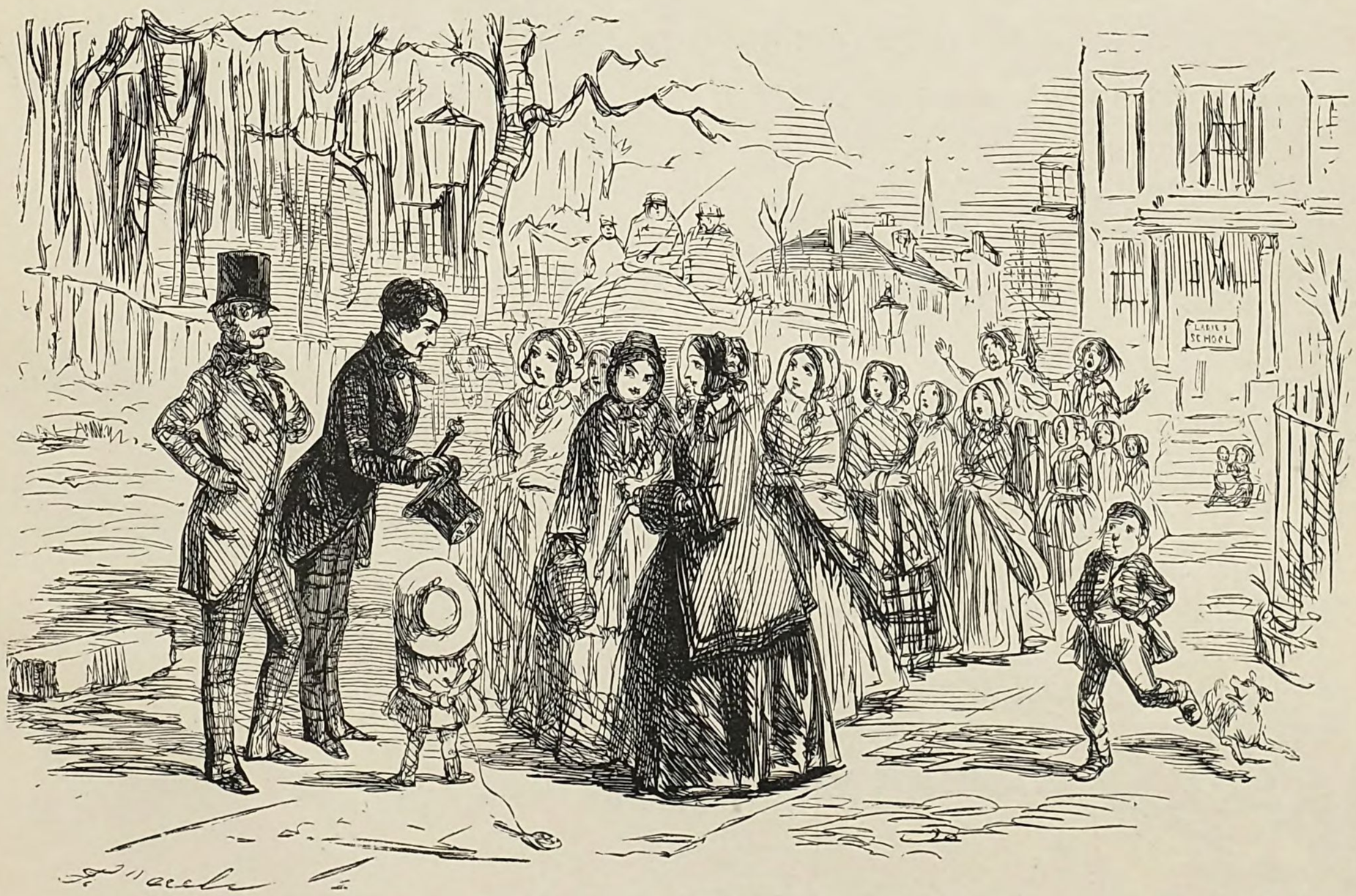
No. VI.—*IN ACTION.*

Special Constable. "NOW MIND, YOU KNOW—IF I KILL YOU, IT'S NOTHING; BUT IF YOU KILL ME, BY JINGO, IT'S MURDER."

No. VII.—*OUT OF WORK.*

First. "TALK OF INTERRUPTION TO BUSINESS! VY, I GIVE YER MY VORD OF HONOUR, THAT WOT WITH THEM SPECIALS AND THE REGLAR CRUSHERS, I AIN'T SO MUCH AS PRIGGED A SINGLE HANDKERCHER FOR A VEEK."

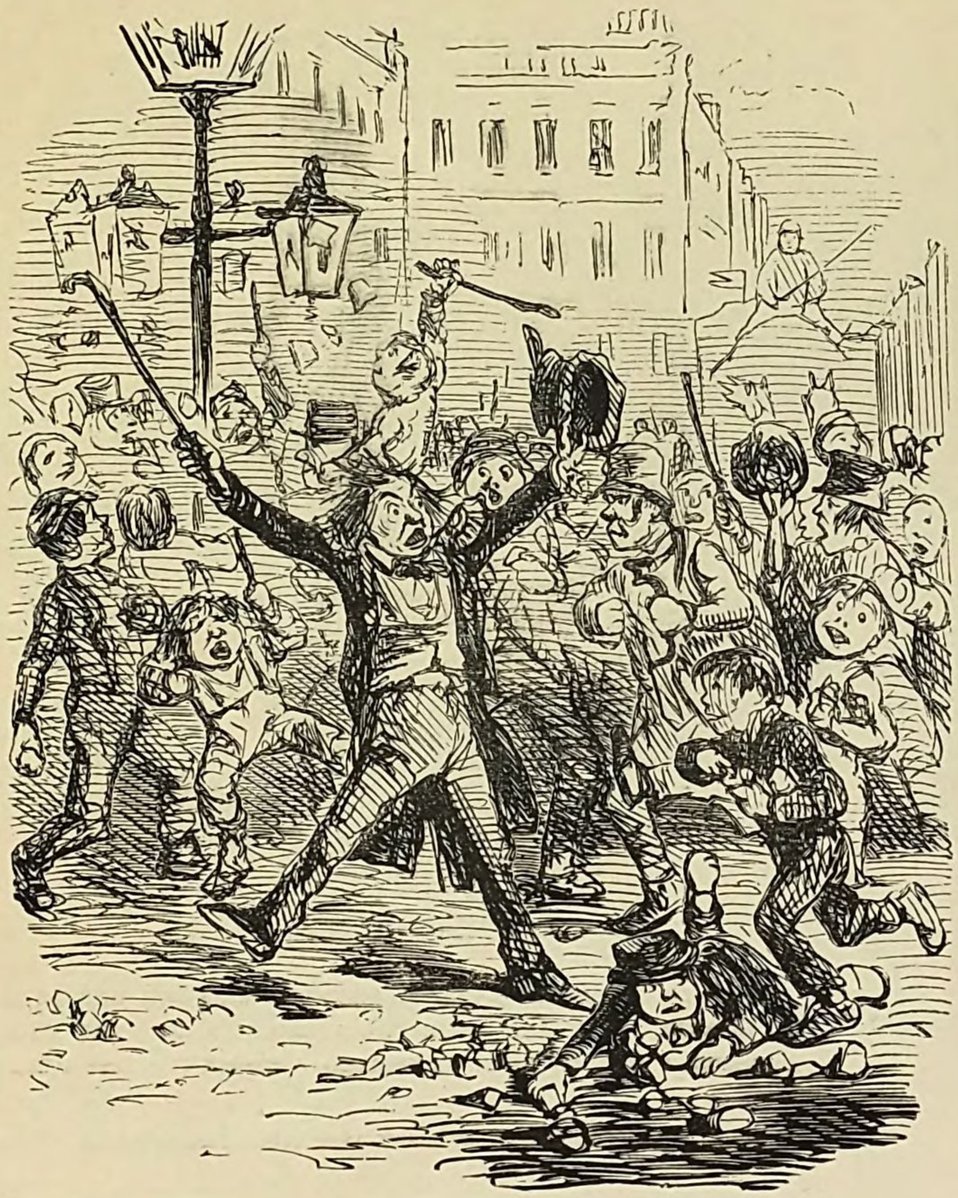
Second. "OH, IT'S ENUFF TO MAKE VUN TURN RESPECTABLE."



No. VIII.—*AN AGREEABLE DUTY.*

Special Constable. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, YOUNG LADIES, BUT YOURS IS A VERY DANGEROUS PROCESSION, AND WE MUST TAKE YOU IN CHARGE—WE MUST, INDEED."

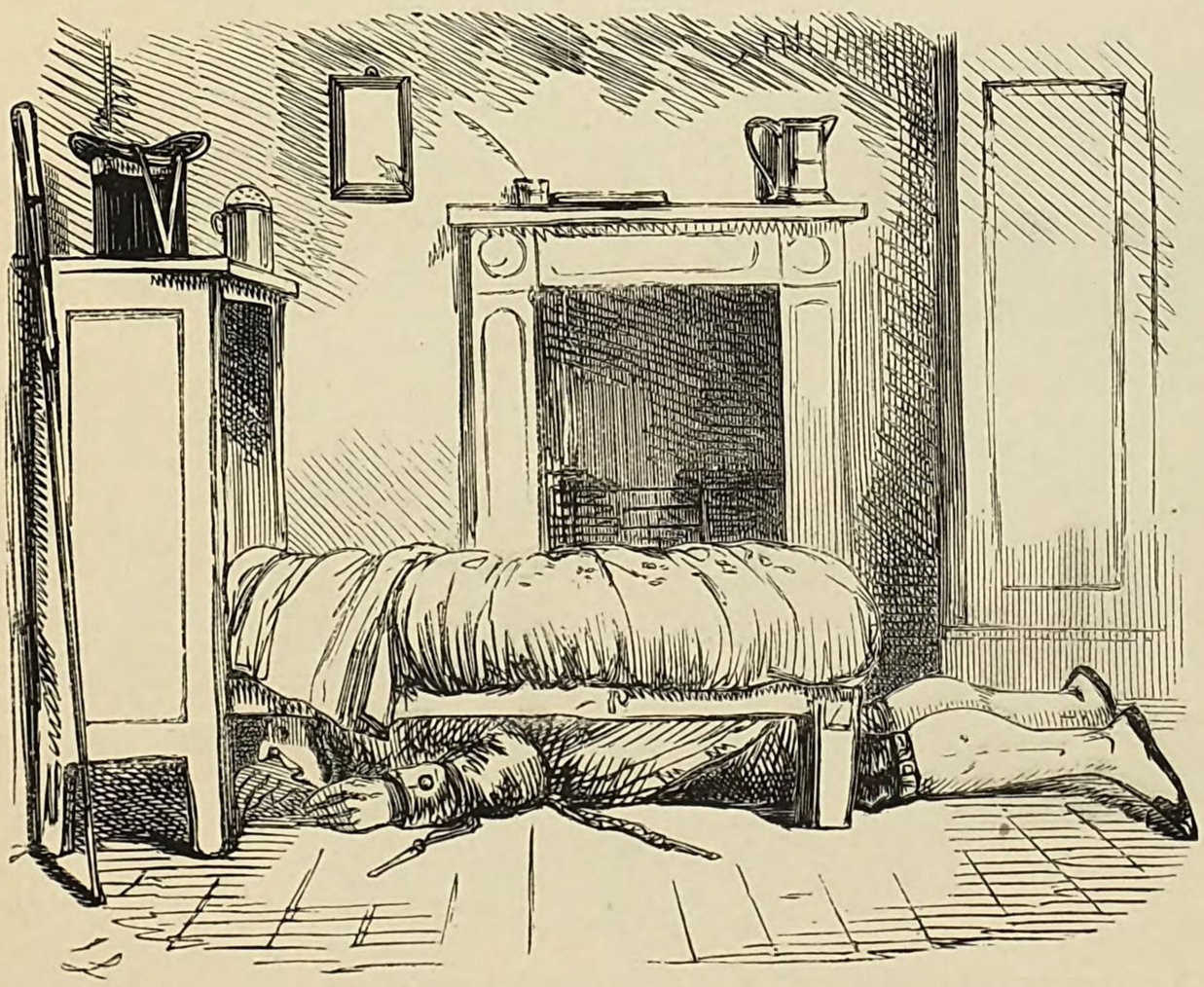
THE GREAT CHARTIST DEMONSTRATION.



Leader. "HOORAY! VEEVE LER LIBERTY!! HARM YOURSELVES!!! TO THE PALIS!! DOWN WITH HEAVERYTHINK!!!!"

Leader. "OH, SIR—PLEASE SIR—IT AIN'T ME, SIR—I'M FOR 'GOD SAVE THE QUEEN' AND 'RULE BRITANNIER.' BOO—HOO—OH DEAR! OH DEAR!!" [*Bursts into tears.*

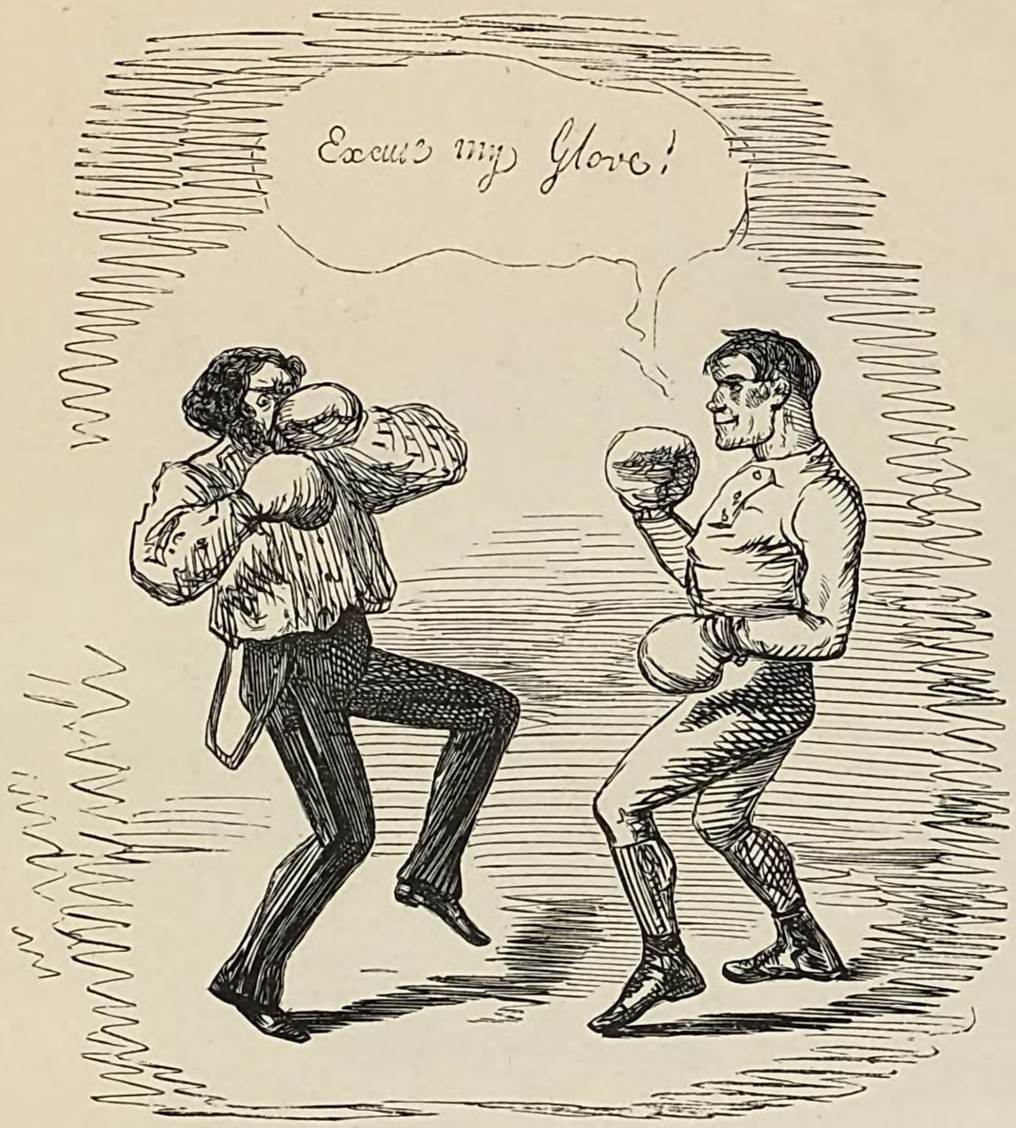
No. IX.—*THE BEGINNING AND THE END.*



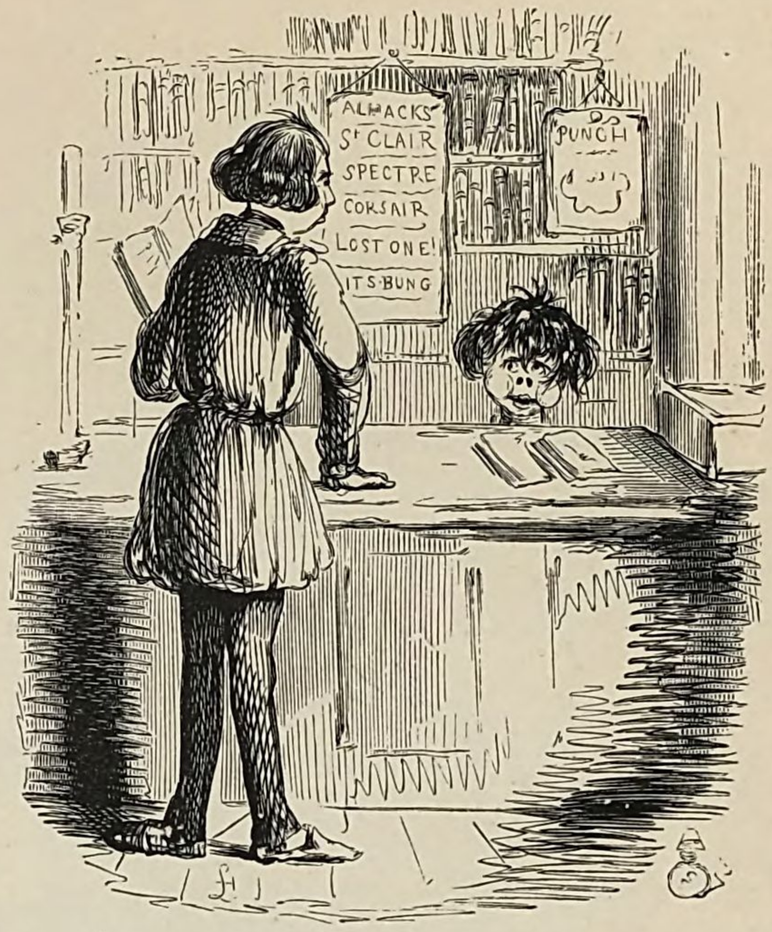
HEROISM.

JOHN THOMAS, THE BELGRAVIAN FLUNKEY, AS HE APPEARED WHILE THE MOB WERE BREAKING HIS MISSUSSES WINDOWS

ADVANTAGES OF THE NEW POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.



STUNNING POLITENESS.



LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

"IS THIS A LIBERY?'

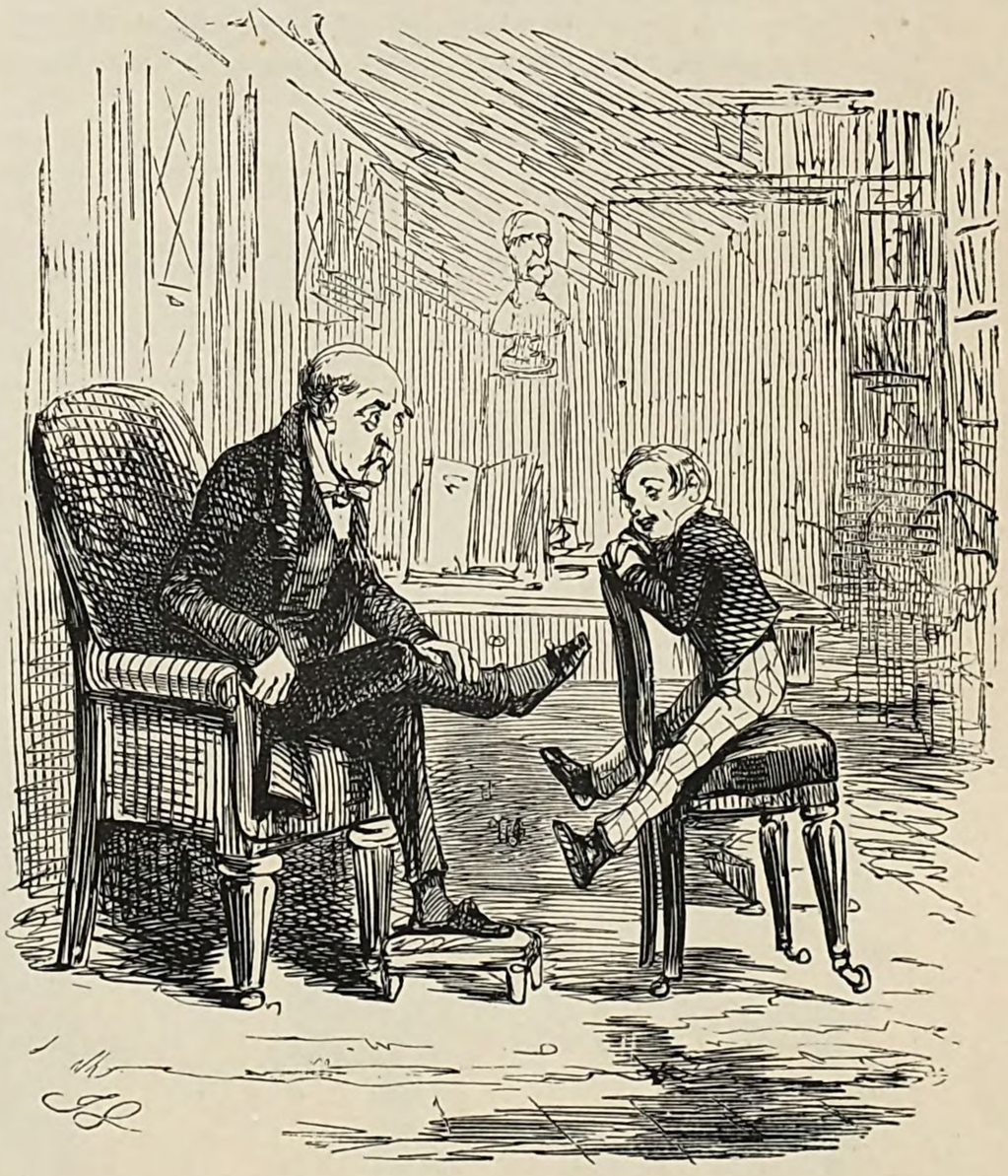
"YES."

"THEN LET ME HAVE THE LAST NUMBER OF HEMILY FITZ HOSBORN."

THE GREAT LINEN-DRAPERY NUISANCE.

First Linen-draper. "WHAT'S THE NEXT ARTICLE, SIR?"——*Victim.* "NOTHING MORE, THANK YOU."——*Second Linen-draper.* "WE'VE SOME SWEET THINGS IN SHAWLS, SIR—QUITE NEW."——*Third Linen-draper.* "ALLOW ME, SIR, TO TEMPT YOU WITH ONE OF THESE BEAUTIFUL HANDKERCHIEFS."——*Fourth Linen-draper.* "THESE DRESSES, SIR," &c.——*Fifth Linen-draper.* "HERE ARE LADIES' APRONS, SIR, MOST BEAUTIFULLY WORKED, QUITE ELEGANT, VERY TASTY, AND FASHIONABLE," &c.

[VICTIM *resolves never to enter the shop again.*



AN AMBITIOUS YOUTH.

Old Gentleman. "NOW, AUGUSTUS; WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE?"

Augustus. "I KNOW WHAT I SHOULD LIKE—BUT YOU WOULDN'T LET ME."

Old Gent. "WHAT IS IT—A LAWYER?"

Aug. "NO; IT AIN'T A LAWYER."

Old Gent. "A SURGEON?"

Aug. "NO."

Old Gent. "A PARSON?"

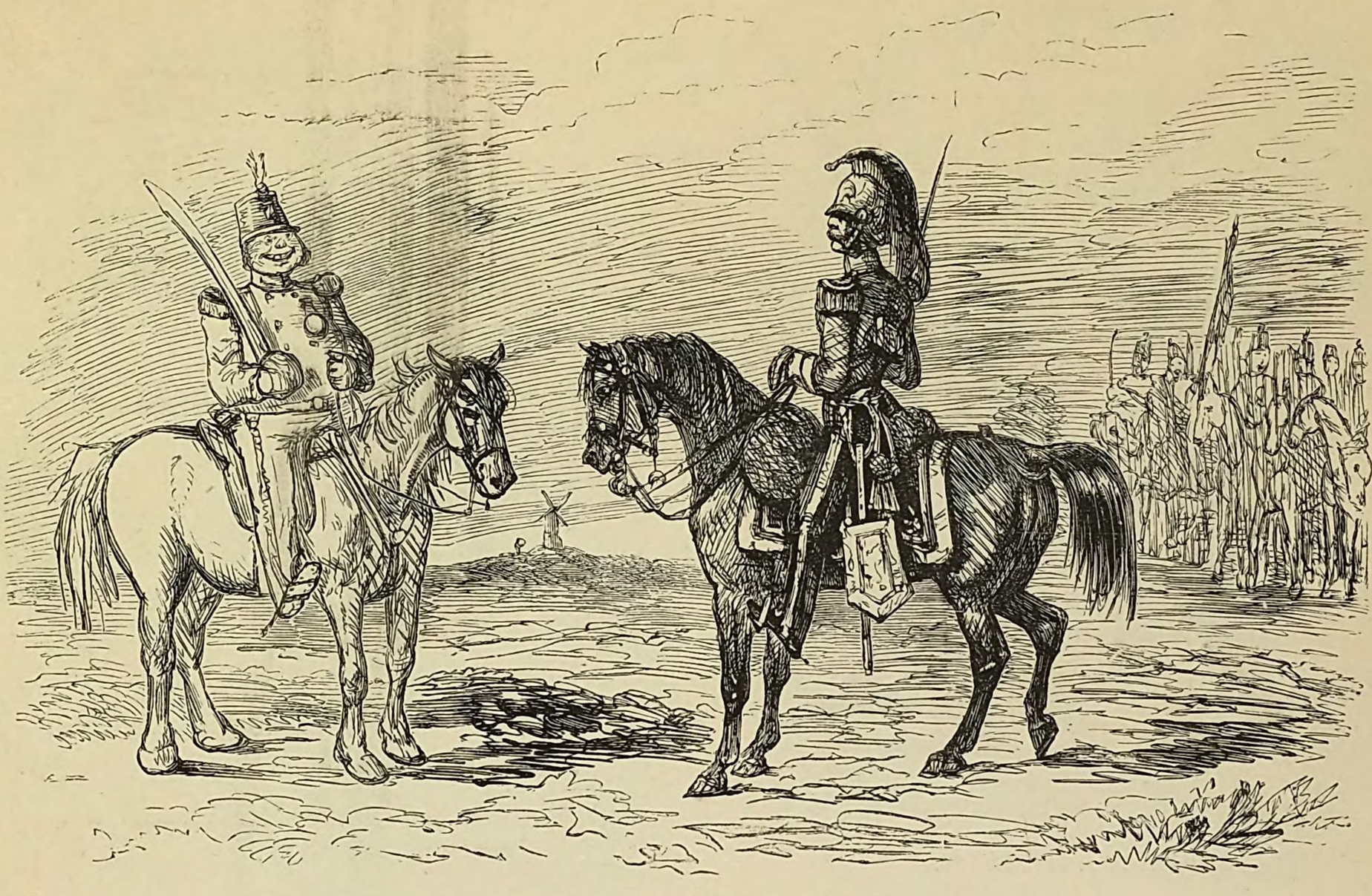
Aug. "NO."

Old Gent. "A SOLDIER?"

Aug. "NO."

Old Gent. "WHAT, THEN?"

Aug. "WHY—A CLOWN AT ASTLEY'S."



APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

Officer (loq). "WELL, MY FINE FELLOW, SO YOU'VE BEEN IN THE REGULAR ARMY?—IN THE WARS, TOO, I SEE—EH?"

Stout Yeoman. "NOA, COLONEL, I NEVER WASN'T IN NO WARS; BUT MY OLD SOW GAINED A SILVER MEDAL LAST COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, SO I THO'T AS O'W I MIGHT WEAR UN!"

THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

MASTER SMITH, AS HE APPEARED TRYING TO FORCE HIS MOUSTACHES FOR THE BROWNS' PARTY.

THE WEDDING-DAY—FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND SUCH A LOVELY BRACELET!"

OXFORD COSTUME.

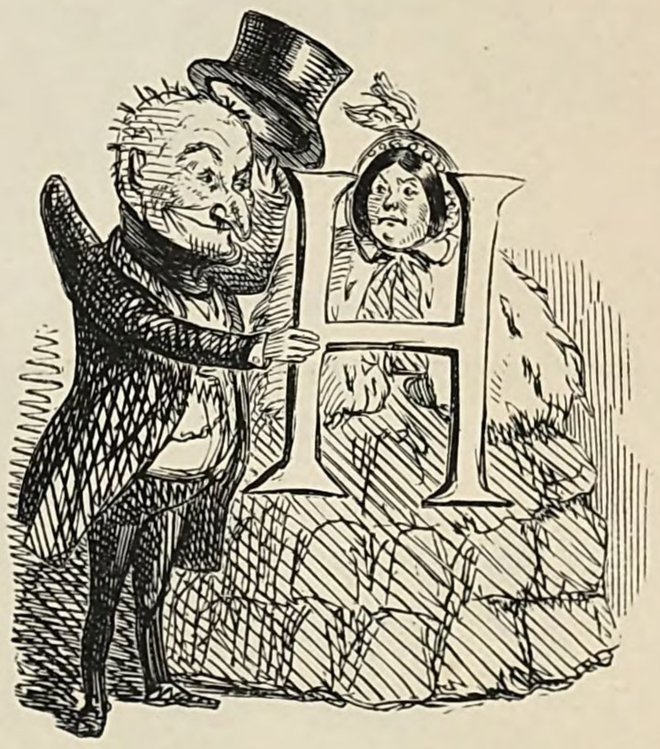
First Swell. "AWFUL SHIRT! EH?"

Second ditto. "YA'AS, LINEN'S SO DEUCED COMMON NOW—I'M GOING TO SPORT EMBROIDERED SILK."

First Ditto. "HAH! CHEESY IDEA TOO! BUT OUR GILLS WANT ELEVATING!"

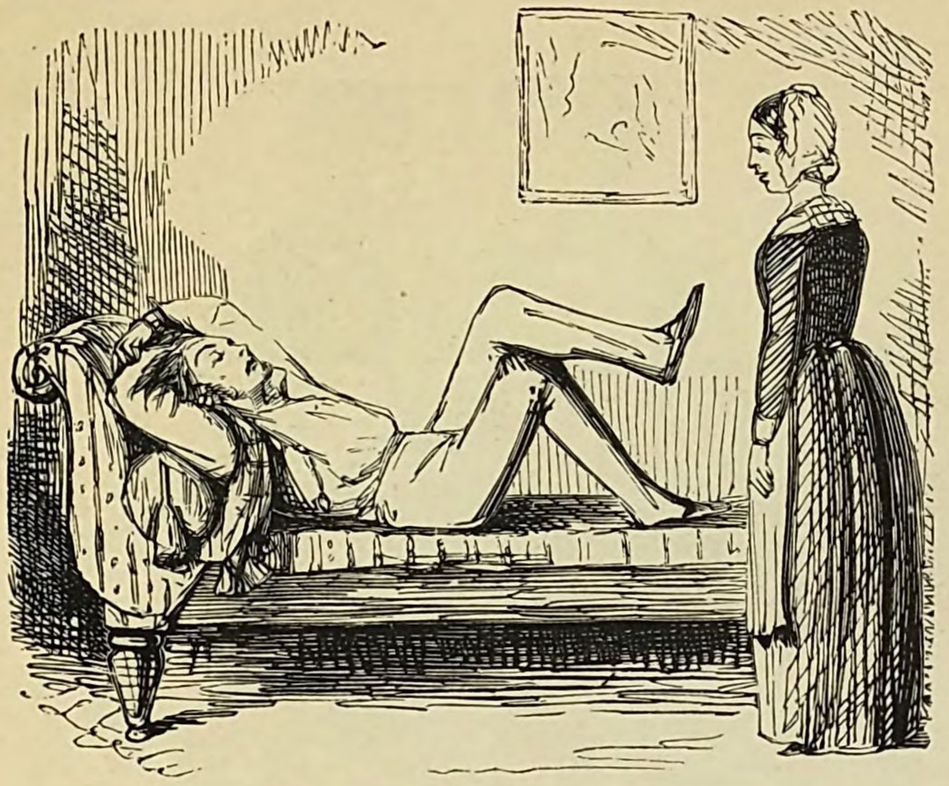
THE WEDDING-DAY—FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BUNDLE OF ASPARAGUS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND THE NICEST DOUBLE PERAMBULATOR IN THE WORLD!!



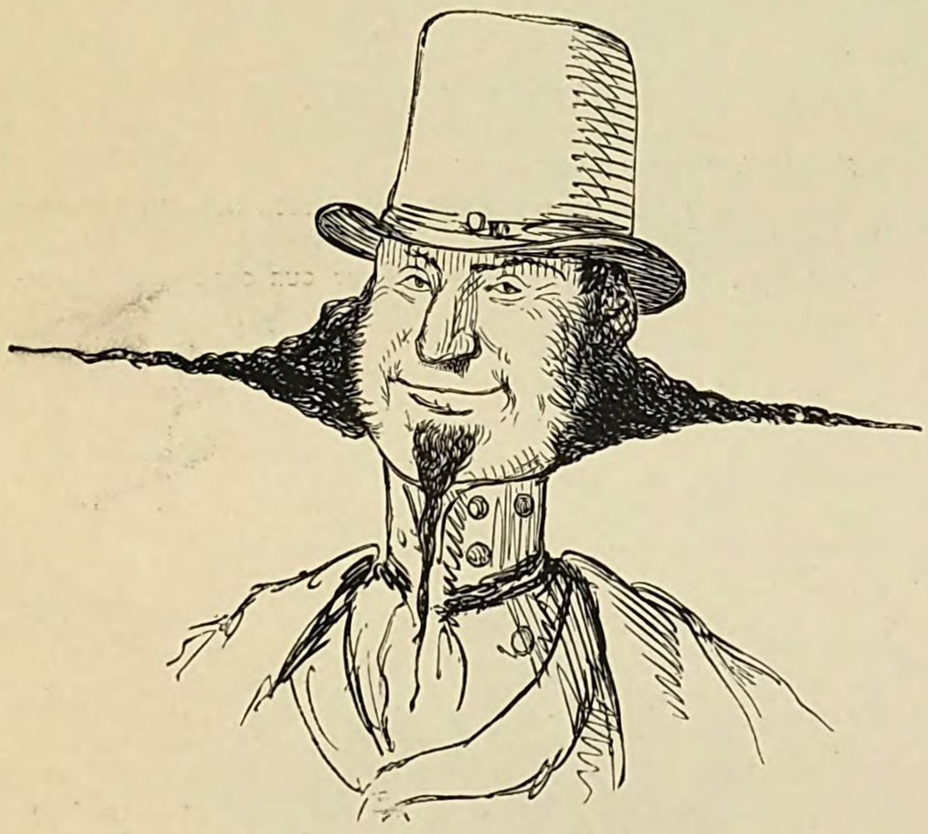
NOT THE FIRST TIME.

"I BEG YOUR PARDON, MA'AM, BUT I THINK YOU DROPPED THIS."



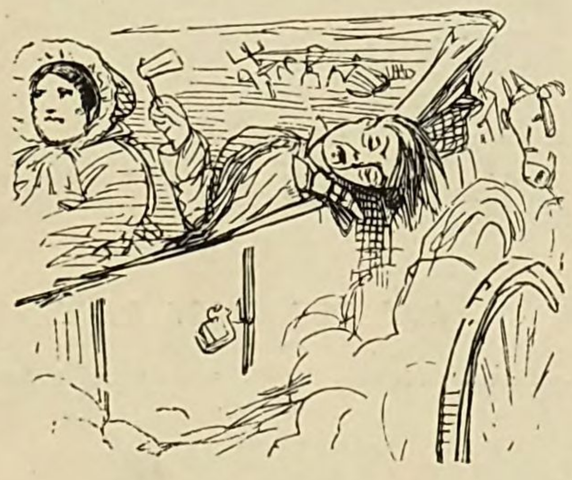
OUR LAZY CONTRIBUTOR.

"PLEASE, SIR, HERE'S THE PRINTER'S BOY CALLED AGAIN."
"OH, BOTHER! SAY I'M BUSY."



WHISKERANDOS.

"THERE, MY BOY! IT ISN'T EVERYBODY WHO COULD DO THAT!



A DAY'S PLEASURE.

SKETCH OF A "LORD OF THE CREATION" ON HIS RETURN FROM THE DERBY.

WHICH IS BEST?

Matilda. "I WONDER, MARIA, YOU DON'T PUT AUGUSTUS INTO JACKETS AND TROWSERS; REALLY HE GROWS TOO TALL FOR THAT KIND OF COSTUME."

Maria. "PERHAPS, MATILDA, YOU WILL BE KIND ENOUGH TO ALLOW ME TO DRESS MY OWN CHILD IN MY OWN WAY. I AM MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU ALL THE SAME. I DON'T LIKE THE PRACTICE *SOME* PEOPLE HAVE OF DRESSING LITTLE BOYS LIKE LITTLE MEN!!!"

YACHTING.

SPARE BED (BERTH, WE MEAN) ON BOARD OUR FRIEND'S SCHOONER.

A VERY YOUNG MARINER.

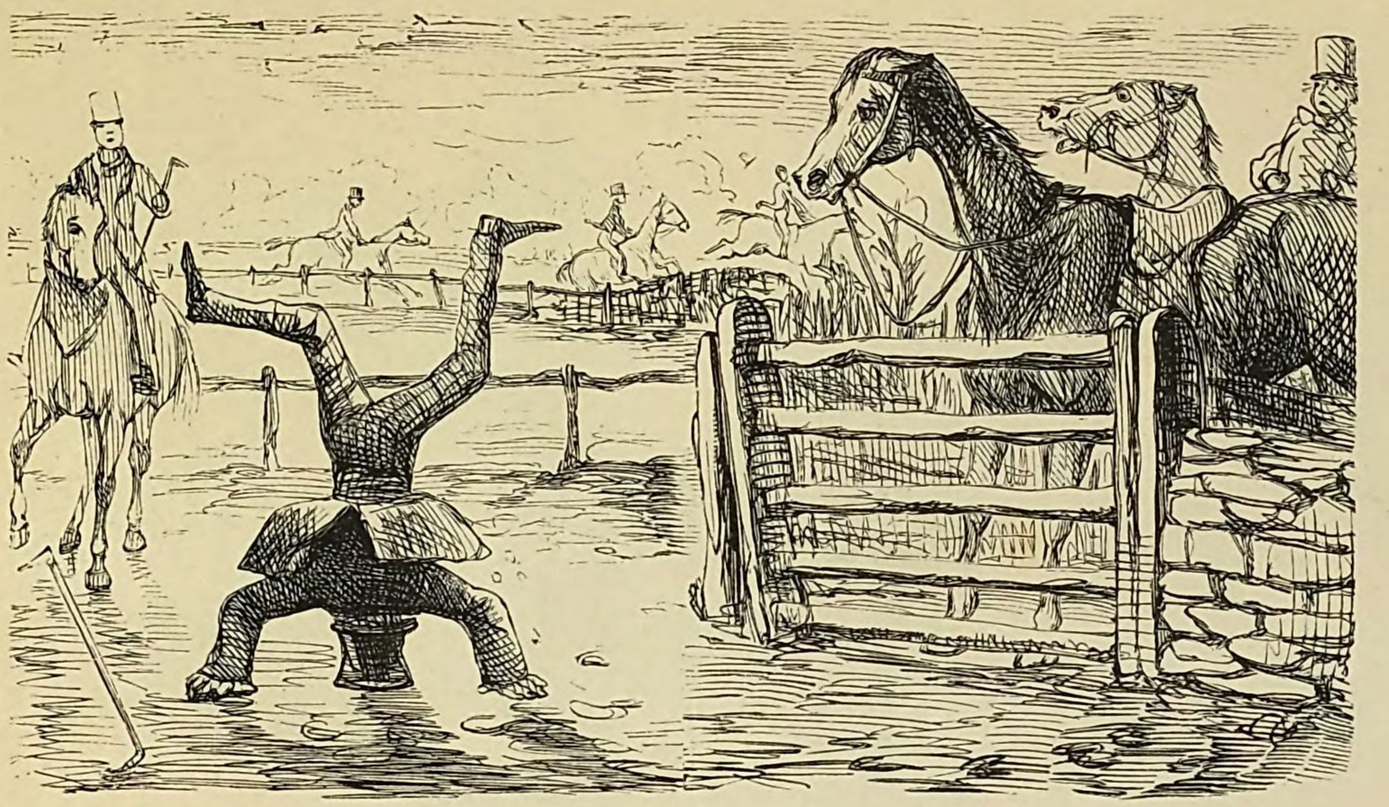
A YOUNG MARINER.

AN ANCIENT MARINER.

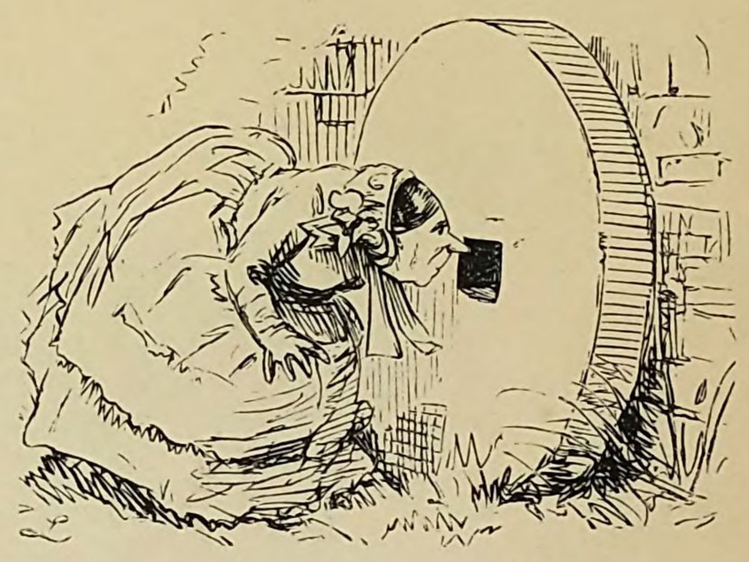
A GOOD SIZED FLOAT.

Little Gent (with undue familiarity). "I SAY, MY OLD COCKYWAX,—I S'POSE THE FISH AIN'T VERY LARGE OFF RAMSGIT—ARE THEY?"

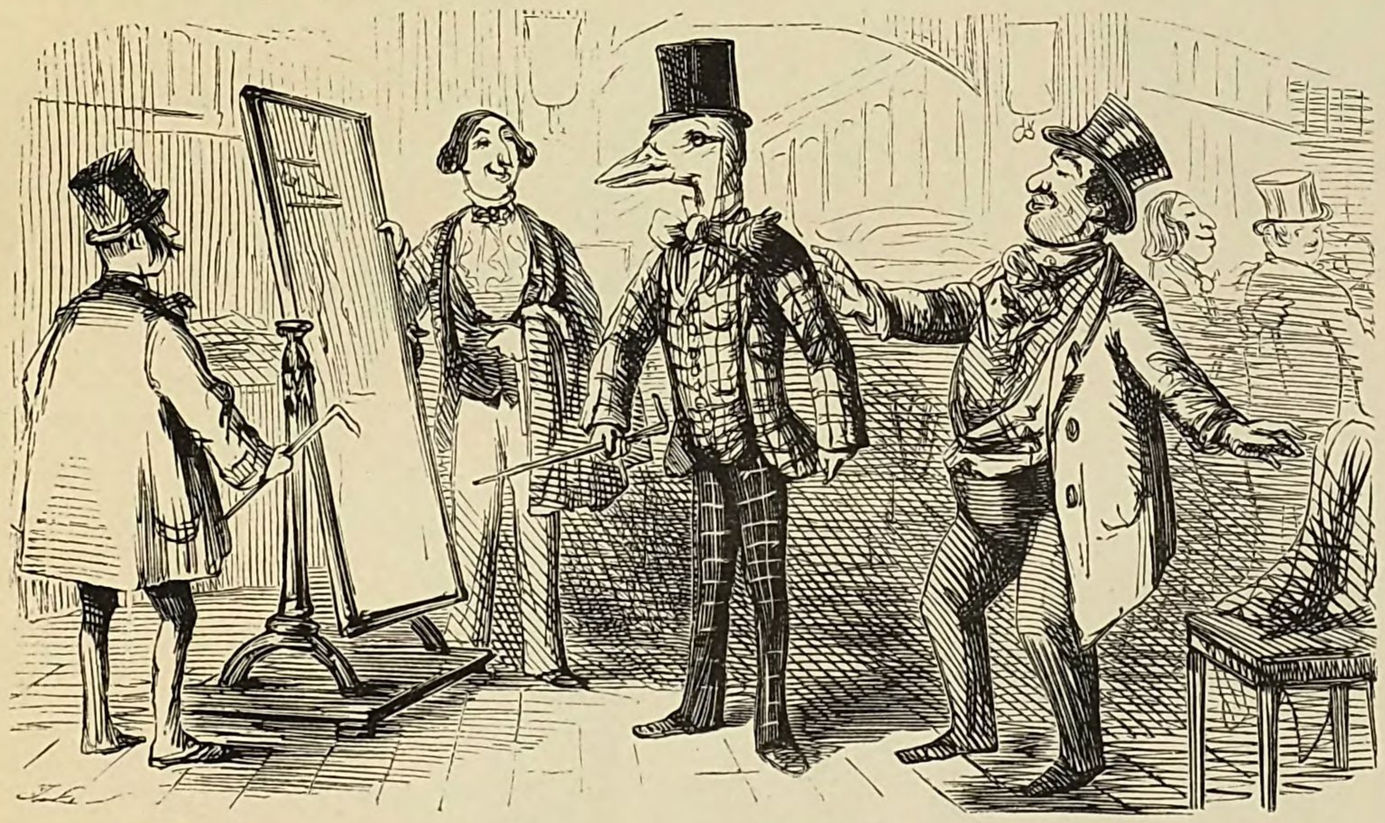
Fisherman. "WELL! I SHOULDN'T SAY AS THEY WAS WERRY SMALL—WHEN WE'RE OBLIGED TO USE SICH FLOATS AS THEM TO OUR FISHIN' TACKLE! MY YOUNG COCKYWAX!" *(Gent is shut up.)*



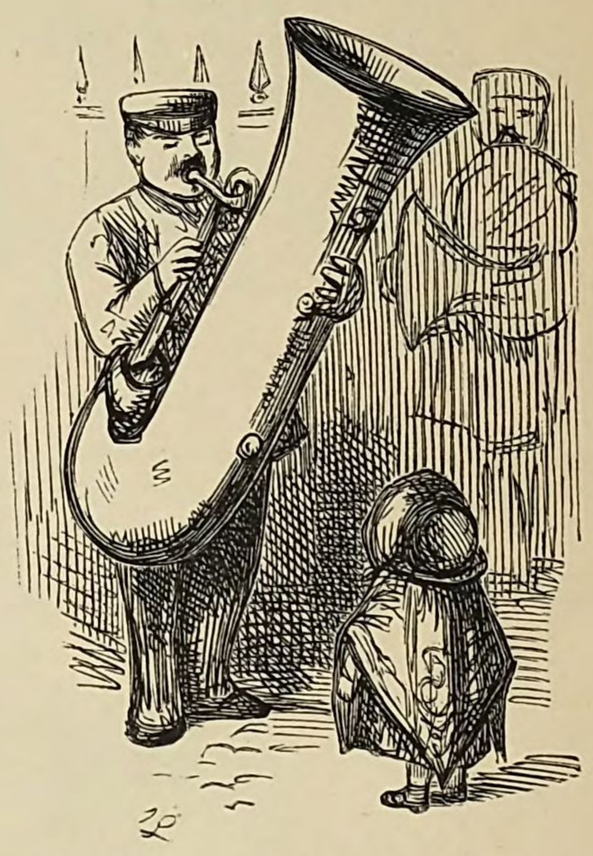
A SPORTING GENT PRACTISING FOR THE HUNTING SEASON.



A CURIOUS PERSON.



MICHAELMAS DAY. THE CHEAP TAILOR'S GOOSE PROVIDES HIMSELF WITH A SHOOTING JACKET AND VEST.



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS," &C.

THE STAG AT BAY.

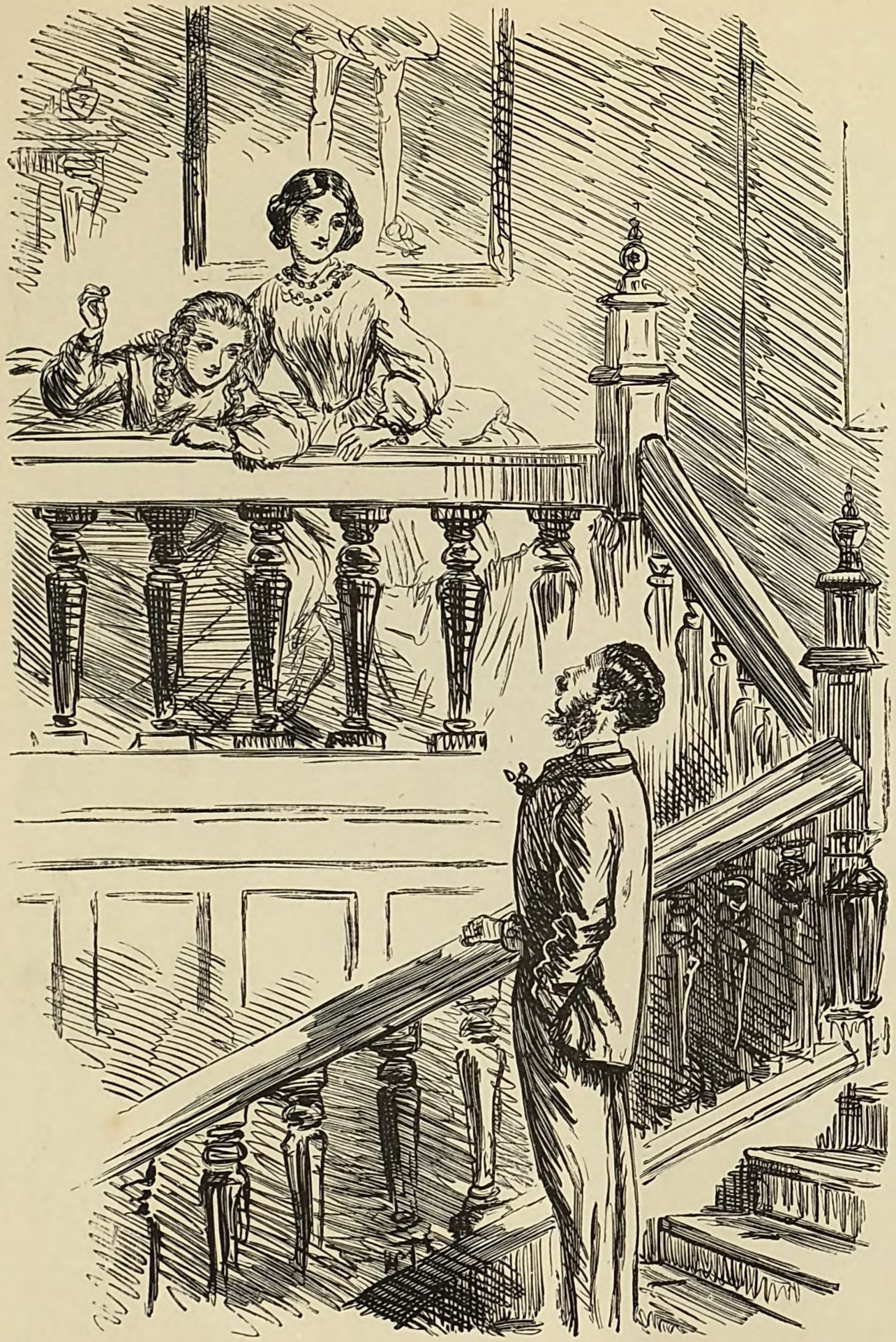
CLOSE OF THE SEASON—THE LONDON FOOTMAN EXHAUSTED.

BEGINNING FIRES FOR THE WINTER—SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE CHIMNEY.

Sweep (loq.). "THIS CHIMLEY ALWAYS WAS A BAD UN TO SMOKE, SIR; THE PARTY AS LIVED HERE BEFORE YOU CAME HAD A DEAL OF TROUBLE WITH IT."

AN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE ON AN EXCURSION.

Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München



AMUSEMENT FOR A RAINY DAY.

Clara. "I SAY, GUS—COME HERE! STAND STILL AND OPEN YOUR MOUTH, AND WE'LL DROP CHOCOLATE INTO IT. WE'VE NOTHING TO DO!"

Gus. "ALL RIGHT, GIRLS! FIRE AWAY!"

[*After an hour of this interesting occupation, Gus retires slightly uncomfortable.*

POTICHOMANIA (THE ART OF DECORATING GLASS),

AS CARRIED OUT BY MASTER TOM DURING THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

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